



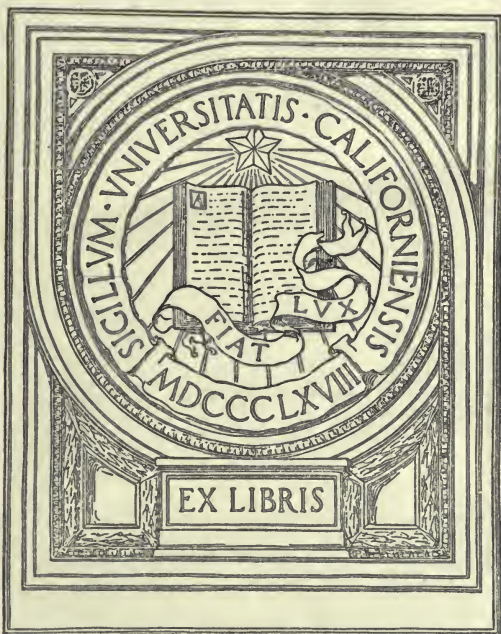
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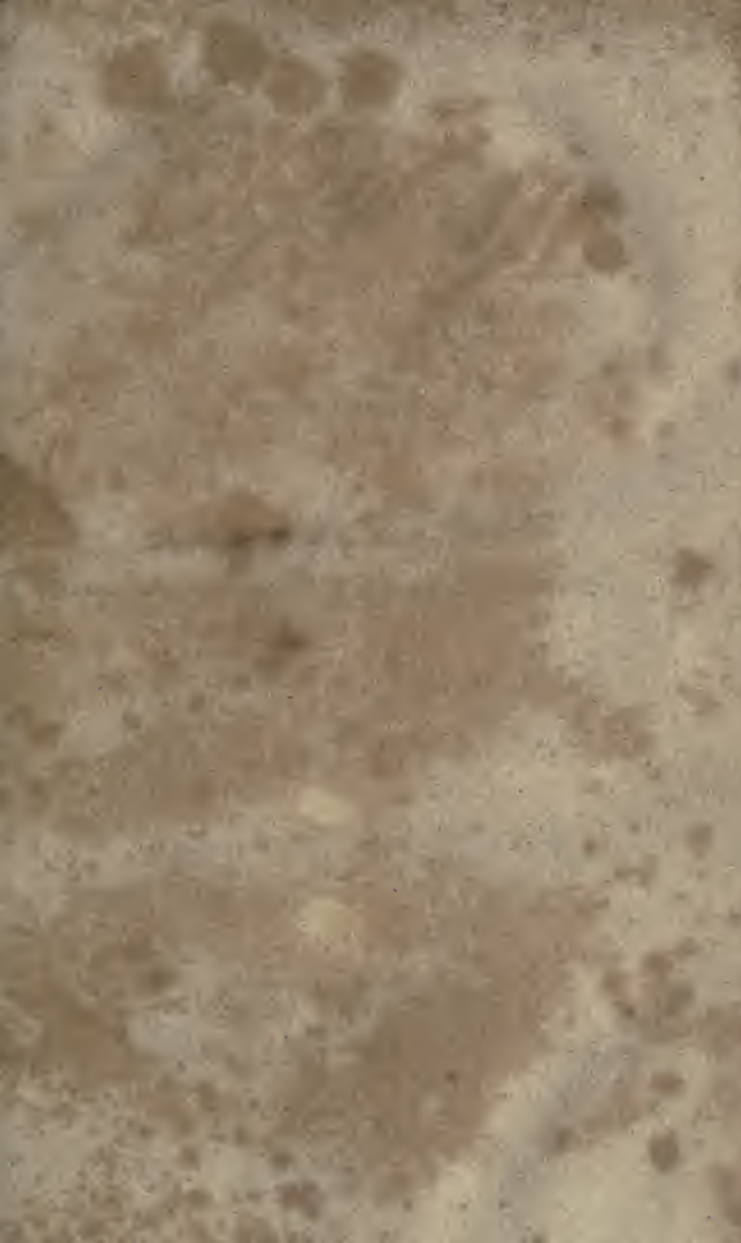
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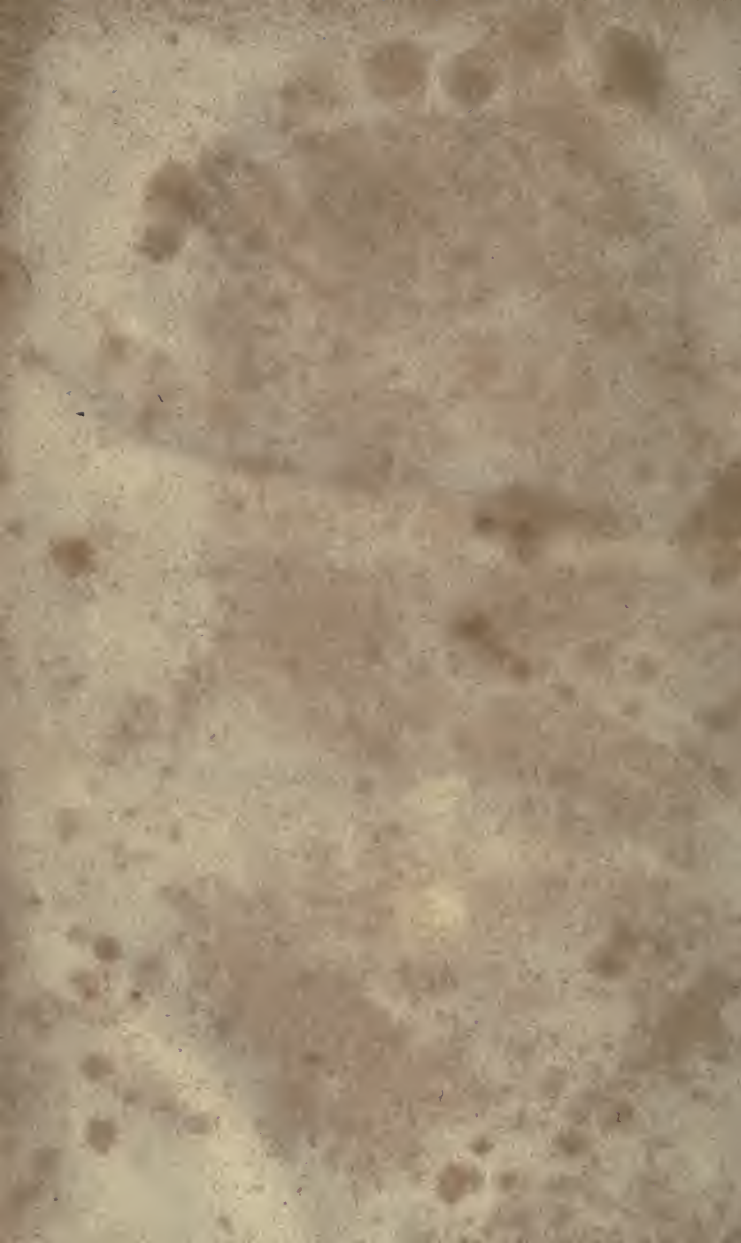
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THE
S A V A G E .

BY PIOMINGO,

John Robinson
302 1928 1922 710
A HEADMAN AND WARRIOR OF THE MUSCOGULGEE NATION.

1833

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

REPUBLISHED AT THE "SCRAP BOOK" OFFICE.

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1833.



INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

THE SAVAGE, it is hoped, will be an acceptable present to those who devote a portion of their time to literary amusements. Its aim is not to instruct *the most enlightened people* in the universe, but merely to afford a novel species of entertainment to that *changeable being*, who delights in variety. If *The Savage* find itself incapable of producing that which is original, it will endeavor to place old things in a new light; and if it be defective in a certain quality known by the name of *wit*, it faithfully promises never to have recourse to indecent ribaldry to supply the deficiency. Those who may feel disposed to retire for awhile from the conflicts of political warfare and seek for relaxation and repose in the *wigwam of Piomingo*, shall meet with a friendly reception. He will produce the calumet of peace, and bring forth for their entertainment "things new and old." Piomingo is no federalist, no republican, no democrat, no aristocrat, in the common acceptation of those terms: but he may boast with the utmost propriety of being an American "indeed, in whom there is no guile." He sprang up in the wilderness far from the haunts of civilized men. He inhaled with his first breath a love for savage independence; and his subsequent acquaintance with the arts, sciences, and languages of polished nations has not contributed to lessen his original prepossession in favor of the wild dignity of nature. He enjoys the beauties of the gardens, meadows and fields of a cultivated country; but he would resign them with pleasure for the rivers, rocks and mountains of the desert. It was his fortune many years ago to form an acquaintance with an intelligent and learned citizen of

the United States, who, in consequence of some misfortunes in early life, contracted such a distaste for the manners, amusements and pleasures of his countrymen, that he adopted the resolution of seeking oblivion of his cares among the children of nature. He took up his abode in the country of the Muscogulgees, where he became known to Piomingo. A friendship, sincere and lasting as life, was the consequence of this intimacy. Piomingo gained instruction from the lips of his companion. He was soon enabled to read and reflect; and felt himself carried away by an irresistible propensity for investigation. Delightful but fleeting was the period of this intercourse. The friend of Piomingo died; and he has endeavored to console himself for his loss by seeking amusement among that people from whom his former associate had retired with disgust. He has travelled for several years through the United States, and at last fixed his residence in Philadelphia.

The good people of this republic have long derived amusement from the journals of polished travellers through barbarous nations: let us for once reverse the picture and see what entertainment can be drawn from the observations of a savage upon the manners and customs, vices and virtues, of those who boast the advantages of refinement and civilization.

THE SAVAGE.

BY PIOMINGO,

A HEADMAN AND WARRIOR OF THE MUSCOGULGEE NATION

THE SAVAGE—NO. I.

RECOLLECTIONS OF INFANCY.

THE existence of things is not strange; but the power of perceiving this existence is, beyond comprehension, wonderful. Where shall we look for the origin of mind? Whence sprang the young idea? Was it produced by the immediate agency of the Almighty One? or is it a necessary emanation from the great fountain of nature, the soul of the universe? Our first thought has perished for ever: no exertion of ours can bring it up from the gulf of oblivion: yet, we may awaken the recollection of times long past; we may bid the scenes of childhood pass again before us; and remember with pleasure the early excursions of the unfledged mind.

When we first become conscious of our own existence, every thing is new—every thing delightful. We inquire not whence we came; we rejoice because we ARE. The brisk circulation of the blood and the kindly flow of the animal spirits impel us to action. We find it impossible to control the tumultuous emotions of exultation and joy. We have no power to remain in one place or continue silent: we run, we scream, we leap “like roes or young harts on the mountains of spices.” But this blissful period passes away as a dream, and visits us no more. Our prospects become suddenly darkened: some faint idea of evil, of sorrow, and of death, passes through the mind.

The first thought concerning the final period of our joys and of our existence is inexpressibly distressing.—

"Must I die also?" said I to the sage Oconimico—"must I die as well as Quibo?" "Thou must also die," answered Oconimico. "Shall I no more walk? Shall I no more climb up the mountain of buffaloes? Shall I no more shake the fruit from the beautiful pawpaw tree, or swim in the waters of Tuckabatchee? Shall I no more, dear Oconimico, shall I no more see the sun rise among the trees of the forest?" "My dear child," said Oconimico, "behold the stalks of maize, do they flourish longer than one season? Observe the trees of the forest; they grow old and become rotten: must a man live for ever? Thou must become old; thy hands must tremble, thine eyes become dim, and death put a period to thy existence." "What is death?" "Death is the end of life. Death is——nothing." "I cannot understand that: come, let us look at my brother Quibo. Is he asleep? let us awake him. His face is cold; his eyes are closed; his limbs are stiff: he is *dead*. If I touch him, he cannot feel me; If I cry, he cannot hear me; should I pull open his eyes, he would not see me: he is *dead*. Why did he lie down on his bed and die? Why did he fall asleep and die? I will run wild on the hills. I will never lie down to sleep, any more. *I will not die.*"

"My dear boy, look at Quibo: he has feet, but he cannot walk; he has hands, but he cannot bend his bow, or take an arrow from his quiver; he has eyes, but he cannot see the sun rise among the trees of the forest: the life—the spirit—the thought of Quibo is gone away to the land of souls." Sudden as a flash of lightning from a summer cloud, sprang up a new and delightful idea: Quibo is not *all* dead; his thought is gone to another country. "Where is the land of souls?" Oconimico took me by the hand and led me to the door of our hut. "Raise your eyes, my son, and observe those red clouds in the heavens." "I observe them." "Do you see those blue mountains, whose towering summits are mixed with the descending clouds?" "I see them."

"Beyond these mountains, there is a wide river; beyond that river, there is a great country; on the other

side of that country, there is a *world of water*; in that water there is a thousand islands: the sun is gone down among them. These islands are full of fruit trees, and streams of water. A thousand buffaloes and ten thousand deer graze on the hills or ruminant in the valleys." "When I die, shall I become an inhabitant of those islands?" "Love your friends; become a great warrior; and when you die, the good spirit will convey you to the land of souls, where Quibo is." "Who is the good spirit? Where is he?" "He is above the stars; he sends down the rain, the hail, and the snow; and he passes by in the wild tornado." "Bad children, like the son of Ottona, go down into the earth, to a dark place, where dwell the wicked spirits. My child, your mind is fatigued as well as your body. You must go to rest. Tomorrow you shall see Quibo."

He took me in his arms and bore me to my couch; he wiped away the tears from my cheeks with the back of his hand, adding, "Rest in peace; the good being will send down his angels to watch over your slumbers." I slept; and sweet was my repose. What can soothe and calm the mind like the protection of a great and benevolent being? The child may repose confidence in the arm of its father; but, to whom shall the father look up for support? He is conscious of his own weakness, and feels his dependence on every thing that surrounds him. He cannot subject nature to his empire, nor drive the planets from their orbits. Must he submit to the operation of causes and effects? Must he die and be forgotten forever? Or is there any truth in the consolatory invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—Christians! Your religion sounds sweetly in the ears of a weak and erring creature, like man. It speaks to the heart, affords a refuge to the miserable, and provides a remedy for every evil: but I cannot divest myself of my original opinions. How indelible are the impressions we received in childhood! Fifty summers have browned my visage, and fifty winters have fur-

rowed my cheek; yet still the maxims of Oconimico are deeply engraven on the tablets of my mind. The sun of science has striven in vain to dissipate the darkness of my superstition; still I see my god in the black cloud, and listen to "the voice of his excellency" in the thunder; still he reigns in the tempest, and passes by in the tornado.

Navigators inform me that there is no heaven for Indians in the southern seas; yet my fancy can people still a thousand islands with the brave spirits of my forefathers. Still I see their shadowy forms chase the fleeting deer over visionary hills, and I sigh for their company and their joys. *[To be continued.]*

LONGING AFTER IMMORTALITY.

THE desire of being remembered when we are no more is deeply implanted in the human mind. We all cast "a longing lingering look behind" and desire to know what will be said of us when we are no more. "I shall not altogether die!" was the triumphant exclamation of a poet of antiquity, when speaking of the productions of his brain; "I shall leave a memorial of myself" is the idea of the swain who rudely carves the initials of his name on the glossy surface of a beech tree in the forest.

The idler who cuts letters with his knife on the benches in the public walks, the poet who writes verses with his pencil on the boards of the summer houses are equally anxious that at least some part of them may escape the ravages of the gloomy Libitina.

We do not attempt to condemn this propensity merely because it discovers itself in trifles. No: had circumstances favored the ambition of these candidates for immortality, they might have plundered cities, ravaged kingdoms, established empires, and become "mighty hunters" on the earth. This is the same principle which

induced men in early ages to say to each other: "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach to heaven; and let us *make us a name*——"

COMMUNICATION.

PIOMINGO—As I know that you have perused with considerable attention our sacred books, and frequently attended our places of worship, in your peregrinations through these United States, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to request you to give the public some idea of the impression these things made on your mind.

Does there not appear to be an immense disparity between the conduct of the primitive and modern christians? Were you not, at first, almost led to form the conclusion, that the latter could not be derived from the former? Or did you suppose it possible that they might be the same people in a state of extreme degeneracy and degradation? The principles and practice of the early christians appear to have been consentaneous; but will any person in his senses assert that the conduct of the moderns is conformable with the precepts laid down in their books?

I do not intend to request you to particularize all the instances in which this disparity is glaringly apparent. That would be an unreasonable request. This is a boundless subject: and were you to engage in it, I know not how you would bring it to a conclusion. Of one thing I am certain; the topic would not easily be exhausted.

Should you be fortunate in your present undertaking, I hope you will touch on this subject occasionally. It must be admitted, on all hands, that every man of honor is bound by the professions he thinks proper deliberately to make; therefore, no man, nor set of men, can think it hard that their actions should be compared with that standard which they have deliberately and solemnly

published to the world, as the rule by which their conduct is to be regulated.

I hope, Piomingo, that you will not be backward to take notice of the errors and follies you may observe among us. If we go wrong, we cannot plead ignorance as an excuse or palliation for our errors. We have enjoyed great advantages over your nation and the other aborigines of America. They, alas! have long wandered in the devious paths of error; but I hope the time is not far distant when they who have walked in darkness will see a marvelous light.

OLD AGE.

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of an old man—
I am the Lord."

THIS benevolent precept is found in the law, which was delivered to Moses. The Jews may, for aught we know to the contrary, observe this commandment; but the christians, we suppose, consider it as a part of the ceremonial law; and therefore not binding on them or their posterity. We have often heard religious sophists discuss this *knotty point* about the moral and ceremonial laws with uncommon ingenuity. Whenever any of the precepts or commandments found in the five books of Moses or indeed in any part of the Old or New Testament, appeared repugnant to the doctrines of the church or the practices of the faithful, these biblical critics will be sure to inform you that they are a part of the ceremonial law; and therefore not to be observed by christians under the new dispensation. Now as we have never seen a young christian "rise up to the hoary head or honor the face of an old man," unless his age were supported by wealth or authority, we are necessarily led to suppose that the precept above mentioned is considered as a part of the ceremonial law of the Jews, and imposes no obligation on "the children of the kingdom."

Among the savages of America age is universally respected. All unite to honor the face of the old man whenever he appears, whether his blanket be old or new, his pipe plain or ornamented with silver. But among the civilized Americans I have always seen age, particularly if it exhibited any appearance of poverty or infirmity, neglected or insulted.

Does the old man appear desirous to relate any of his boyish exploits; no one is disposed to listen. No one can afford time to attend to the old dotard, who had better be in his bed or in his grave than to be here boring us with his antediluvian performances.

If the old man be possessed of any property, it is a hundred to one but some finely polished and highly civilized young christian will observe, "Damn the old codger: I wish he was in hell, and I had his money."

THE SAVAGE—NO. II.

EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION.

A STOICAL indifference to bodily pain is, among savages, one of the first lessons of youth. Fortitude to bear every evil, and resolution to meet every danger, are inculcated upon us by our teachers, as virtues of the first magnitude. To suffer pain without complaint, and even with cheerfulness, is made *the great point of honor*. There is no such thing as coercion in the savage system of education. We are proud of doing right, and ashamed of doing wrong. We are taught to consider ourselves as superior to circumstances: at least, we are enabled to preserve a decent tranquility of mind in the midst of the greatest possible adversity. It is known to us, that the vicissitudes of life will expose us to misfortunes of various kinds. We must support the burning heat of the summer's sun, and the intense severity of the winter's cold. We must submit to hunger and thirst and a multitude of other privations. We must

suffer sickness and pain. We may be reduced to a state of servitude. We may become captives, and consequently be exposed to every species of torture that human ingenuity can invent, or the most violent animosity can inflict. All these things being known to our philosophic seniors, they exercise our bodies, and discipline our minds, in such a manner, that we are enabled to maintain a diguity of character in every emergency.

We become patient of heat and regardless of cold. We learn to subdue the cravings of hunger without food; and to allay, without drink, the parchings of thirst. We can indulge in a feast of bear meat and venison, or subsist on the roots of the desert. Untaught by philosophy, we enjoy the present moment; uninstructed in christianity, we "take no thought for the morrow:" we expose our naked breasts to the beating of the storm; and a fearless spirit to every difficulty.

It is well known to us, that the time of our existence here is a period of exertion. We are taught therefore to meet unavoidable danger with resolution, and to remove the greatest difficulties by perseverance. We are obliged to climb the highest mountains, leap down the steepest precipice, and swim the widest torrent. The *science* of hunting engages our earliest attention. We study the nature of our game, the time of the day, and season of the year. We know where to find the buffaloes in the morning; and where they may be discovered in the heat of the day. We know when they visit the low marshy salt springs, and when they descend to cool themselves in the river. We can rouse the deer from his lair in the frosty morning, and trace him over the hills by the newly fallen snow. We surprise the wolf in his gloomy haunts, or destroy him in his foraging excursions. We rouse the bear in his den, and shoot the panther among the rocks. We fix our traps for the fox, and drive, by stratagem, the beaver from his fortified habitation. We find the wild cat on the mountains, and the raccoon in the head of the valleys. We know the haunts of the otter; and the muskrat we shoot as he

peeps from his hole. We kill the mink on the banks of the stream, and the groundhog on the side of the hill. We know the daily rounds of the turkey; we take him on his roost, or shoot him on the ridges. We shoot the geese in their flight, or kill them when settled in the ponds. We *see* the slightest traces in the forest; we *hear* the least rustling among the branches; and we *smell* the approaches of the serpent. We *climb* round the rocks, *slip* through the cane, and *skulk* along the valleys.—We study the course of the wind in our approaches, or breathe on fire, lest we taint the purity of the gale.—We know the course our game will pursue, before he has been roused from his harbor. We take the opposite direction, and meet him as he turns round the hill. We guide our course through the boundless wilderness, by the sun, moon, and stars, and even by the appearance of the trees of the forest. We perform the most incredible journeys without fatigue, crossing the widest rivers on the trunk of a tree. Through the immense desert we are familiar with every hill, and at home on the bank of every rivulet. We walk proudly on the hills; and from the towering summits on the Appalachian mountains, we look down, with ineffable contempt, on the *brutelike drudgery* of civilized life.

Thus the wild horse snuffs the western breeze, bounds joyously over the hills, laughs at the rattling of the chains, and despises the bridle and the plough.

We build dams in the rivers; and shoals of fish pour into our baskets. They are arrested in their course by our arrows and our gigs; or they are lured to destruction by the temptation of our bait. We bid them assemble together, and we scoop them up with our nets.

We study the face of the heavens, and foretel the changes of the weather. We know when the gust is about to rise in the west, and when the wind promises a continued rain. We can tell when to prepare for snow, and when ice will appear on the waters.

Do you not suppose, O ye inhabitants of cities, that this system of education, that these pursuits and em-

ploysments, are well calculated to sharpen the faculties and exercise the understanding? Where the mind is accustomed to turn itself to such a variety of vocations, and accommodate itself to such a multitude of circumstances, must it not become infinitely superior to that sluggish existence, whose ideas are continually occupied with the *millhorse* round of domestic drudgery?

Not only the memory, but every faculty we possess, is improved by exercise: how then can his mind be enlightened, who is the mere creature of habit, unaccustomed to thought and reflection? Can he, whose business leads him from the house to the barn, from the barn to the stable, from the stable to the orchard, from the orchard to the cornfield, and from the cornfield to the house again, possess an elevated understanding? Can he, whose most distant excursion extends not beyond the neighboring market town, have a mind enriched with a multitude of ideas? Such a being is distressed if he wander out of sight of the smoke of his own chimney. His friends are miserable, lest he should never return; and he, poor soul! gapes like a fish elevated above the surface of the water by the line of the fisherman. He gazes with surprise on every object he has not been accustomed to contemplate. He expects some beast of prey to start up in every valley, and the devil out of every thornbush. He looks for robbers behind every hedge, savage Indians in every wood. He says his prayers before he crosses a bridge, and confesses his sins on the banks of every torrent. But night overtakes him. How deplorable his situation! Every withered bush is a ghost; and every black stump, an imp of darkness!

But let him get home again. The sight of his barn door, and the appearance of old Towser—the bawling of his black cow, and the smell of his hogsty—the squalling of his brats, and his snug chimney corner—all in sweet succession—revive, invigorate, and restore him. Having turned off a mug of cider, he “is himself again.” And then—and then—the dangers and escapes, the windmills and the giants, the ghosts and the sa-

vages, the thunder and the lightning, the battles and the conquests, astonish and confound the gaping auditors.

Is this the man you would compare with the savage? Is this the man you would prefer to the lord of the desert.

Man is said to be composed of two parts: body and soul. Now, pray be so good as to inform me whether it be the body or soul of this *animal*, which is possessed of that something, which you honor with the name of civilization. His limbs, you say, are robust and strong by exercise and labor. Does civilization then consist in robustness of body, or brawniness of limbs? He may be strong in his youth, but continual drudgery destroys the harmony of his shape, and the dignity of his motion. The elasticity of his limbs is destroyed, and he degenerates into a mere beast of burden. His visage becomes the very picture of stupidity and malignity. He is no longer the animal to whom God

Os—sublime, dedit, cælumque videre

Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultos.

No: he looks downward to the earth, and offers his back to the rider. His feet become as the feet of a camel, and his hands rough and scaly as the cone that drops from the top of the pine tree.

The lower ranks of those who reside in cities, being more confined in their operations, are sunk still lower, in the scale of intelligence, than the inhabitants of the country. Their business being bounded by the shop, and their excursions limited by the market; what should they know but the price of butter, and the time of high water? Can you number the ideas of a muscle, or fathom the intelligence of an oyster? If you can, you have a competent knowledge of the intellectual powers of the people that I describe.

Do not naturalists rank the productions of nature agreeably to their locomotive powers? The animal is more excellent than the vegetable; why? Because it is capable of changing its situation. And man is supposed

to be the most noble of animals, because he can travel from pole to pole, and subsist under every climate.

Vegetables, admitting they were capable of perceiving, could have but few ideas, being confined by hills and rocks and surrounded by walls and inclosures.

The things called zoophytes can know very little more than a leaf of plantain, or a sprig of hoarhound; and those animals that remain, during the whole period of their existence, on the same bank or hillock, are scarcely superior, in their intellectual powers, to a polypus or zoophytic fungus. What knowledge of the world was possessed by the toad, which was shut up for five thousand years in the solid body of a rock? Men who *vegetate* in one spot, and have no leisure for reading or reflection, must be limited in their ideas and narrow in their understandings.

Such are the blessings of civilization; such are the consequences of refinement.

But we will be told of the polished few, whose minds are expanded by philosophy, and whose happiness is insured by a multiplicity of enjoyments. We shall speak of their happiness hereafter; at present we mean merely to consider the paucity of their numbers.

As refinement progresses, the number of the refined must necessarily be reduced. If you become elevated, you must have supporters. If your elevation be still more increased, the quantity of supporting materials must be multiplied in a like proportion. It is absurd to talk of all becoming equally refined, polished, and civilized. How can you dine in state, if there be none to wait at your table? And if we increase your refinement, state, and splendor, must not your attendants continue to be multiplied proportionably? Now, if we follow this train of thought, we shall be able to prove, by a chain of incontestable arguments, that, when, civilization is carried to its acme, there will be *one man* polished into a god, and all the rest of the species will be slaves, parasites, and brutes. [To be continued.]

ACQUISITION OF WEALTH.

It appears to us nearly as hard for him who devotes his time to the acquisition of riches to be perfectly upright and honorable through the whole course of a long life, as for a "camel to go through the eye of a needle." The man who receives a fortune by inheritance has every opportunity to cultivate and cherish his virtuous inclinations: but the man who sets out in life without wealth, is beset by temptations on every side that urge him on to the acquisition of money, by means both illicit and unwarrantable. He sees that property procures pleasure, attention, and respect. He wishes for pleasure: he wishes for a distinguished situation among his species: and in order to obtain things so desirable, he immediately sets about the business of accumulation. If he be able to subdue his love of pleasure, and think proper to take the plain beaten path of industry, he may get rich; but his temper and disposition will be changed. He acquires his wealth with difficulty; and we always love the product of our attention and labor. He is now a rich man; but the finer feelings and nobler sentiments of his mind are absolutely eradicated: that generous disregard of self, and that enthusiasm in the cause of virtue have disappeared.

A fortune is not to be made *at once* by industry; it is made up by the daily accession of *small sums*. Small sums, therefore, become an object of importance to the industrious man. He values them highly. And the man who sets a high value on small sums may possibly adhere to the dead letter of honesty; but he has lost that *nobility of the heart*, for which nothing can be a sufficient compensation. A minute attention to trifles has narrowed and contaminated his mind. He must be shut out from the congregation of those who are clothed in the *white raiment of pure unsullied honor*: he is unclean.

DISCOVERIES.

“Wist ye not that such a man as I can certainly *powwow*?”

Our violent desire to know what the world had said and were saying, about our Savage induced us to have recourse to means for gratifying our curiosity which we never resort to unless on extraordinary occasions.

We once studied the science of *powwowing* under the celebrated Kaioka. Kaioka was a great man: a priest, a prophet, and magician. He could predict the approach of comets, and the time when our warriors would return from their predatory excursions. He could prevent the rivers from overflowing their banks, and the moles from destroying the corn. He could foretel the event of a war, and interpret the meaning of dreams. He could surround the moon with a circle, and multiply the number of suns. He could charm away the most malignant spirit, and stop the ravages of the most alarming disease. He formed a treaty of friendship with serpents, and cherished the rattlesnake in his bosom. He could bring on darkness at midday, and call down rain from heaven, by his powerful incantations. He acquired an absolute ascendancy over the spirits that manage the clouds and those that assist the operations of rivers.—The genii of the caves and the inhabitants of the abyss were subjected to his power.

We took a few lessons from this wonderful man, which enables us on extraordinary occasions to dip a little into the invisible world. We can “start a ghost” or rouse a goblin, when there happens to be any necessity for such an exertion; but we generally are content with having recourse to dreams, after having made the necessary preparations.

By this last method we made some highly interesting discoveries concerning our Savage, as will be seen in the sequel.

We fasted and prayed. We took an emetic, and performed the necessary ablutions in the Schuylkill: and

then, having burned a few leaves of tobacco to propitiate the spirits of the air, we lay down and slept. In our dream, a terrific form made its appearance. We cannot undertake to satisfy the curiosity of the public, as to the being that we saw in our dream; for of that we are ignorant. We at first supposed it to be the devil of the civilized world, as he certainly wore on his head something that had the semblance of horns: but, upon the closest inspection, we could perceive nothing that had the appearance of a cloven foot. Upon the whole, we are led to conclude that it must have been some benignant spirit; as no evil one would, we believe, venture to approach us in our purified state. He stalked up with the greatest dignity. His countenance bore the impression of profound wisdom, but mixed with something that had the appearance of contempt for every thing earthly.

We demanded what the literati of the age thought of our Savage.

The literati of the age! repeated he, smiling; not many of them have yet had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with your Savage; and but few of them ever will. Can they whose heads are above the clouds observe the motions of an ant upon a hillock? But there are several other descriptions of readers who are not a little out of humor with the beginning you have made.

I will give you some account of them, and the reception your Savage is likely to meet with from them.

Old Jonathan Longhead, the other day, took up your duodecimo and read a few minutes. He then laid it down, lighted a segar, and leaned back upon his chair immersed in deep thought. After remaining in this attitude for five minutes, he drew the segar from his mouth, and blowing forth the smoke with the greatest deliberation, he uttered the following oracle, "Atheistical and deistical." Should they raise the cry of *mad dog* against you, you had better be a dog in reality.

Billy Bluster and a few of his associates were mightily taken with the title of your paper. "The Savage!

Damn me, Tom! this will be a hell of a thundering paper, hey? Then we shall have for a frontispiece a bloody savage with a ferocious countenance, brandishing his tomahawk and scalping knife—ah! a devil of a fine thing! Then, it will be filled with drinking songs and hellish fine stories. We'll laugh, like damnation, hey O!"

"Do you not suppose, Piomingo, that these brave boys were sadly disappointed by the appearance of your sweetly moving peaceable Savage? Were you capable of producing pieces of the most finished composition, do you suppose that they would be relished by these children of Comus? Do you suppose that your delicate irony or classical allusions can excite a roar of laughter over the bowl, or call forth the plaudits of the *groundlings*? Sooner will you charm the deaf adder: sooner will the beasts of the forest dance to your music, or cities ascend to the sound of your lyre! No, no Piomingo, if you be disposed to please these jovial souls, you must have recourse to Joe Miller's Jest-book and the adventures of Fanny Hill. Would you select some entertaining stories from the last mentioned work, for the edification of your aunt Jenny, I have no doubt but she would procure, for your paper, a hundred subscribers.

Could you hire an enterprising genius to skulk about the city, and see what married men frequent the houses of pollution—what heads of families have been known to kiss pretty chambermaids—what modish ladies have been surprised in delicate situations—what rosy misses have retired to the country on account of indisposition—what old men have young wives—who were seen abroad at unseasonable hours, or in equivocal places, &c. &c. &c. I say, if you procure an agent to collect anecdotes of this description, and mix them up with sly hints and double entendres, ornamented with a sufficiency of A.s, Z.s, dashes, stars, *italics*, and double pica, take my word for it, there is no paper in the United States will have so extensive a circulation as yours.

As soon as the welcome carrier throws in the Savage, the scandal-loving dame, with watering teeth, will has-

ten to draw down her spectacles from her withered forehead, adjust them on her sharp pointed nose, and devour the luscious intelligence with more avidity than Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina did the contents of the last novel. And all the little tattling tea-drinking misses will crowd round the old lady's chair on their knees, and stretch their pretty necks, open their love-inspiring eyes and kiss-courting mouths, to catch—some, a part of a line, and others, a broken end of a sentence:—while the old gentleman hangs over their shoulders grinning a smile of complacency.”

What, can a savage stoop to such baseness? Shall a headman and warrior of the Muscogulgee confederacy construct and keep in repair a public sewer to convey into the world all the abomination, corruption, and filth, of a populous city? Shall he become common pimp to all the base propensities of human nature? When he shall act thus,

“Be ready Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!”—

ESQUIRE.

MOST of the Indians who live near the frontiers of the United States have become debased and corrupted by their intercourse with the descendents of Europeans. They are contaminated with the vices and infected with the diseases of civilized nations. They have forgotten the heroic exploits of their warlike ancestors. They join no more in the war dance, nor raise the song of victory and triumph. They have lost all national pride and dignity of character; and are to be seen, in a state of beastly intoxication, wallowing in the streets of your frontier villages.

These degraded wretches, when they come among you, are fond of adorning themselves with the cocked hat, or cast off coat of some military officer. You laugh

at their childish folly; and you are right in so doing: for they deserve both ridicule and contempt.

But what must be said of the *enlightened* citizens of an illustrious republic, who are proud to decorate themselves with the shreds and patches torn from the many-colored and moth-eaten coat of feudal aristocracy?—They do not attempt to manufacture a garment for themselves, but they search the ditches and alleys and dunghills of corruption, for rags and tatters, wherewith they ornament themselves, and then strut about with the most disgusting pomposity. These people were once slaves, but became unruly, and, by a successful exertion of their powers, emancipated themselves: but it appears that they were unfit for freedom, as they still continue to be proud of the livery which they wore when in a state of servitude. They prate much about the dignity and perfectibility of man; but, an attentive observer may still perceive that they hanker after the golden trappings of servitude.

If they must have titles of dignity, why do they not select the most honorable? They have as good a right to be dukes, marquises, and earls, as to be esquires.—“His Grace, the Duke of Gooseland” would sound much better than “the honorable John Dolt, esquire.” Why should they address one of their governors, with the contemptible appellation of “Excellency,” when there are such fine high-sounding words in the language as “Majesty,” “Serenity,” “Sublimity?” Why should they talk of his “honor the judge,” when they might make use of the dignified appellation of “Lord Chief Justice of the Supreme Court?” Why should members of the legislatures be described only as “honorable,” when there could be added many more adjectives equally expressive of their characters: such as “Sapient, Intelligent, Profound;” and they might be addressed with great propriety as “High and Mighty Lords?” Why should justices of the peace, aldermen, &c. be only honored with the title of “worshipful,” when we could

pronounce with such sweetness and dignity, "His Serene Highness, Alderman Clodhopper; and "His Adorable Greatness, Justice Numskull?" Why should the clergy only be known by the appellation "reverend," when there are such words in use as "The Most Holy Father in God, Christopher Overgood?"

When Constantine, the great, first christianized the Roman empire, he invented a long string of delectable titles. An account of them may be seen in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. We would advise the citizens of the United States (as they have full right to choose what titles they please in this land of liberty) to adopt the ingenious scale of titles laid down by Constantine; or if these should not appear sufficiently dignified, they may refer to the kingdoms of the east, and select some of the most sonorous, such as, Holy Son of Heaven, Disposer of Kingdoms, Brother of the Sun and Moon, &c.

If you must adorn yourselves with borrowed feathers, your good taste might lead you to choose those of the peacock, the ostrich, and the bird of paradise, in preference to those of the owl, the buzzard, and the crane. The English language is copious. Select the most harmonious and splendid designations; but do it boldly. Prepare provisions for yourselves. Why should you lick up the crumbs that fall from the table of your former master!

What ridiculous consequence a plain republican immediately assumes upon finding himself addressed by the title of esquire! He soon conceives that he feels something like noble blood coursing up and down through his veins! He thinks it very possible that he may have sprung from some younger son of a younger brother of some noble house. Some of his ancestors may have lived in some dignified family, as butlers, or house keepers, or some other way. Sometimes he even flatters himself that certain illegitimate sprinklings of blood royal may have ennobled the plebian current that runs in his veins. He begins to study the nature of his name,

decipher its etymology, and claim kindred with every family who may have borne the same appellation.

Would it not be better for some of these ambitious mortals to endeavor to convert their own name into a title of dignity than to be ambitious of usurping a barbarous distinction, to which they have no claim. Cesar was the name of a man, but became in time a title of the most dignified nature. Who knows but some enterprising genius may spring up in the western world and convert his name into a title that will be remembered for ever.

The Indians give names to their children in infancy; but that Indian would sink into absolute contempt, who should not acquire, to himself, a *new name*, by his success in hunting or his exploits in war. Now, would the polished citizens of the United States condescend to learn something useful from the savage inhabitants of the wilderness, we think they might adopt this custom with the greatest propriety. Let every man be reckoned utterly contemptible who shall not acquire a new name before he be thirty years of age.

If he have performed any remarkable action, let his name be taken from that. If he have not at all distinguished himself by any single exploit, it is probable that there will be discoverable some prominent traits in his character, from which he may be designated. The new appellation would become a title of honor to the virtuous, and a mark of approbrium and disgrace to the vitious.

Exempli gratia: If a man discovered a great inclination to indulge in the pleasures of the table, and this propensity became the leading trait in his character, we see no reason why he should not be denominated "The Glutton." Such should be the name of the man who may be said "to live that he may eat." But should the glutton discover an extensive acquaintance with the art of preparing viands, we think he ought to be honored with the appellation of "Cook." This title should be given to those gentlemen who distinguish themselves

by learned disquisitions on the nature of custard, or can enumerate the ingredients that enter into the composition of a pudding. Adepts in the science of preparing turtle soup, and those whose intelligence enables them to descant learnedly on the manner of giving to oysters the most exquisite flavor, should likewise be distinguished by the same designation.

If such a plan as this were adopted, instead of the unmeaning names now in use, we should hear of "Drunkard," "Swindler," "Romancer," &c. There might likewise be established, under the superintendence of government, a college of heralds for the purpose of giving appropriate ensigns armorial to every one, on the completion of his thirtieth year; but, *ne quid nimis*.

THE SAVAGE—NO. III.

EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION.

SHALL your cooks and your waiters, your carters and your ditchers, be accounted equally civilized with yourselves? Shall they who watch the look, and tremble at the frown, of a superior, be allowed to possess delicacy of sentiment and dignity of character? No: they are deprived of all personal consequence in society. Their own interest is annihilated. They are merely a necessary part of the luxurious establishment of their principal.

We passed by the residence of Polydore. We saw his gorgeous palace and widely extended fields. We examined his gardens, his park, his orchards; and were struck with astonishment at the splendor of his establishment. And is this all, we inquired, designed for the accommodation of one man? Can one creature, not six feet high, occupy all these splendid apartments? Behold the flocks and herds and fields of corn! can all these be necessary for the sustenance of one? But if all this be the product of his own labor, he has full liberty to

enjoy it. Polydore must be a giant. Did he pile up these massy stones, and erect these ponderous buildings? Did he subdue the lordly forest, and cover the fields with waving grain? No: Polydore has done nothing. He owes all this to the labor of others. But how then, we inquired with amazement, did Polydore gain this ascendancy over others? How did he compel his fellows to cultivate his fields, or labor in his ditches? Polydore did not compel them: they were compelled by their necessities. A fortunate concurrence of circumstances, and the laws of the country, have made Polydore rich: but these men are poor. A small portion of the product of their labor goes to the support of themselves and their families; but the far greater part is applied to the aggrandizement of Polydore's establishment. And as this aggrandizement increases, in like manner increases his ascendancy over others.

We saw through the whole in a moment. It is therefore absolutely necessary that every rich man should be surrounded by others more indigent than himself. If it were otherwise, in what manner would he induce them to supply his factitious wants, or gratify his luxurious inclinations? Cottages, then, must necessarily be found in the vicinity of palaces: and lordly cities *must* be surrounded by suburbs of wretchedness! Sordiness is the offspring of splendor; and luxury is the parent of want. Civilization consists in the refinement of a *few*, and the barbarism and baseness of *many*.

As the grandeur of any establishment is augmented, servile and base offices are multiplied. Poverty and baseness must be united in the same person in order to qualify him for such situations. Who fill servile and low employments in your Atlantic cities? There are not American minds to be found sufficiently degraded for these contemptible occupations. You find it necessary to have recourse to the more highly polished nations of Europe for suitable drudges to sweep your streets and remove nuisances, to stand behind your carriages and perform degrading duties about your persons.

Civilized Europeans, when they visit your country, complain loudly of your barbarism. You are little better, in their estimation, than the savages of the wilderness. They cannot meet with that obsequiousness and servility which is necessary to their happiness. They complain, most dolefully, of the impertinence of their servants, and, indeed, of the difficulty of procuring any one sufficiently qualified for the situation of a menial. You frequently blush for the rudeness and barbarity of your countrymen, when you listen to these complaints of your polished visitants; but do not despair. The seeds are sown: and the growth will be rapid. The causes have begun to operate, and the effects to be seen. There will soon be a sufficiency of indigence and poverty of spirits to make servants obsequious, and multiply the number of domestics. Let splendor, refinement, and luxury, triumph; and we promise that sordiness, baseness, and misery, will walk in their train.

Man was designed by nature to cultivate the fields, or roam in the woods. He has sufficient strength to do every thing for himself that is necessary to be done. He can erect a hut of poles and cover it with bark or skins without the assistance of another. A small portion of his time procures clothing and food; and the remainder is devoted to amusement and rest. The moment you leave this point, your destination is certain, though your progress may be slow. *[To be continued.]*

VANITY.

SOME ingenious author has run a parallel between pride and vanity. The proud man, says he, reposes, with dignified confidence, on the superiority of his own mind; but the vain man depends on the fluctuating opinions of the world. The vain man values himself for his personal qualifications, as long as they continue fashionable: but the moment they cease to be admired by others, they sink also in his own estimation.

Little Vapid is one of the vainest men in existence: and what can give importance to little Vapid? His features are diminutive, and his person contemptible.

Vapid values himself on the cleanness and neatness of his dress. A speck of dirt on his white pantaloons would throw him into an agony of unutterable distress. His shoes must shine with glossy blacking, and his coat be brushed with the utmost care, before he will venture out of the house. He spends an hour in adjusting his cravat, and two hours in giving the hair on his silly, insignificant head the proper direction. One half of his time is spent in scrubbing his teeth and arching his eyebrows. And when he grasps his little cane, and hops into the street, with every plait in proper order, and the indispensable grimace on his countenance, one would suppose that he had broken loose from imprisonment in a bandbox.

Fan him gently ye zephyrs! Ye northern blasts, discompose not the folds of his garment! Ye sylphs, watch over his white pantaloons, when he skips over the gutters! But may his guardian angel protect him, should he encounter a dray!

Vapid is not *proud*: he sets no value on the intrinsic excellence of any quality he possesses: his happiness depends on the breath of mortals as contemptible as himself.

THE HILL OF LIFE.

ARMINE became acquainted with his own existence in the valley of Childhood. His couch was composed of roses, and canopied over by the boughs of the orange and the myrtle. Bubbling springs were seen among the flowers, and the melody of birds was heard amid the branches. The Hill of Life appeared before him, and he set his face toward the summit of the mountain. The ascent is known by the name of Youth: it was easy and delightful. A female form of the most angelic appear-

ance was his constant companion: her name was Hope. She strewed his path with flowers: and her presence shed abroad the sunshine of cheerfulness and joy.—She led him forward by the hand: and distant objects, when pointed out by her finger, assumed a supernatural and celestial brilliancy. When he lay down to repose, poppies were strewed on his pillow; and when he awoke, his heavenly companion entranced his eyes with her magical mirror of ravishing delights. Sometimes he turned aside into the gardens of pleasure, and bathed in the rivers of sensual delight; but when he heard at a distance the loud but mellow voice of the trumpet of Fame, which sounded on the top of the mountain, he broke loose from the allurements of pleasure, determined to acquire more substantial bliss, by heroic exertions.

When he had gained the last stages of the ascent, he was met by a restless being, of a dark and forbidding countenance; her name was Care. She pressed him into her company, and attempted to engross his attention. But her familiar approaches were forbidden by Hope; and she contented herself with flitting about in his view at a distance.

The summit of the mountain is an elevated plain, known by the name of Manhood. It commands an extensive prospect on every side; but these views are not all equally delightful. When you stand on the mountain and cast your eyes backward to the valley of Childhood, the mind is overpowered by conflicting emotions. You review with delight the wanderings of infancy in the valley of roses; but this enjoyment is mixed with an inexpressible sentiment of sorrow and regret: the thought of joys never to be repeated, and of pleasures forever gone!

The ascent of Youth is viewed still with less complacency. The aberrations, in this part of the journey, give to the prospect a bitterness and gloom that cloud the enjoyment. "Sweet humble vale!" said Armine, looking through the long vista of Youth, to the commencement of his journey, "Sweet humble vale! your

delights are forever vanished! your pleasures can never return!

Having thus said, he turned himself around to take a view of the elevated plain on which he stood. The face of the country was various: some parts were covered with thistles and thorns; and others were crowned with proud forests of oak, and groves of towering poplars. In some parts were to be seen "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces;" and in others, the sordid and miserable "huts of cheerless poverty." Some of the inhabitants build houses of marble, as though their residence in the place were never to have an end; while multitudes are crowded in cottages of clay. Dark clouds hang continually over the mountain: some contemplate their appearance with calmness, but others view them with horror and dismay.

A philosopher, who sat, with the utmost composure, on the point of a rock, and viewed the shifting of the clouds through a perspective, beckoned Armine to approach. He obeyed. "I perceive," said the philosopher, "by your countenance, that you have lately gained the summit of the mountain." Armine assented. "Well," continued the sage, "you will remain here awhile: I have, for my part, been many years a resident on this plain; and must speedily descend on the other side of the hill. I observed you, just now, looking back on the valley of Childhood; have you any objection to take a view of the opposite descent?" Armine was silent.—The philosopher took him by the hand and led him to the brow of the hill. "The declivity," said he, "as you may perceive, is much greater on this side than on the other: it is called the Decline of Life.. It has but a dreary appearance. The descent is rapid into the valley of Old Age: and in that valley, rolls the black, sluggish, and bottomless River of Death." Having thus spoken, he sighed, and immediately began to descend. Armine called after him with a loud voice, saying, "is the river without a shore? Are there no green fields on the other side, where a weary traveller may find lasting

repose?" The philosopher turned round, and looked upon Armine. There was an expression of sadness upon his countenance. "No traveller has returned," said he, "to give us any intelligence. There is, without doubt, a country on the other side of the water: I have had a glimpse of it myself; but those who are swallowed up by the River of Death, are, in all probability, carried by the rapidity of the current into the Dead Sea of eternal oblivion." Having thus said, he pursued his way down the mountain. Armine observed him, for some time, in his descent; and took notice that, having proceeded a little way, he found a green place on the side of the hill where there was a spring of water.— Having refreshed himself, he sat down to rest; and immediately began to examine the nature of the grass, which was the production of so sterile a soil. He continued this employment for some time, and then took out his pocket perspective, and observed the movement of the clouds, with as much composure as he had formerly done on the summit of the mountain. "Wonderful elasticity of the human mind!" exclaimed Armine, as he turned round from the contemplation of the Decline of Life, "wonderful elasticity of the human mind, which causes it to yield to the pressure of circumstances!— which enables it to support with tranquillity the greatest possible misfortunes!"

Care now became the constant companion of Armine, though he was still accompanied by Hope. Hope had lost a great part of her magical power, but still was able to soften the influence of Care, and calm the occasional perturbations of his mind. He adopted various schemes for passing the time of his continuance on the mount; but the issue of every one was the same—disappointment. Sometimes he joined the votaries of pleasure; and sometimes, the lovers of wisdom. Pleasure ended in smoke; and knowledge was the parent of despair. Sometimes he employed himself in gathering together the glittering stones that may be found on the summit of the mountain: but the exertion, necessary in

this contemptible pursuit, was painful in the extreme. He then endeavored to derive amusement from dispersing abroad what he had collected together: and the issue of the whole was "vanity and vexation of spirit."

The Temple of Fame stood on a rugged promontory of the mountain, which was suspended over the black and putrid waters of Infamy. The building was magnificent beyond description; its summit was hid in the clouds. The voice of the goddess was heard from the temple, inviting the approaches of all; but the attempt to obey the invitation was attended with danger. Every one was desirous to enter, in order to leave some memorial of having performed the journey of life; but few, very few, were found able to surmount the obstacles which impeded the entrance. The daring adventurer, whose heart beat high with the love of glory, pressed forward through dangers of every description. Frightful rocks and yawning caverns, giants of tremendous dimensions, and spectres of terrific forms, opposed his progress. Envy, Malice, Hatred, Anger, Slander, Revenge, and a thousand others, armed with "fire-brands, arrows, and death," stood in array against him. The hero who broke through their ranks and entered the temple covered with blood was received with shouts of joy and the sound of the trumpet.

Armine essayed to enter: but Poverty, a gaunt and haggard monster, effectually baffled every attempt, and drove him away from the precincts of the building.—Here he was seized by Disease, who hurried him away to the descent of the mountain.

As he passed down the Decline of Life, every thing wore a gloom of despondence. Dark clouds hung over his head; and nothing was heard but the screaming of the raven from the "lightning-blasted oak," and the hooting of the owl from the mouldering turret. He entered the valley of Old Age. The air became dark. The funeral cypress overshadowed his path.

Weary and dejected, he tottered along, until, ere he was aware, he stood on the banks of the River. A thick

fog, an everlasting cloud, rested on the face of the waters. Nothing was to be seen. Nothing was to be heard. It was the reign of Darkness, Silence, Inanity, Death. While he yet lingered, he received a last visit from the companion of his youth. Hope appeared, arrayed in a robe of resplendent whiteness. She directed her hand toward the opposite side of the river. The clouds broke away for a moment. He had, or fancied he had, a glimpse of a brighter region. Time hurried him into the stream; and he was heard of no more.

REMONSTRANCE OF THE LETTER H.

THE letter *h* begs leave to represent to Piomingo that he labors under many heavy and intolerable grievances. He has suffered injustice both from the ancients and moderns, the learned and unlearned.

Grammarians have long contended that he is no letter; that he is merely a "hard breathing before a word or syllable." They never explain themselves fully on this subject; and it is hard to find out what they mean by the assertion. One of their leaders has, indeed, observed that *h* requires no conformation of the organs of speech; and therefore cannot be a letter. This is involving the matter in "clouds of thick darkness." What are the organs of speech? Is the windpipe included in the number? But, without entering into any niceties on the subject, it is simply demanded, Can they give this "hard breathing before a word or syllable," without making any use of the organs of speech? When the organs of speech are at rest, the mouth must be necessarily closed. Now, let them pronounce any word, in which *h* is sounded, without opening the mouth until they have made this "hard breathing:" and the point will be conceded.

But *h* is not disposed to contend for a name. Let him be possessed of the substance, and he will never declare

war for the shadow. Let him enjoy every right, power and emolument, belonging to a letter; and they are welcome to call him a "hard breathing" as long as they please.

At present, he humbly solicits that he may be relieved, by the interposition of Piomingo, from the galling oppression and intolerable injustice he suffers from the "organs of speech" of the polished inhabitants of the city of Philadelphia. No people are more ready to complain, of any real or imaginary grievance, than the citizens above mentioned; yet they forget the golden rule, of doing to others, as they would that others should do unto them, when they deprive your remonstrant of his undoubted right and inheritance.

It has long been known to all the world, that, many years ago, *w* usurped the station of *h*, in such words as, *when, where, what, &c.* which ought to be written *hwene, hwere, hwat, &c.* *H*, at first, felt indignant at this treatment; but, as a long continued usurpation is said to confer a legitimate right, he was, at last, induced to yield the *precedency* in these words, as he was assured that he would lose none of the *power* by his acquiescence. It was represented to him, that the king of Great Britain had long used the title of king of France without claiming the least right to interfere in the affairs of that kingdom; that the emperor of China was styled "sole governor of the earth," without other princes supposing that their sovereignty was affected by this arrogant assumption. These, and various other things, were mentioned to prove that the condescension of *h*, in this particular, was nothing remarkable.

But *h* observes, with infinite dissatisfaction, that his peaceable disposition has led mankind to suppose that he will submit to every species of injustice that may be inflicted by the world. While he only thought that he was yielding precedence to another letter, he finds that his undoubted and unalienable rights, privileges, and powers, have been suppressed and destroyed. Who now can hear any thing of the sound of *h* in a numerous

class of words when pronounced by a Philadelphian? The words *what, when, where, wheel, which, wharf*, and a hundred others, are pronounced by the unlearned, and alas! by the learned, exactly thus, *wat, wen, were, weel, witch, warf, &c.*

The letter *h* begs leave further to represent that, independent of any personal considerations, this practice introduces unheard of corruption and confusion into the language, as may be seen by the following view of the subject: *What* and *wot*, *wheel* and *weal*, *when* and *wen*, *where* and *were*, *whet* and *wet*, *whetstone* and *wet stone*, *whether* and *weather*, *whetter* and *wetter*, *whey* and *way*, *which* and *witch*, *whig* and *wig*, *while* and *wile*, *whin* and *win*, *whine* and *wine*; *whist* and *wist*, *whit* and *wit*, *white* and *wight*, *whither* and *wither*, &c. are words in the English language, expressive of distinct and independent ideas; yet every one in the above list is pronounced, in opposition to the united voice of the orthoepists, exactly in the same manner as its yokefellow. Let this and other grievances be redressed, and your remonstrant will demean himself as a peaceable member of the alphabet, and as a liege subject of the republic of letters; otherwise, you will be troubled with some "hard breathing" occasionally.

PRUDENCE.

OF all the qualities of the mind, prudence is the most useful. It is the virtue of civilized nations. What is prudence? It is

"A sly slow thing with circumspective eyes."

It takes a full view of the ground, and advances with caution. It subdues all violent emotions, of whatever nature they may be. It forms no friendships but profitable ones; and these are preserved no longer than they continue so. It studies the character of its neighbor: it marks his dispositions, propensities, and passions; and avails itself of every advantage that may be drawn

from knowledge thus acquired. It hurries its friend into a paroxysm of rage, and deliberately notes down every extravagance of the moment. It then soothes the irritated passions of its open-hearted dupe, and reaps the full harvest of his returning kindness. It worms itself into the confidence of the unsuspecting, and waits the proper moment to betray it. In fine, its constant business is to mark out the defects of others, and coolly take advantage of every weakness. It digs a pit for the stranger, and lays a stumbling block before the blind. O for "a hundred tongues, and a voice of iron," that we might curse thee Prudence!

THE SAVAGE—NO. IV.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH.

WHENCE arises the happiness of youth? Is it owing to the novelty of the scenes which surround us, and to the superficial view we take of persons and things?

Nature clothes her face in smiles; and we enquire no farther, but resign ourselves with enthusiasm to appearances. We are susceptible of the impressions of every species of beauty; but repel with impatience the approaches of deformity.

We rejoice: whether the sun rise in glory, and the leaves of the forest are spangled with the dew of the morning; or whether, setting in the western ocean, he dye, with streaming gold, the summits of the eastern mountains. We rejoice: whether the rushing of the north wind be heard among the hills, or the eastern breeze sigh amid the tops of the pines. We rejoice: whether the south wind breathe on spicy groves, or the gales of the evening curl the glassy bosom of the lake. We rejoice: and we wish to communicate to others the happiness which we feel.

Nature has been bountiful to us: and our hearts swell with emotions of benevolence too mighty for utterance.

We would dispense blessings with a hand of unlimited profusion, and pour into every heart the enthusiasm of our joy. We think that all mankind are possessed of the same innocence, simplicity, and benevolence, of which we ourselves are conscious; the young tendrils of our affections lay hold of every object they can reach; and we resign ourselves to the raptures of friendship and of love. Must the dream have an end? Can no charm make the delusion coeval with our existence? Shall the frosts of adversity nip the young shoots of our affections? Shall the mildew of vice blast the fair hopes of a harvest of happiness? or shall the enemy, in the night, sow the tares of dissension and distrust?

Happy are they, whose life terminates ere the blind confidence of youth is destroyed! Happy are they, who live not to discover the error under which they have labored!

Still may we remember the moments when we renounced, with anguish of heart and bitterness of soul, the confidence we had reposed in the world. The fair face of nature was deformed; the cup of delight was dashed from our lips; and we grew sick of our existence. The impression made on our minds by the treachery of one friend is, in part, effaced by the pleasure we find in confiding in another. But disappointment follows disappointment; and perfidy succeeds perfidy. Still we are not easily discouraged. Man cannot be happy alone. The enjoyments of life would be insipid, could we not share them with others. To minds who have exchanged the sentiments of friendship, there is no such thing as solitary pleasure.

Well then, let another smiling deception approach—we embrace it. Interest or caprice dissolves the enchantment—we are miserable. But even our uneasiness hurries us on to make choice of a new friend. The blind confidence of youth is destroyed; but the social principle remains, and forces us, contrary to the plainest dictates of cool calculating reason, into new intimacies.

It is, nevertheless, observable that early friendships possess a charm which is unknown to those formed in maturer years. After having been often disappointed, a portion of fearful distrust mixes itself with our enjoyments. We wish to seize the golden fruit; but we remember the apples of Sodom. We regale ourselves with "honey from the rock;" but it is mingled with gall. In a moment of confidence we give away our souls: and the succeeding instant is imbittered with suspicious forebodings.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear." We address those to whom nature has imparted a portion of ethereal fire: whose lips she has touched with a live coal from her heavenly altar. We address those whose ruling passion in youth, was to reciprocate the delights of friendship; and who have experienced the mental agony and mortification that result from the idea of having misplaced their early affections. We address not those who have always sailed on a smooth sea, with reason at the helm, and whose bark has never been tossed by a storm of tempestuous passions. Their tranquillity is rather owing to constitutional insensibility than to any thing else: they would not understand us.

An elegant author puts the following words into the mouth of Aristippus, the philosopher: "Friendship is the most sublime and most dangerous of the gifts of Heaven: its enjoyments are delicious, its vicissitudes tremendous; and ought a wise man to expose himself to losses, the bitterness of which would impoison the remainder of his life?" A wise man! No: The *wise man* of Aristippus, or of Rochefoucault, is as incapable of partaking of the "delicious enjoyments," as he is of experiencing the "tremendous vicissitudes" above mentioned. Such friendships as that of Aristippus are not indeed, uncommon: he would "admit of convenient intimacies, but banish that friendship, which renders us susceptible of the sufferings of others." "I was in Ægina," says he, "when I learned that my *dear* master Socrates was condemned; that he was in prison; that

the execution was delayed for a month; and that his disciples were permitted to visit him. If it had been in my power to have freed him from his chains, I would have flown to his assistance; but I could do nothing for him, so I remained in Ægina." Such may be the friendship of a *wise man*; such may be the dictates of prudence; but such are *not* the sentiments of virtuous and ingenuous youth. Such are *not* the sentiments of the man who can partake, with us, of the entertainment that is derived from these melancholy retrospections.

THE DEVIL.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.

Books have been written on the rights of man; and we have heard much of the wrongs which he has sustained. In one treatise the rights of woman are explained; and in another her wrongs are exemplified.

As we were revolving this subject in our mind, it occurred to us that much might be said concerning the wrongs of the devil. As to rights, we will suppose that he has none; but does that justify the children of men in imputing to him crimes of which he is not guilty? If men act right, they arrogate the merit to themselves; but if they act wrong, why then, forsooth, it was at the instigation of the devil.

Men in all ages have certainly joined to attribute every thing wicked to the agency of this being: does not this universal consent of mankind speak much against him? True: but it is also to be considered that this is the report of his enemies.

While these thoughts were chasing each other through our mind, in the dead hour of the night, we all at once felt a strong inclination to interrogate the devil on the subject, and see whether he had any thing to offer in his own defence. It appeared to us to be but justice to "hear also the other party."

And whether it were owing to a periodical fit of insanity to which we are subject, or whether what we are about to relate did actually take place, we will not undertake to determine. Let the public judge. If we were mad, there was "method in our madness," as you will perceive when we relate our story.

And why should it be thought strange that we should see the devil? It is only what thousands of old women have done; and our optics are as good as those of any old woman in the universe. We would not, indeed, wish to have it supposed that we are very intimate with the old gentleman, as he bears but an indifferent character: and we are very desirous of supporting the dignity of our character. We should not, we suppose, incur any risk of being burned, at the present day, for holding a short conversation with his infernal majesty; but still, as we could produce no witnesses to testify the nature of the intercourse which might subsist between us, we would rather not have it thought that his visits to us were very frequent, especially about midnight. But the alarm we should experience, even in that case, appears to be without foundation. Has not Satan appeared to prophets, apostles, and holy men in all ages? Did not Michael the archangel treat him with the greatest politeness? Indeed, if we remember right, it is written, that Michael "*durst* not bring a railing accusation" against him. How then could it be expected that we should have the heroism to wage war with the devil when he takes it into his head to pay us a visit? No, no: we thought it best to treat him civilly, as Michael did, and thus get rid of him as soon as possible: for we will not pretend to assert that we were altogether at our ease during the time of the interview. The serious fact is this, and we may as well acknowledge it, had he appeared to us, arrayed in his nightgown of flame and sulphur, with eyes like two bloody moons, and his mouth open, sputtering hellfire and damnation, we had been confoundedly frightened. We, although savage, have neither tomahawk nor scalping knife; and we should

have made but a poor defence with our pipe-stem.

But what did you see?

Have patience, good reader, (if you be good, which we much question,) we have a way of our own in telling a story, and do not like to be interrupted; but as we perceive your anxiety to learn the issue, we will endeavor to gratify you as soon as possible.

In the midst of our nocturnal contemplation, we were alarmed with what seemed to be the rushing of wind through some of the adjoining apartments, and the opening and shutting of doors in different parts of the building. We listened. All was silent. Before we had fairly composed our thoughts after this interruption, we were startled at a great noise; it seemed as though it had been occasioned by the falling of some great weight in one of the upper rooms. While we were about preparing, though not without some unaccountable trepidation, (for we are naturally brave) to examine into the matter, we heard, distinctly, a noise like the report of a pistol: and immediately after, our ears were saluted with a low but sweet melody: it was like the distant breathing of an Eolian harp. We accidentally turned our eyes toward our candle: it sunk down into the socket. The flame was lengthened, but became blue. We smelt sulphur. A noise like the rustling of silks was heard in our apartment. A shadow seemed to flit by us. We raised our eyes, and perceived a form. The outlines were indistinct; but it bore the resemblance of a man.

"I know," said the form, "the subject of your late contemplations." We continued silent for some time. Had we not been infatuated, we would have made certain cabalistical signs, with which we are familiar, that would have startled our infernal visitant; but it never occurred to us. *Nemo omnibus horis.*

We at last mustered courage to demand "Who are you?" The answer was immediate and explicit, "I am the devil."

Piomingo. You are! Well, *Mister Devil*, (for as we knew that *titles* were delightful to *republicans*, we con-

cluded that they would be doubly pleasing to the devil, who, if we mistake not, is something of a *royalist* in hell, though he acted the *demagogue* in heaven.) Well, Mister Devil, how came you to be acquainted with the subject of my contemplations? You cannot read the heart?

Devil. No: but in my rambles, moving about "to and fro upon the earth," I have several times met with you. And when you get into a train of thinking, you make so many odd grimaces and contortions, that any devil of common sagacity can tell every thought that passes through your mind.

Piomingo. *Squire Devil*, [We were not a little uneasy on account of the proximity of the "roaring lion," therefore we made use of this soothing expression to smooth down the hairs of the ferocious beast.] *Squire Devil*, you possess an uncommon share of ingenuity: be so good as to inform me, to what fortunate circumstance I am indebted for the honor of your present visit? [We had heard these expressions made use of in polished circles, and had no doubt that they would be highly gratifying to the devil, who must be highly civilized, having met with *hard rubs* enough to wear off the rough prominencies of his original character.]

Devil. As you are a savage, I have some hopes that you will deal justly even with the devil. Civilized men have a proverb, about giving the devil his due; but that is all. I know very well what their expressions amount to: *vox et præterea nihil*.

Piomingo. *My dear sir*, (meaning *you damned black rascal*) *My dear sir*, you do me great honor: be pleased to proceed—but I beg your pardon—Excuse my inattention—(*handing a chair*,) I beg you will be seated. [We shall not be accused of abject servility in showing this attention to the devil, when it is remembered that we were in the presence of a powerful being "the prince of the power of the air," who could in a moment have blown fire enough out of his nostrils to have burned us and our house to a cinder. We have heard that he is in the habit of carrying off half the house in his flight,

if he be any way dissatisfied with the treatment he receives. It was probably owing to our intercourse with civilized society, that we were able to avert, by a few soothing expressions, (which *cost* nothing) so dreadful a calamity. The old fellow took the chair we had offered, and, drawing it up close to ours sat down with the greatest composure. We renewed the light: and had full leisure to examine his person and dress. We were amazed at the fairness of his complexion and the whiteness of his raiment, until it occurred to us, all at once, that he had transformed himself into an "angel of light." He observed our tobacco pipe lying on a stand, and, reaching out his hand, took it up, and immediately began to smoke.]

Devil. (*puffing the smoke in our face,*) I find much entertainment in smoking.

Piomingo. I am overpowered by the condescension of your majesty, (meaning, *damn your familiarity.*) [It here occurred to us that we ought to give him his princely titles: and this *civilized stroke* of ours had the desired effect. He became remarkably cheerful and pleasant; and we pledge our savage word that his countenance, was not disagreeable. However, upon close inspection (for we have studied Lavater) there appeared, in his countenance, lurking behind a profusion of smiles, something of cunning and malignity. Such visages we have often met with among men of the world.]

Devil. It is a fact, *Piomingo*, that men use me very ill.

Piomingo. I believe they do—but, would your infernal sublimity taste a glass of wine? [Here we arose and brought a decanter and a couple of glasses, saying, *aside*, (not so loud as they do at the theatre though) "The old scoundrel! I wish it was melted lead for his sake!" but as we did not wish to make the old fellow tipsy, we slyly mixed a little water with the wine. For all which proceedings, we have the best civilized authority.]

Piomingo. (*bowing*) Your majesty's health, (meaning, *May you be roasted on the gridiron of damnation!*)

Devil. (*bowing*) Your health! I wish you everlasting prosperity! [Non ego credulus illi]

[Could there be any thing wrong in our showing this attention to the devil? It was a lesson we learned from the men of the world. We have often seen them adulating and caressing men whom they hated much more than we do the devil. If we were wrong, they are doubly so.]

Piomingo. Men, now, as well as formerly, speak evil of dignities.

Devil. Yes, men are very wrong in attributing to me the evils which they, themselves, commit. I declare, upon the honor of a devil, that I do not concern myself with the affairs of the world.

Piomingo. How then did it happen that you seduced our great grandmother Eve, from the paths of rectitude, by your subtle devices?

Devil. O, that was a very different case. Eve was virtuous: she was correct in her conduct, and it required all the ingenuity of the devil to set her wrong. Your poet Milton gives a very true account of the trouble I had in that affair. Milton, indeed, is the only writer that gives any thing like a correct idea of diabolical manners.

Piomingo. But, may it please you tartarean highness, have we not accounts of your interfering in the concerns of the world long since the fall of man: as in the case of Job?

Devil. O yes, when any thing occurs worthy of my attention, I am not backward, on my part, in furthering the interests of my kingdom. When, once in a thousand years, or so, the world produces a man like Job, I then find it necessary to exert all my infernal talents to degrade him; lest his example should become destructive to the cause of immorality; but, I protest to you, by the mejesty of Pandemonium, that the world is at present so wicked, that there is not the smallest necessity for the malignant agency of the devil. Job was an object worthy of my ambition: but do you suppose that it was

through my instigations that his wife acted in the manner she did? If you do, you are mistaken.

Piomingo. Your excellency knows best: I yield full credence to all your assertions. (Meaning, *I know you to be the "father of lies," and do not believe a word you say.*)

Devil. But that which displeases me more than any thing else, is their habit of attributing to me the origination of a thousand pitiful, sneaking little criminalities, with which, I swear by the blue blazes of Tophet, I would not dirty my fingers. My conscience is, certainly, not very troublesome; but I indubitably would not debase my infernal dignity so much as to assist in the perpetration of a thousand little meannesses to which men are addicted.

Does any one act preposterously and absurdly; some wise head will be sure to observe, "I cannot tell what the man means. He has lost his senses, or the devil is in him." What distraction! Do the children of Adam suppose that they would act wisely were it not for the wiles of the devil? Must all their folly and insanity be laid on my shoulders, as well as their meannesses and wickednesses?

Then again, they make me a picture of deformity as well as the author of iniquity. Is any one misshapen or hardfavored; some jackanapes will undoubtedly exclaim, "He is as ugly as the devil!" The puppies! must I be the prototype as well of corporal as of mental obliquity! Why should they suppose that I had horns like an ox, or a foot like a goat? By the infernal gods! my imperial blood boils with diabolical indignation, when I think of such slanderous aspersions!—But my time may come—they may fall in my power—and then, ye powers of darkness! how I will roast them! [Here the devil fell into a furious passion. He foamed at the mouth; sparks flew in myriads from his eyes; and the smoke rolled from his nostrils! We were terrified.]

Piomingo. The resentment shown by your majesty is very just; but—

Devil. True, very true; I should not suffer my serenity to be disturbed by their contemptible malignity. [Here he suppressed his agitation, adjusted his robe, and called up the obedient smiles in his countenance.]

Piomingo. Your sublimity should rather derive amusement from their folly, than suffer it to give you any uneasiness. Your majesty's glass—

Devil. Their folly is amusing; (*drinking and bowing*) very amusing indeed. To hear a fellow call one of his neighbors "a great overgrown devil;" and in the same breath describe another as "a poor puny little devil," is, upon my soul, very amusing—ha ha ha!

Piomingo. Ha ha ha! [Our laugh was forced; but had we not been diverted by our infernal visiter's wit, we should have offended him eternally. We therefore dragged the unwilling convulsion into our visage, and laughed most obstreperously. We all know that, in the common occurrences of life, it is absolutely necessary to laugh at all the dull jokes and insipid sayings of a rich man: how much more incumbent was it upon us to be titillated by the pleasantry of his majesty of Pandemonium?]

Devil. Of the magnitude of him who

"Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas;"——

of whom it is said that

"His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed;"——

of the magnitude of such a one, I say, mortals may talk with the utmost propriety.

Piomingo. With the utmost propriety. [We had learned that, among men, nothing gives greater pleasure to one who is ambitious of making a display of his oratorical powers in conversation, than barely to assent to every thing that he says: and if this assent be given by repeating a few of the orator's own words, the satisfaction will be complete. We concluded that, in all probability, the case was the same among devils; and therefore we played off our civilization upon the "god of this world."]

Devil. But to talk of a *little* devil, is as absurd as to talk of a *great* man——

Piomingo. Which would be the height of absurdity. [We felt the meanness of our conduct in yielding this point to the old sinner; but as we had put on the painted visor of refined man, we determined not to throw it off.]

Devil. I have sometimes supposed that your gay ones were like to have correct ideas of infernal beauty, when I have heard them say of a fine girl, "She is devilish handsome;" but I found this merely owing to a strange partiality they had for the word "devilish:" it being applied indiscriminately to beauty and deformity. Indeed, all words, that have any relation to my lower dominions, appear to be favorites with these mortals. The words certainly are expressive. But the thing that displeases me is this: they use them without any regard to propriety. One man is "damned rich;" another is "damned poor." In summer, it is as "hot as hell;" and in winter, as cold as damnation: the word "damn" and its derivatives, making nearly one half of their vocabulary. [The clock struck one. He vanished, leaving nothing behind him but a sulphureous stench. Had he taken his leave in an orderly manner, we would have waited on him to the door, and requested the honor of another visit;—but we were extremely well pleased with the manner of his departure.

After looking cautiously round, and becoming perfectly satisfied that he was actually gone, we began to abuse him most politely, cursing him and all his generation from the beginning of the world to this day, and imputing to his instigation every error of our life. We called him wicked, mean, black, deformed, cloven-hoofed, horned; and gave him every other opprobrious epithet that we could find in the English and Muscogulgee languages. We grow civilized.]

LETTERS.

EXCELLENCE in letter writing is allowed by the best judges to be difficult of attainment: and the directions

that are laid down to guide us in the pursuit of this excellence appear to be defective. We are told that the style must be easy and natural; and that we should use nearly the language of conversation. This is very true; but in conversation we are generally prolix, and it is necessary in writing a letter that we should avoid that prolixity. It requires a considerable portion of ingenuity to condense our matter sufficiently, and still retain that ease and simplicity which are indispensable requisites in epistolary writing.

Every appearance of carelessness, in a letter, is an insult offered to the person with whom we correspond. When we receive a letter from a person who calls himself our friend, written in a careless and slovenly manner, we are always much more displeased than if that *friend* had not written at all.

Letters, on business, may be as short as one pleases: and the shorter the better, if they be sufficiently full and explicit; but letters of friendship ought to be somewhat extended; if they be very brief it is informing our correspondent that we do not chose to devote a moment's attention to him or his affairs, more than the cold rules of politeness imperiously demand.

THE SAVAGE—NO. V.

FRIENDSHIP.

OUR observations on friendship have led us to reflect on those institutions of society which are favorable or unfavorable to the existence or continuance of the social affections.

If friendship frequently meet with interruptions among savages, how much more unfortunate is its fate where the system of appropriation is carried into every department of human affairs; where education, manners, amusements, and, in fine, all the concerns of life,

have a direct tendency to encourage and establish the selfish propensities of the human breast; where the first lessons of youth are calculated to brutalize the mind, extinguish every spark of generous enthusiasm; where every thing is carved out into portions, and *meum* and *tuum* meet the eye every where both at home and abroad; where the earth is divided into sections, the water descends by inheritance, and even the use of the air is appropriated to individuals?

If friendship be insecure among savages, where there are none rich and none poor; where the earth, the air, and the water are free; where the whole village assembles at dances and public feasts, and *all* unite in amusements interesting to *all*; where every heart is light, and every tongue utters the effusions of the heart; where all unite, *in one body*, to praise the God of their fathers with songs and with dances, with the music of reeds and the beating of drums; where the joy becomes contagious, and the gladness of the soul is reflected from face to face, until the sick forgets his pain; the afflicted, his sorrow; and the aged, the approaches of death; where all join in *one dance*, and all sit down to *one feast*; where no invidious preferences are shown, no insulting privilege usurped—if friendship, we repeat it, be insecure under these circumstances, how precarious must its situation be, where nothing gives importance but wealth, and wealth has no connexion with individual merit; where the higher and the lower ranks never unite in the same amusement; where men never can forget for a moment the inequality of their situations in life; where sordid ignorant bloated wealth must be fed with continual adulation, and indigent merit must shrink into insignificance, or become the object of ridicule and contempt; where every association of individuals is a school of intrigue and a conspiracy against the species at large; where every individual watches his neighbor with an eye of suspicion and distrust; where truth is never heard, unless for some malignant purpose; and where men endeavor to wear the semblance of virtue,

but lay it down, as a practical rule, not to be incumbered with the substance?

If friendship be insecure among savages, where the spirit of hoarding and the desire of accumulation are unknown, how must it be where every one has his locked coffer which incloses the object of his private adoration?

If benevolent affections meet with frequent interruptions where the institutions of society are such that merit exerts its proper influence, and worth finds its due level in the community, what must be their fate, where there is no merit but wealth, no virtue but cunning?

We are convinced that friendship seldom exists in the civilized world, unless it be among boys at school.—These sometimes draw certain old notions of virtue and justice from books, with which they appear to be captivated for a time; but as soon as they engage in the affairs of the world, they find it necessary to get initiated into that smooth system of specious vice, which goes by the name of prudence and knowledge of the world.—They soon discover that there is but *one thing needful*. If they can acquire *that*, they will have every thing at command; but if *that* be unattained, they will have nothing. Where are now the gay dreams of youthful friendship? They have vanished as the morning dew before the rising sun.

At school there is some appearance of equality. Boys there form connexions that are known by the name of friendship, and fondly imagine that they will continue for ever. But immediately upon entering into the world this equality disappears; and the friendship, if it should still seem to subsist, degenerates into overbearing despotism on the one side, and contemptible cringing sycophancy on the other.

[*To be continued.*]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PEPPERMINT CANTO announces to the public his intention of composing THE SEGARIAD, an epic poem, in

twelve books, enriched with notes, critical, historical, political, and philosophical.

As the author is an enemy to every species of useless innovation in literary matters, he has determined that the *SEGARIAD* shall have a beginning, a middle, and an end; all which three things are said by the critics, to be indispensably requisite. Had not the opinion of Aristotle been so very explicit on this point, the author had it in contemplation to have written an epic poem without beginning, middle, or end; but it is always safer, in affairs of such consequence, to follow the footsteps of the ancients.

He is resolved to launch at once into the middle of the action, as was done by Virgil in the *Eneid*. He will introduce his readers to a young man, lolling at his ease, with his heels higher than his head, and the smoke ascending in fleecy curls to the ceiling. Hence he will take occasion to describe some of those delightful reveries into which the mind, of a man, so situated and so employed, is frequently plunged. Thence he will conduct the reader, on a cloud of smoke, to the Limbo of Vanity, where he will give an accurate description of those visionary castles which have been erected in that fantastic region by the dreaming smokers, and smoking dreamers of all ages.

He has this introductory part of the poem already composed, and assures the public that he is extremely pleased with the sweetness and harmony of the versification and the cloudy obscurity of the meaning, which so happily illustrate those apathetical reveries, when men think very deeply, or think not at all. Pope may talk of the sound being an echo to the sense; but this is an echo of which he had no idea.

The author has invented a totally new species of machinery, with which he hopes, the reader will be highly delighted. He acknowledges this to be a daring experiment; but he has the satisfaction to think that, if he should fail, it will be said of him, as it was of the son of Apollo,

He has, *ready made*, a number of finely polished episodes, which he intends to attach to the work as he proceeds. Some of them, indeed, appear at first view to have little or no relation to the action of the poem; but he feels confident that he will be able to *weave* them so ingeniously into the main *web* of his work, that they will appear to be quite natural. He has already thought of a method of introducing the wars of the giants in one episode, and the loves of the chivalric Smith and the princess Pocahontas in another.

He intends to begin with the *SEGAR*, and keep it as much as possible in sight through the whole course of the work; and has no intention of using it as disrespectfully as Cowper did his sofa.

He assures the literary world that he has, *on hand*, a number of virgin similes, with which he intends to embellish the *SEGARIAD*. They are all of his own *manufacture*; and he pledges his word that they have never been touched by Homer or any other poet.

He desires it to be understood that, although the *SEGARIAD* will be an epic poem, complete in all its parts, yet, it will hold but a secondary place in the work which he intends to offer to the public. The judicious reader will take notice that the poem is to serve as a medium of conveyance for certain highly interesting observations which he will append to almost every line of his meditated production. He informs the public that he has a vast quantity of *literary lore*, of the first quality, which he will present to the public in the form of notes on the *SEGARIAD*.

If the reader find but two or three lines of the text on a page, he will have no reason to be dissatisfied. Let him peruse the notes: there he will find instruction blended with entertainment. He will be amazed at the critical acumen, political sagacity, historical research, and philosophical profundity, which will be there displayed.

The following observations are copied from the American Daily Advertiser.

MR. POULSON—A small publication entitled "The Savage," fell into my hands a few days since. I have read it with careful attention, but I cannot give it the sanction of my approbation. Whatever has a tendency to render man discontented with his condition, and to excite repinings at the dispensation of Providence, must be injurious. The virtuous man would, no doubt, wish to see each individual equally virtuous with himself—but however ardently he may desire it, it is certainly questionable whether he would obtain his wishes by becoming a savage.

Men of cultivated minds have existed in all times, to whom civilized society has not afforded any gratification. This arises perhaps from too great a sensibility, which is not able to bear

"The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

—Hence we find the pictures they draw of such society deeply tinged with the melancholy which unhappily preys upon their spirits.

It is a circumstance much to be regretted; because society loses in every instance the good which those talents properly directed would be capable of producing. The savage, Piomingo, is a present and strong instance of a brilliant imagination and improved understanding thus strangely perverted. What language does he use! How perspicuous! Strength and harmony are blended in his sentences. He strews the paths he treads with flowers of every varied hue: he deludes the judgment with his fascinations. But sir, his views of that happy constitution of things, which has arisen from divine revelation and the wisdom and experience of ages, will not bear examination. It is true, man is a frail being. His faults are numerous: nor is there one, who can so far govern his appetites and passions as to be free from error. Prejudices will prevail over his reason. They grow

with his growth and strengthen with his years, to whatever society, whether savage or civilized, he may belong. Must he therefore shut himself out from all society? His systems of education may be wrong; but they are improvable. Another direction might be given to his thoughts: his views might be more extended: his imagination raised to heaven. But were he to divest himself of the opportunities he has of acquiring knowledge; were he to burn his cities and flee to the woods; expose himself to the inclemencies of the seasons, and to a dependence upon the precarious supply which the chase or the snare might procure him—would his errors be rectified?

The picture which Piomingo draws of savage life are executed with a master's hand. They are well calculated to lead the unwary into a belief, that what they represent is true. But like the paintings of many other disgusting objects, the stench and the filth are left out.

"I pity the man," says Sterne, "who can travel from Dan to Bersheba, and cry, all is barren. And so it is; and so is all the world to him, who will not cultivate the fruit it offers." To this observation of Sterne some poetic genius has affixed a few lines which display a philosophy in consonance with the sentiment. Allow me, sir, to offer them to Piomingo as a most invaluable present. Perhaps they may serve to smooth his wounded spirits: completely to tranquillize it, can only be effected by a reliance on that gospel, which he affects to treat with contumely.

"Away with complaints of distress,
Induc'd by false notions of life;
And reflect—('twill make trouble seem less,)
The endearment of quiet is strife.
As the storms of the ocean, which fill with alarm,
Give a zest to the pleasure enjoy'd in a calm.

"What is it gives nature its grace?
Why is hope the sweet source of delight?
Whence the charm of a beautiful face,
Or of Phebus dispelling the night?
By contrast alone are their beauties display'd,
Their coloring heighten'd or soften'd by shade.

"So the slave, when disburthen'd of toil;
 The culprit who meets a reprieve;
 The lover, first blest with a smile,
 And the sceptic when taught to believe:
 Feel the change in their prospects hath power to bless
 In proportion exact to the depth of distress.

"If griefs then your journey pursue;
 If flocks, herds, and fields be laid waste;
 Recollect bitter aloes and rue
 Make honey more sweet to the taste:
 And around you when darkness and tempests appear
 Think of winter which ushers the spring of the year." A.

The ingenious author of the foregoing remarks seems to have mistaken the views of the Savage. We entertain no presumptuous hopes of effecting a revolution in the minds of men. We are not Quixotic enough to imagine that we can undo the work of ages, and bring back man to a state of barbarism. This, however desirable such a change might be, is impossible, unless by the means of some tremendous convulsion of nature: which Heaven avert—The utmost of our ambition is to afford entertainment by the novelty of our remarks: and we are afraid that even that is not within the limits of our power. There are but two species of writing that the men of the present day are disposed to read; something that they can turn to immediate *profit*, and *slandrous aspersions* against their neighbors. Now as we are disposed to gratify neither of these propensities we have very faint hopes indeed that our Savage will become popular.

But, if it be asked, what will be the effect of our remarks in a moral point of view; we answer, that the tendency cannot be immoral. We are the friend of virtue, and advocate her cause. We are the enemy of every species of vice; and we endeavor to draw aside her veil and show her to men in all her native deformity.

We have no desire "to excite repinings at the dispensation of Providence;" nor do we conceive that our remarks can have that tendency. Could we render men discontented with their vices and follies, the consequences could not be deplorable; but we are not led away

by any such extravagant expectations. This *sordid calculating moneymaking* generation would not be disturbed in their operations even "should one rise from the dead; and we have no hopes that they will attend to "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Of that happy constitution of things which might have arisen from divine revelation, had not the seed *fallen among thorns* which have *sprung up and choked it*, we can form some idea; but of the boasted wisdom and experience of ages, we entertain a different opinion. By this wisdom and this experience men are subjected to dangers, difficulties and misfortunes, of which their savage fathers had no conception. Where are the beneficial effects of this knowledge? Have men learned to conquer disease, or retard the approaches of death? Does their refinement give firmness and health to old age, or lengthen out the period of youth? Are the mass of mankind more benevolent, more just, more enlightened, than they were formerly? A few prejudices, which happened to have no connexion with selfinterest, have been discarded; but others, much more pernicious, have been guarded by our teachers as the "apple of their eye." The crimes of the moderns are less glaring than those of the ancients, but all their actions are systematically vitious. They are not the victims of a moral plague or pestilence; but a sordid leprosy has infected the blood; and they are become unclean "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot." The canker of avarice has poisoned the constitution of society; and its moral health as far as we can perceive, is irretrievably lost. This one evil smothers every young and generous inclination, and has erected a tomb for all the virtues. This one passion is the source of all the evils which afflict humanity: it has withstood the efforts of the friends of man in every age, and rendered of *none effect* the revelation of God.

It is painful for us to answer the last allegation that is brought against us: "that of *affecting* to treat the gospel with contumely." We never have treated christianity with contempt. We never have attempted to ridicule

its rites or its ceremonies, or deny the divine authority of its precepts. We have always expressed our admiration of its maxims of morality; and we revere, with pious enthusiasm, its divine founder; but we are not disposed to eulogize all those who call themselves by his name. We blame not their christianity, if they have any, but their departure from the line of conduct marked out by the precepts of the gospel. Hereafter, when we say any thing against those who are *called* christians, let it not be supposed that we oppose the doctrines which they *affect* to believe: we only complain of the want of conformity between their professions and practice. It has been said that a historian, in order to be faithful and unprejudiced should be of no country and no religion; why may it not be supposed necessary for our savage to have the same negative qualifications?

With Piomingo, *personally*, the public have no concern: he is a savage by nature, and so we suppose, he must remain. His observations are before the world: if they will not "bear examination," let them fall. Piomingo is not solicitous about their fate. He once cherished a hope of literary fame, but that hope, with many others, is extinguished. He feels grateful to "A" for the philosophy contained in the verses; but has no great regard for *any* observations of Sterne.

PRUDENCE HALL, Oct. 5, 1809.

PIOMINGO, are you a bona fide savage? By my conscience, I would be glad to see you. Where the devil have you built your wigwam? I have been looking for it, these three or four days, all along the banks of Schuylkill, and over in Hamilton's woods; but my labor has been in vain. I went into half a hundred dismal dirty-looking hovels on the Commons, where, by my soul, I saw savages enough, but no Indians. Where have you disposed of yourself? I am extremely anxious to see you; but not altogether through idle curiosity. If you will

favor me with an interview, I have something to propose that will prove greatly advantageous to us both.

I will just give you a hint of my business by letter, that you may be the more readily induced to permit me to explain matters fully in my proper person.

You are a savage, a coppercolored savage—Good. You are tall and slender, with black eyes and long coarse black hair—Good. You have high cheek bones—Very good. You, without doubt, wear jewels in your nose, and have split and distended the lobes of your ears—Excellent, most excellent? I would rather possess the advantages just enumerated than be emperor of the Gauls. Only make the proper use of the directions I shall give you, and you will have the wealth of this populous city at command. But it is to be remembered that if you adopt my plan, one half of the profits—you comprehend—one half of the profits must be appropriated to the use of the original genius who invented the scheme.

But, before I unfold my plan, permit me to express my astonishment at your conduct. You appear to have some odd kind of intelligence; and you inform us that you are fifty years of age; what then, in the name of common sense, do you mean by preaching musty sermons on morals, and prating about virtue and honor, and the like? If you be a fool at fifty years of age, you will be a fool as long as you live, and longer too. But I suppose you are a *deep one*. You mean to amuse us awhile with your fair speeches, and then make a bold stroke at our pockets. If such be your intention, here is my hand—you will find me a useful associate in any scheme of *honorable roguery* you may have in contemplation. For, (do you mark?) I have too much *principle* to engage in any dishonest practices that might endanger my neck; but I am the very lad that can impose upon the world in a *genteel way*, you understand me? The world is overspread with fools; who appear to me like a vast field of grain ready for the sickle. Men of genius have nothing to do but to enter in and reap. The task

is not difficult; we have only to study their weaknesses, follies, passions, and prejudices, and improve them to our own advantage. Every man may be gulled some way or other. If he will not bite at a minnow, he may at a worm. *Labor omnia vincit improbus*: that is my motto; and, let me tell you, I am seldom unsuccessful in my undertakings. But the scheme I am about to propose is liable to no risk. It is an ingenious advantage taken of a universal weakness; and cannot miscarry.

Let us come to the point. You shall set up for a physician, and inform the public, in a pompous advertisement in all the daily papers, that you studied physic many years under the celebrated Kaioka; that you are perfectly well acquainted with the secrets of nature; that you have a profound knowledge of the simples in the vegetable kingdom; that you spent many years in collecting, with your own hands, an immense multitude of plants in the Appalachian mountains; that you have dried them with sedulous care, or extracted their virtues and preserved their essences as inestimable remedies for all the diseases to which the human frame is subject; that you are instructed in all the occult sciences and supernatural learning of the ever memorable Kaioka; that you are a perfect master of every species of powwowing; that you can ease the aching of a tooth, and charm away the "grief of wound;" that you are profoundly skilled in venereal complaints, and can afford immediate relief without the assistance of mercury; that you have paid particular attention to the nature of female complaints, and have suitable remedies for all their indispositions—adding, that your secrecy and *honor* may be depended on; that you have devoted much of your time to the consideration of those diseases that result from dissipated pleasures, immoderate use of spirituous liquors, residence in climates unfavorable to the constitution, and juvenile indiscretions, and you feel yourself happy in announcing to the afflicted that you are able to renovate their constitutions and restore their pristine health and vigor; that you are possessed of cer-

tain *arcana* that are absolutely unknown to civilized nations, which will enable you to perform cures that will astonish the world; that you have supernatural cordials, balms, and restoratives, without number: that you have hypersupercarbonated waterproof liquid blacking for boots and shoes, deathdealing poison for rats and mice, imperial unguents for the itch, and worm-murdering lozenges for children; that you have specifics for every disease, and salves for every sore; that you have tinctures and lovepowders, eyewaters and cornplasters; that you have cosmetics of supereminent efficacy, celestial perfumes and milk of the roses of Paradise; that you have a beautifying lotion, invented by the princess Onasycocoquahanamahala, which will remove pimples and freckles, and scars, and make the skin white and smooth and soft as the downy feathers on an angel's wing; that you have a tincture of amaranthine flowers that bloomed in the gardens of the lovely Osyona, which being used daily will preserve beauty to the latest period of life, and even give to wrinkled age the appearance of youth.

When you have enumerated these things and a hundred others, you may conclude your advertisement with observing that, from many years extensive and successful practice in the capital of the Muscogulgees, you flatter yourself that you can more than give satisfaction to those who may apply for your assistance.

After shis advertisement has been some time in circulation, you must publish a list of your sôul-relieving, body-restoring and world-astonishing medicines. You must invent new and unheard-of titles for your nostrums, and express yourself on all occasions in the most bombastic and unintelligible manner. You must declaim *rotundo ore*, and tear every subject *to tatters* that falls in your power. You must outpuff the puffers of this puffing people, and strike dumb the altiloquence of the immortal vendor of the barbal alkahest, and diamond paste by the terrisonous explosion of your altisonant and ceraunic magniloquy!

You have only to show your olive phiz, utter some Muscogulgee gibberish and heathen Greek *jawbreakers*, and, by the god of knaves, the whole practice of the city is your own. Who could withstand such soft majestic words, pouring from your sweet old ugly coppercolored mouth, with a damned crowbar run through your nose, a new moon on your breast, and silver pendants dangling from your ears? Money, my dear Piomingo, money will pour in upon you, as the waters pour upon the earth, when the windows of heaven are opened. When life is in danger, men draw forth their reluctant dollars.

This is the flood of fortune. Can you hesitate? You cannot, certainly, doubt of your abilities to impose upon the world. In fact, there is nothing necessary but a sufficiency of impudence.

When you are called to visit a patient, you have only to feel his pulse, bid him thrust out his tongue, and then, laying your forefinger by the side of your nose, pretend to meditate for some time. There is no necessity that you should pay the smallest attention to the sufferer during the few minutes that you stay in the room. You may strut about, look at the curtains, pictures, &c. and examine your own lovely person in a mirror: a physician, having been long conversant with sickness, sorrow, groans, and death, it is not expected that he should discover any symptoms of humanity. When any questions are asked by the relatives of the patient, you must remember to give ambiguous oracular responses: thus your credit will be preserved let the case terminate as it may. Should any one demand to be informed of the nature of the disease, you must look learned, mutter something about the cerebrum and cerebellum, cardia and pericardium, obstructed perspiration and the peristaltic motion: the inquirer will be, not only satisfied, but highly pleased that you considered him capable of understanding your discourse. You must talk much of the number of your patients, of the necessity of attending a consultation, and hurry away, leaving "*Kaioka's pills*," or a "*tincture of life everlasting*."

Should the sufferer recover, that recovery will be attributed to the efficacy of your vegetable specific; should he die, you may lay the blame on the carelessness of the attendants in not administering properly your inestimable medicine, or on the obstinacy of the patient in refusing to regulate his conduct by your directions; and, after his death, you must remember frequently to make some such observation as the following: "Had Mr. Weakly taken my preparation as directed, he would have been a living man at this day."

Your savage appearance, your outlandish speech, and your consummate impudence, will insure the success of our scheme. Men are always credulous; but when the body is debilitated and the mind enfeebled by long continued sickness, there is nothing they may not be induced to believe. A bold impostor may rule them with absolute authority, and, by raising and depressing their spirits as circumstances may require, draw the last cent from their pockets. He must make them feel diseases that never existed, and then administer cures for the complaints of his own creation. He must "speak peace" to the dying, when "there is no peace;" and terrify these who are like to live with imaginary dangers.

Here is a wide field for the exertions of a *man of genius*, who studies his own interest and pursues steadily the means that are necessary for the accomplishment of his purposes. But he must not be disturbed by any foolish qualms of conscience, or childish sympathising sensations. No: his heart must be stone; his hand, iron; and his face, brass.

How unlucky it was that I should not have been born black, or red, or even yellow. Had I the color of an African, a Hindoo, an Arabian, or a Cherokee, I could carry my plans into operation without the assistance of another; but as it is, I am under the necessity of procuring some one to execute that which I am fully capable of projecting. This head, Piomingo, this head of mine, is invaluable. O what great schemes have perished in

embryo, for want of hands to embody those sublime ideas which have originated in my brain!

I once endeavored to educate and instruct a great flatfooted knockkneed humpbacked blubberlippedsplaymouthed woolyheaded negro in the art and mystery of quackery. His person was exactly the thing I wished: and he was uncommonly shrewd, and as impudent as the devil. I meant to have introduced him to the world as a physician from Angola. He appeared well contented to be called doctor Quassia, and to have money in his pocket; but when I began to explain the secrets of the profession, he rejected my offers with disdain. He gravely asserted that he could not reconcile it to his conscience (his conscience! only think of that! the black rascal pretended to have a conscience!) to engage in the prosecution of my plan; that it was cruel to sport with the miseries of our fellow creatures; that it was wicked to take advantage of the weaknesses and follies of mankind; that our medicines would never do good, and might do much harm; that we should prevent the afflicted from applying to those who might be able to afford them relief; that we should destroy the constitutions of the healthy, and hurry the feeble out of the world when they might otherwise have lived for years—"What," cried I, "Quassia, are you mad? Is it not a law of nature that the strong should prey upon the weak? that the tiger should lie in wait for the stag? and that the great fishes should devour the small? Dear Quassia, only think of that all destroying animal, man; does he not make a prey of every creature that is subject to his power? But you must know that men not only take advantage of the weakness of all inferior animals; but of the frailties and misfortunes of their own species. Only look through the world and see how they delude, destroy and tyrannize over each other. There is no right but might; there is no law but power." Thus I attempted to reason with him; but in vain. He was stubborn as a mule; and I was obliged to dismiss him.

Since that time I have never attempted to renew my

project until the present moment. You, Piomingo, are advanced in years and consequently know the world. Let us join our forces and go forth to battle. We are sure of victory; and great will be the spoil.

I have the honor to be &c.

EPHRAIM HEADWORK.

We were struck dumb with astonishment at the impudence of the scoundrel in making such a proposal to us. In the first transports of our fury we started up with a full determination to search him out and offer him up as a sacrifice to our insulted honor; but reflection soon showed us the folly of our passion. There was no great probability that we could find him; and if we should, very possibly we might not be able to chastise him. We therefore calmed our agitated spirits, and resolved to rest satisfied with exposing to the world the projects of Mr. Headwork; and this we have fully done by publishing his letter.

The epistle, we have had the honor of receiving, sheds a blaze of light on a subject which, before, appeared to us to be involved in the greatest obscurity. We had long observed advertisements in the public papers which announced infallible remedies for every disease. Cures innumerable, authenticated by the most respectable names, demanded our implicit belief: yet still we heard the frequent tolling of the bells, which proclaimed the daily departure of souls, and we met in the streets the melancholy hearse which conveyed the lifeless body to the grave! We were amazed at the obstinacy of the people. Why should they die, when health and life courted their acceptance? Ephraim Headwork's letter has explained the mystery.

But is it not strange that an enlightened and civilized people should suffer themselves to be deluded, in a matter of such consequence, by every arrogant pretender? When a watch or any other machine of the like nature is damaged by any casualty, it is sent to some skilful mechanic who understands its structure, and is there-

fore qualified to rectify that which is wrong: and when the human body, a most complex piece of machinery, becomes deranged in its parts, or disordered in its operations, how can we expect to have it regulated by the hand of daring and unprincipled ignorance?

A multitude of laws is one of the distinguishing characteristics of civilization: why then are there no laws against quackery? Shall property be protected by innumerable statutes, and life and health be left at the mercy of every one who has the hardihood to assert and persist in a falsehood?

THE following pieces, to wit:—“*What is Truth?*” “*Desire of distinction*” and “*Theology*,” should have been inserted in the first number. But they were torn from the copy of the work with which the printing of this edition was commenced, and we were unable to procure another, until it was too late to insert them in their proper order. The reader, however, will see that this transposition is unimportant, as the pieces are not connected with any others.

PUBLISHER.

WHAT IS TRUTH!

WHAT is truth? This inquiry has been made by thousands in all ages of the world, yet still remains unanswered. We have neither discovered what it is, nor where it may be found. Some of the ancients went down to look for this jewel in the bowels of the earth. They said that truth was at the bottom of a well, probably to signify that it was acquired by immense labor and with great difficulty. These philosophers have thought proper to bring up truth from the shades; but a much more numerous class has deduced its origin from above. Was it the angel Gabriel that brought down the leaves of the koran for the illustrious Mohammed? These were said to contain the very quintessence of truth, and

teach every thing that was necessary to be known by the children of men.

How many gods, and how many goddesses, at different times, have left the starry pavement of the celestial regions and come down for our instruction and entertainment? Among the Greeks and among the Romans, how many sages caught inspiration! how many sibyls uttered the oracles of the divinity! Yet, notwithstanding all the benevolent exertions of gods and demi-gods, heroes and sages, we still remained enveloped in thick darkness until the "dayspring from on high" shed its effulgence on earth—and even yet we grope through a darkness that *may be felt*; we wander cheerlessly through the "valley of the shadow of death" where no one can afford us assistance.

What is truth? and where can it be found? The chemist expects to find it in his crucible; the mathematician sees it in a triangle, a circle, or a parallelogram; and the metaphysician discovers it in the eternal fitness of things.

Great was the search, some hundred years ago, for the philosopher's stone, for the alkahest, and for the elixir of life; but some sceptics assert that there is no philosopher's stone, no alkahest, no elixir of life.

Some have drawn a comparison between these alchemists and the investigators of truth: they assert there is no truth in a well; they aver that it is not to be found in the crucible of the chemist; and they pronounce, without hesitation, that there is no such thing as a circle, a triangle, or a parallelogram in nature. They say that when we follow truth we pursue a phantom of the imagination, and are led away by an ignis fatuus which will entice us forward to swamps of difficulty, to a region of doubts and a land of shadows. They tell us that the theory of the metaphysician is equally erroneous; that there is no eternal fitness of things; that there is nothing but discordance and opposition in rebus naturæ.

When tired with this sceptical philosophy, we may

listen to the precepts of another not less gloomy. Truth, they say, may exist, but is unworthy of so much labor and fatigue. There may be such a thing as the philosopher's stone—as a universal dissolvent—as the elixir of immortality; but the discovery would be productive of the most serious consequences in the great economy of nature. Let us amuse ourselves, say they, with the pleasing delusions of life, and not lose our time in searching after realities. Nature has hung out a thousand painted deceptions to hide from our eyes the real nature of things. Is not this a sufficient intimation that that which is concealed is disagreeable? Is there any such thing as colors inherent in bodies? yet without this pleasing illusion, what a world of deformity should we have! Nature is the very grave of abomination. Well: tear down the wall of the whited sepulchre, and within you will find—"rottenness and dead men's bones." O! ye creatures of the moment, let us dance after the rainbow of hope, and revel in the light and airy fields of imagination. Let us skim lightly over the surface of nature; the flowers grow on the surface; and honey may be extracted from flowers. Let us be content with the trimmings, the colorings, the hangings that immediately meet the eye: they are designed to conceal the gloomy walls of our apartment.

Let us look back upon our past lives and examine our own minds that we may see if there be not more happiness in error than in reality. Which have been our happiest moments? those, in which we have searched successfully into the nature of things? those, in which the light of truth has beamed upon our heads, and enabled us to discover, with precision, the surrounding objects? I am afraid that the result of our investigation will be, that our days of bliss were days of ignorance; and we shall be led to conclude, with the preacher, that in "much knowledge there is much grief." Should we not rather endeavor to multiply these happy delusions than to clear them away? If light discover nothing but "sights of wo," had we not better remain in darkness? My sick

brother is asleep; he dreams of light, life and joy. I see a smile on his countenance. Shall I awake him to a life of misery, sorrow and pain? Or shall I not rather remove every intruding noise, darken the windows, and leave him to repose?

Children are happy: and were men content to remain children through life, they might be happy also. But when they become infatuated with the desire of knowledge, and, with a daring hand, attempt to remove the veil with which nature has thought proper to cover the ark which contains her secrets, their happiness is blighted. Foolish men! to break the glasses through which their mothers and nurses were content to receive the rays of knowledge! Foolish men! to soar with waxen wings above the atmosphere of prejudice which surrounds the dwellings of their fathers! Render not, O ye sons of men, the common occurrences of life insipid, by your *folly*, which you are pleased to dignify with the name of *wisdom*.

Be as other men. Seize the rattle of folly; dance to the piping of a giddy multitude; write treatises concerning eternity in the sand; build pyramids of snow to immortalize your names; erect dams with grayhaired children in the mountain torrent; and sport with your brother insects in the sunbeams of the evening.—But should truth present her flambeau to your eyes—the illusion is gone—the “painted clouds that beautify our days” are vanished; and—great God! what a waste—“dark dismal wild”—appears! What a chaos of forms without reality! What myriads of shadows, without substance, fleet through a universe of nonentities!

Fiction is lovely; O ye sons of men, rejoice in her smiles: but fly from the chambers of Truth; she is a gorgon, a hydra, a fury!—

What shall we say, when we hear the various opinions of men on these subjects? What shall we do, but mourn over the folly, the imbecility, the insanity of man!

DESIRE OF DISTINCTION.

THE desire of distinction is so strong in the human mind, that men lay hold of any thing however insignificant that may render them conspicuous. Is a man, by some accident, a few inches taller than another; you may immediately perceive that he values himself on his towering figure. Is he well set, and possessed of brawny limbs; you will find him anxiously contending for pre-eminence by measuring round the breast or taking the circumference of the thigh, with his athletic competitors.

I cannot remember of having observed any of these candidates for fame who were desirous of the distinction arising from the prominence of their bellies; yet nothing is more common than to hear a man boast of having swallowed so many oysters, eaten so many eggs, devoured so many pounds of beef steaks, &c. What honor do these idiots expect to derive from the strength of their stomachs or the capacity of their paunches?

Why, they hope to have it said in some tavern or beerhouse that "John Gormand is the *damnedest* fellow to eat that ever lived. He demolished, the other day, at the sign of the Mousetrap, a whole round of beef, eaten dozen of oysters, ten dozen of eggs, five pound of cheese, drank a gallon of beer, and then refused to pay 25 cents for his dinner, because there was not a sufficiency of provisions."

I knew two graziers to lay a very considerable bet on who could eat the most lobster. Both eat till they could not walk and then left the matter undetermined. The *gentlemen* were wealthy: they did not gormandize for the money that was betted, but for the sake of an *immortal name*. Such men appear determined to deprive "Robin a Bobbin the Bigbellied Hen" of his long established superiority: of whose exploits, in this way, it is recorded in heroic verse that "he would eat more than threescore men;" that

"A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,

Was Robin a Bobbin's morning bit."

And afterwards, it is sublimely added, that

"He licked the ladle, and swallowed the spoon,
And was not full when all was done."

There are others, who are scarcely less deserving of a statue than those last mentioned, who plume themselves on having drunk bottles of brandy, decanted dozens of madeira, and swilled oceans of port. Such heroes shall have a niche in the Temple of Fame, about to be established under the direction of the savage Piomingo.

THEOLOGY.

THE ancient Greeks and Romans worshipped a multitude of gods: the heavens, the earth, and *hades* swarmed with innumerable divinities. All the virtues and vices of humanity, and all the operations of nature, were under the direction of superintending deities: and these gods being unaccountably prolific, there was no space left in nature that did not teem with their progeny. The progress of science and the light of the gospel have contributed to lessen the number of immortals. Jupiter has forsaken the Capitol, the thunder has been wrested from his hand, and the father of gods and men is forgotten. Neptune has lost the dominion of the waves, and Pluto, the empire of the shades. The sun is no longer in the chariot of Apollo, nor the moon under the regency of his sister. Paphos and Cyprus are deserted by Venus, and Samos and Argos by Juno. Mercury has lost his wand, and Pallas her egis. Etna and Lemnos remain; but where is the blacksmith of Jupiter? The wind raises the waves without the assistance of Eolus, and the storm is calmed without the interference of Neptune. Bacchus is deprived of his thyrsis, and the mysteries of Ceres are secure from profanation. Thetis and the nereids are no more; we hear not the shell of the tritons. The dryads and hamadryads have forsaken the woods, and the naiads deserted the fountains. Hippocrene is

dry; the muses have escaped to heaven. The shepherds have lost the protection of Pan, and the orchards the care of Pomona. Priapus has ceased to "fray away" the birds, or interrupt the incantation of witches. No longer

"Satyrs and sylvan boys are seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green."

The harpies are expelled from their kingdom; and the sirens have ceased to practice their allurements.

Charon has been shipwrecked in the Styx; Ceberus has been deprived of his heads; and the snakes have been taken from the furies. Minos is no longer judge; Phlegethon has ceased to burn; and the frogs of hell have desisted from croaking. The wheel of Ixion revolves no longer; the Danaides have filled their urns; and Sisyphus rests from his labors. The pythia is not forced to the tripod; the cave of Trophonius is neglected; and the smoke of the sacrifice has ceased to ascend.—Where is the oak of Dodona? where are the sibyls of Cuma?

But there is one of the ancient divinities who has maintained his situation in opposition to the efforts of philosophy and the benign influence of the gospel. He is worshipped with more sincere devotion at this day, than he has been at any former period. His temples are crowded from morning until evening by humble votaries of all sexes and ages. They do not serve him with "mere lip service;" for they have "his law written in their hearts." He is not the true God: yet they adore him "with all their heart, and with all their soul, and with all their strength, and with all their mind." They offer up at his shrine, as freewill offerings, every thing that is precious and valuable. He is not Moloch; yet they make their children pass through the fire for his sake.

He is a very old god, and has performed innumerable exploits of the most heroic kind. A thousand volumes, in folio, would not be sufficient to contain the thousandth part of the wonders he has effected. What are the labors of Hercules, the feats of Samson, the wars of the giants, the building of pyramids, the turning aside of

rivers, and removing mountains? What are such trifles as these when compared with the stupendous operations of the god of the civilized world?

QUESTION: Who is he?

ANSWER: He was worshipped by the children of Israel in the wilderness, when Moses tarried so long in the mount. Do you know him?

There are not seven thousand in the United States, who have not bowed the knee to this Baal of the moderns, and whose lips have not kissed him. By the ancients he was called Plutus; in heaven, he is not known; and on earth, he is yclept *The Mammon of unrighteousness*.

THE SAVAGE—NO. VI.

V I R T U E.

It has already been proved, that the direct tendency of what is called civilization is to create and perpetuate a disparity among men; and, that as civilization progresses the number of the refined is diminished and that of the debased and degraded part of the community increased in the like proportion. The great majority of the people, therefore, never become sharers in this refinement which is so highly eulogized by authors who understand not the subject they have undertaken to discuss. They have said much in favor of the diffusion of knowledge; but knowledge can never be generally diffused under the present constitution of society. How can men acquire knowledge who are condemned, by their necessities, to neverending labor? Much may be said in favor of those arts which humanize the mind, and soften the ferocious passions of man; but it is not considered that this humanized and softened being requires the assistance and servitude of a dozen beings, who are brutalized and degraded in the same proportion that he is refined and exalted.

Hereafter we will endeavor to form a proper estimate

of the enjoyments of the polished luxurious man who requires that others should be miserable and wretched that he may become splendid and great: at present we will confine our ideas to that immense majority of mankind, the laboring poor.

Are they virtuous?

When a man of this description becomes capable of reflection, he immediately perceives the disadvantages of his situation: there are privileges to which he must not aspire; there are enjoyments of which he must not partake. He finds himself necessitated to labor continually for a wretched subsistence, while others enjoy leisure, amusement and pleasure without any exertion of their own. These circumstances have a natural tendency to sour and embitter his mind. Envy and malignity take up their residence in his heart; but as he sees no opportunity of improving his situation, he becomes as stupid as an "ass couching down between two burdens." He is despised by the world; and he despises himself. When he sees that he is utterly contemptible in the estimation of others, how is it possible that he should vaunt himself, or retain any idea of personal importance or dignity of character? It is *not* possible.

Honor is a powerful incentive to virtuous actions; but honor has no influence with the wretch that I describe. Shame, in certain societies, will prevent a man from falling into vitious pursuits; but shame has no power over this victim of refinement. He is already contemptible, degraded, miserable: what more can he fear?

When you have destroyed, by your boasted civilization, every motive to virtue, and every preventive of vice, in the great body of the people, do you notwithstanding, expect to find them virtuous? We will undertake to say, that you are very unreasonable in your expectations; and that you will most assuredly be disappointed. We assert with confidence that the great body of the poor, in every civilized society, are not only degraded but *wicked* and *malignant*. Whence arises the multiplicity of your laws, but from the multitude of crimes

that are found in the mass of the community? They are necessarily vitious, yet the circumstances of society require that they should be punished. And all this collection of miseries and crimes is created and supported by the sickly and effeminate refinement of a few, who have deserted nature and sought out for themselves factitious and enervating enjoyments, at the expense of the virtue and happiness of millions of their species.

Those who will not take time to reflect, may suppose that we exaggerate when we affirm that the indigent man is compelled by the circumstances of his situation to practise continual dissimulation. He dare not, he cannot, approach his superior with the easy confidence of virtue. He must not speak what is true, but what he supposes will be agreeable. His neighbor is rich and consequently powerful; he must therefore, as far as he is able, endeavor to countervail this ascendancy, by flattery and dissimulation. He asks justice as a favor, and begs the contemptible pittance he receives for his labor with the whining tone of a mendicant.

There is no object in nature so disgusting as to see one man crawling to and fawning on another. We may pity the base grovelling wretch, but we must and do despise him. Can this creature be virtuous? He may be deterred from atrocious crimes by the terrors of the law; but his mind is necessarily and radically depraved.

The necessity that the indigent man is under, of receiving favors from the hand of opulence, humbles and enervates the mind. One man may safely receive benefits from another if he have it in his power to make a suitable return; but the moment he incurs an obligation from which he cannot disengage himself at pleasure, that moment he becomes a slave. His mind is brought into thralldom, and his soul is obliged to acknowledge a master. The supposed benefactor may insult him with impunity. He can turn neither to the right hand nor to the left without sullyng the purity of his virtue. If he should resent an injury, he is ungrateful; if he submit in silence, it is imputed to baseness and cowardice of spirit. And

every thing poverty receives from wealth is accounted a favor. If we lend a rich man a few dollars, it is considered merely as an act of common courtesy, and we think of it no more: but if we lend half the sum to a man who is in want; what then? Why we conceive that we lay him under an eternal obligation: and should he ever after refuse to comply with our demands, however unjust or unreasonable, we publish to the world his baseness and ingratitude, and extol to the skies our own humanity and beneficence.

Should an indigent neighbor pass through our field and accidentally do some slight damage to our property; if we do not prosecute him for a trespass, we are loud in the praise of our own lenity and forbearance: but if the trespasser be opulent, though the damage be much greater, we are pleased that he has presumed upon our good nature, and thank him for the liberty he has taken.

Does a person of figure and genteel address accost us in the street and desire some information concerning a neighboring church or other public building, we attend to his requests with the utmost complaisance, and are highly gratified that he should think us worthy to be his intelligencer; but should a ragged miserable mortal have the assurance to make the same demand, we are astonished at his effrontery, and pass him with a glance of the most sovereign contempt—or, admitting that we had just risen from dinner, where we had eaten and drunk freely, and consequently were in that happy disposition of mind which renders us averse to every species of contention—if, from all these causes, we should return a kindly and *condescending* answer, we would admire our own politeness and urbanity, and conceive the poor devil to be under infinite obligations to our good nature.

Now, how can a man who is continually receiving favors, and feels the impossibility of making suitable returns, maintain a proper degree of self-respect? And the man who has no respect for himself will be careless in the performance of duties that have no immediate connexion with his interest.

From such considerations as the foregoing we deduce the conclusion, that the progress of civilization is unfavorable to the practice of virtue, because it places an immense majority of the human race in a situation which renders them incapable of virtuous exertions—in a situation where they are almost inevitably compelled to become vitious. [To be continued.]

JUSTICE.

WE have somewhere read of a people who asked nothing, in their prayers to the gods, but justice. In this they appear to have done wisely: for, had they asked for any thing else, can it be supposed that their requests would have been granted?

Justice is the perfection of virtue: it may be supposed to arise from the relation all created beings bear to each other and to their creator. From all these relations there originate certain rights: Whoever acts in conformity with these, acts justly; but whoever violates them, acts unjustly.

Ovid says that the goddess of justice has deserted the earth; and we believe he is correct in the assertion:

——Virgo cæde madentes

Ultima cælestium terras Astræa reliquit.

However, we are inclined to believe that she was the *first*, and not the *last*, of the celestials who deserted the earth and winged their flight to the etherial regions. One thing is certain: she is not here.

There is a strange Protean being who has usurped her name, but possesses none of her qualities, found among us. This pseudo-justice is extremely accommodating to the weaknesses and passions, but most of all to the interests of men. She studies what will be accounted the interest of a nation, or of an individual; and she says to that nation, or that individual, *this is justice*. There is one thing observable in her conduct: she always adheres to the strongest side. She is a friend to good order and regular government as long as government is able to support itself; but the moment that its weakness is dis-

covered, she ranges herself on the side of anarchy and confusion. She assisted at the massacre of the whites in St. Domingo, and is an advocate for the slave trade in Jamaica. In Russia she speaks in favor of despotism; in England she advocates the dominion of the seas; and in France she brings the crowns of the sovereigns of Europe and lays them at the feet of Napoleon. She is a nice observer of times, places and circumstances. She is a mahometan, a christian, a pagan, a catholic, a protestant, a royalist, a republican, a jacobin, an imperialist, as the power shifts from the hands of one party to those of the other. She worships the rising sun, observes the course of the wind, and was never known to row against the tide.

THE GRAVE.

WHEN Diogenes was about to die, he was asked what should be done with his body. The cynic ordered it to be carried out and left unburied in the fields. "What," said his friends, "shall it be left exposed as a prey to the birds and wild beasts?" "Lay a staff near me," replied the dying philosopher, "with which I may drive them away." "How can you drive them away," demanded his friends, "since you will not perceive them?" "What harm can they do me," said Diogenes, "if when they devour my flesh, I do not perceive them?"

If Diogenes cared as little about the disposal of his body after death as his words indicate, he had divested himself of a very general weakness; for the most of men show an uncommon solicitude on this subject. Some desire to be buried in consecrated ground, supposing, no doubt, that evil spirits will be afraid to disturb them within the precincts of the sanctuary. Possibly they desire to rest among the saints, that they may have good company in the grave; or at least may be found among the righteous at the general resurrection. We have sometimes supposed that they were apprehensive that they might be overlooked by the eye of the Eternal, at the

great day, if they were deposited in any other place than a churchyard.

The greater part of mankind express a wish to be buried near their relations or friends. This desire is very general, and, we had almost said, natural; but the man who has experienced the perfidy of friends and the coldness of relations, would rather be buried in the desert or cast into the ocean. The ancient Jews, who appear to have had very faint ideas of a future state, found a strange consolation in going down to the grave in peace and sleeping with their fathers.

Socrates declared it to be a matter of indifference to him how they disposed of his body. Another philosopher, being told in a threatening tone by a tyrant, that he should remain unburied, replied, "Fool! do you suppose that I care whether this body rot above ground or below?" Reason, indeed, informs us all, that it is a matter of no consequence what becomes of the body when the spirit has departed; but we have been so long in the habit of connecting life and feeling with the human frame, that we can hardly be led to suppose that the carcass is totally destitute of sensation. The custom of digging a deep pit for the reception of the dead, and leaving them as a prey for worms and corruption is excessively disagreeable; the practice of burning the body was much more decent, and had not a tendency to awaken so many gloomy and loathsome ideas. The urn containing the ashes of a deceased relative might be deposited in our chamber to remind us continually of the virtues of the departed, and of the friendship that had subsisted between us. Who would not rather that his flesh should be consumed by the action of fire, than undergo an abominable fermentation in the grave? Who would not rather his body should be purified by the flames, than become the parent and the nourishment of worms? Who would not rather ascend in smoke to the clouds, than become an inhabitant of darkness and the grave? Who would not rather be scattered by the four winds of heaven than say "to corruption thou art my father and to the worm thou art my sister and my mother?"

THE STAGE OF LIFE.

ONE poet has said that

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—

And another has said, in an imperative style,

Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Does he mean by this that there is as much honor in acting well in an inferior station as in a superior? Pope was inspired, no doubt, and therefore we might expect him to speak the truth; but we have read of "an evil spirit from the Lord," and of "a lying spirit in the mouth of all the prophets," and we conclude that Pope must have been troubled by one or both of these.

We agree that the world may be considered as a stage; but we deny that honor is to be gained by performing well an inferior part. He who enacts a principal character, if he sustain his part with dignity and propriety, may expect to be rewarded by the plaudits of the audience; but who will applaud the industrious and diligent exertions of the prompter, scene-shifter, or candle-snuffer? The actor who struts his hour in the character of Othello, Macbeth, or Richard the third, receives an honorary as well as a pecuniary recompense; but the call-boy and lamp-lighter, however perfect in their parts, can gain nothing but the stipulated hire. Should any thing go wrong through their mismanagement, they may be saluted by a hiss; but the thundering voice of applause never awakens their love of glory, or rewards the punctual discharge of their servile occupations.

So it is in life: an Alexander and a Cesar, a Brutus and a Cato, a Trajan and an Antonine, perform their parts on the wide theatre of the world, in the sight of admiring nations, who are ever ready to raise the song of triumph and sing hosannas to the great. Who would not be a hero, when encouraged by the hopes of such a reward? Who would not press forward in the race, when a crown of glory is in view? Who would not encounter death, for everlasting fame?

The obscure individual can have no such motives. He is compelled to tread the ensanguined field, to mount the deadly breach, and face the roaring cannon. If he conquer, he is *despised*; if he die, he is *forgotten*.

CONVERSATION.

WHEN five or six men are together, it is curious to observe the anxiety every one has to speak. No one wishes to hear: all he desires is an auditor. Rather than defer telling their respective stories, they frequently all speak at the same time.

Every one has a subject of his own that he wishes to introduce; therefore he is miserable until he has an opportunity to drag it in. One is desirous to discuss some religious subject; another would engage in a political disquisition. One would talk of the price of stocks; and another would expatiate on the merits of a favorite horse. The glass circulates, and the confusion becomes general.

The Tower of Babel would be an excellent sign for a modern tavern.

THE SAVAGE—NO. VII.

HAPPINESS.

WAS it Plato who said that "the more we live for others, the more we live for ourselves?" Whether it were Plato or another, the sentiment appears to be founded on a critical acquaintance with human nature. Those emotions that carry us out of ourselves and interest us in the concerns of others, are productive of infinitely higher degrees of happiness than any personal gratifications can possibly be. Those affections of the mind which are denominated benevolence and humanity may be considered as emanations of the divine nature. They make us forget, in a moment, all those paltry avocations that occupy our days with labor and our nights with thought. They suppress the cold calculations of prudence, the gloomy forebodings of care, the aspiring meditations of ambi-

tion, and the bewitching delusions of pleasure. They carry us away, above the clouds of mortality, to the third heaven of delight, where we experience pleasures not to be described, and joys too mighty for our nature. We breathe the air of the celestial regions: the earth and all its evils, sickness, pain, sorrow, and death are forgotten. The ecstasy is short: but, for a moment, we seem to have found what has been so long and so earnestly desired by men—happiness. We are, like Moses, in the “cleft of the rock”—the glory of the Lord passes by; and we get a glimpse of its brightness. God of nature! remove thy hand, and let the vision destroy us!

Perfect happiness, if such a thing be designed for man, is reserved for a future state, when we shall be put in possession of the GREAT GOOD—when we shall forget ourselves in the contemplation of the Author of our existence; but that qualified imperfect kind of felicity, which we are permitted to *taste*, in this feverish state of existence, seems to consist in the exercise of the benevolent affections: and we are led to conclude with the author above mentioned that “the more we live for others, the more we live for ourselves.”

The earth is full of misery. We are weary travellers in a strange land. Our path is narrow, and we are grievously incommoded by the thorns and briars and thistles that obstruct our passage.

Thick darkness is behind us: we know whence we came.

Heavy clouds hang over us: we are appalled by the voice of the thunder and terrified by the glare of the lightning.

We hear, on each side, the noise of mighty waters, the howling of wild beasts in the desert, and the rushing of the blast through the trees of the forest. Strange forms pass by us. The air is troubled with meteors: we cannot understand them. We are mocked with deceitful appearances. We drink; but our thirst is not allayed. We are hungry: a tree “fair to the eyes” presents its tempting fruit: we seize it with greediness, and—*chew bitter ashes.*

We are desirous of repose: a couch of roses is at hand; and we lie down *among serpents*. As we proceed, we meet an "angel of light", who holds out his hand to assist us. We rejoice: but ere we are aware,

—————black he stands as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shakes a dreadful dart:

We start back with horror: a malignant laugh is heard on the right hand and on the left, above and below.—Spirits of darkness! what would ye?

Before us there is a tremendous precipice, to which we know no bottom. We must make the dreadful leap: and we know not whither we go.

Such is the situation of men. They are fellow travelers and fellow sufferers in this wilderness which we have attempted faintly to delineate. What can alleviate their distresses, or lessen their difficulties? What can serve as a balm for their wounds, or an opiate for their cares? The world has existed many thousands of years. One generation has passed away, and another has succeeded. They have all been in the search of happiness. What have they learned from the wisdom and experience of ages? We should suppose that by this time they would have discovered the delusive nature of pleasure, the vanity of riches, and the misery of ambition. We should have supposed that by this time they would have discovered that the more we forget ourselves and become interested for others, the more we promote our own felicity. They have the same common nature. Their hopes and their fears are the same. They must know that evils are lessened by sympathy; and that joy is heightened by sharing it with others. By mutual assistance they might smooth the rough path of life, surmount difficulties, and avert innumerable dangers. Why then should they continue to delude, afflict, and destroy each other?

"If we should be told," says the abbe Barthelemi, "that two strangers, cast by chance on a desert island, had found in the society of each other a pleasure which indemnified them for being secluded from the rest of the

world; if we should be told there exists a family entirely occupied in strengthening the ties of consanguinity by the bands of friendship; if we should be told that there exists, in some corner of the earth, a people who know no other law than that of loving each other, nor any other crime than that of being wanting in mutual affection; who would think of commiserating the lot of the two shipwrecked friends? who would not wish to appertain to that family? who would not wish to fly to the most distant clime to join that happy people?"

If we may be permitted to judge of mankind from our own feelings, we should instantly conclude that there is not one man in ten thousand, who would not desert, with joy approaching to rapture, the pleasures and amusements of the world, and all the gay dreams of ambition, to appertain to such a family, or to become one of such a people. If this be the case, it proves that there is *something divine* in human nature which would point out the path that conducts to happiness. To what then are we to impute those artificial miseries, vices and follies, which distress and debase the children of men? Why should these creatures, whom God has endowed with a portion of the divine mind, which is sometimes known to elevate them above all sublunary cares, be miserable from generation to generation? We feel confident that we are right when we trace the cause to those *barbarous* institutions of *civilized* society which cramp, brutalize and distort the human mind. The farther men have strayed from the plain paths of nature, the more vitious and the more wretched have they become.

Nearly all the evils that afflict the sons of men flow from one source—**WEALTH**, or *the appropriation of things to individuals and to societies*. Take away this mother curse and all its cursed progeny, and the world would be, comparatively speaking, a paradise!

Modern philosophers talk much of the advantages and blessings which have flowed from commerce, from the fine arts, from the diffusion of knowledge. They carry their ideas forward to a time, when man will be refined,

polished and enlightened into a kind of terrestrial God, who will have the powers of nature at his command.

One of these future sages is thus described by the philosophic author of the Columbiad; but we are apprehensive that there is more poetry in the passage than any thing else.

The sage with steadier lights directs his ken,
Through twofold nature leads the walks of men,
Remolds her moral and material frames,
Their mutual aids, their sister laws proclaims.
Disease before him with its causes flies
And boasts no more of sickly soils and skies;
His well proved codes the healing science aid,
Its base establish and its blessings spread,
With long wrought life to teach the race to glow,
And vigorous nerves to grace the locks of snow.

From every shape that varying matter gives,
That rests or ripens, vegetates or lives,
His chemic powers new combinations plan,
Yield new creations, finer forms to man,
High springs of health for mind and body trace,
Add force and beauty to the joyous race,
Arm with new engines his adventurous hand,
Stretch o'er these elements his wide command,
Lay the proud storm submissive at his feet,
Change, temper, tame all subterranean heat,
Probe laboring earth and drag from her dark side
The young Volcano, ere his voice he tried;
Walk under ocean, ride the buoyant air,
Brew the soft shower, the labored land repair,
A fruitful soil o'er sandy deserts spread
And clothe with culture every mountain's head.—COLUMB. B. 10

These same philosophers, when they look back to the early ages, find man a miserable forlorn and wretched being, exposed to every misfortune and addicted to every vice.

—— Frail at first his frame, with nerves ill strung
Unformed his footsteps, long untuned his tongue,
Unhappy, unassociate, unrefined,
Unfledged the pinions of his lofty mind,
He wandered wild to every beast a prey,
More prest with wants and feebler far than they;
For countless ages forced from place to place,
Just reproduced but scarce preserved his race.—COLUMB. B. 10

We also can philosophize; but ours is a *savage philosophy*. When we permit our fancy to carry us back to the beginning of time, we think we can discover the

golden age of the poets. Our savage reason makes the best use it can of those glimmering lights that sparkle through the long night of antiquity: and we discover, or think we discover, a hardy race of longlived savages, who gathered the fruits of the earth in peace, and placed their happiness in mutual love. We do not think it unreasonable to suppose that there may have been a time resembling that described by Ovid.

Aurea prima sata est ætas, quæ, vindice nullo,
Sponte sua, sine lege, fidem rectumque colebat.

Pœna metusque aberant: nec vincla minacia collo
Ære ligabantur: nec supplex turba timebat
Judicis ora sui: sed erant sine iudice tuti.

Nondum cæsa suis, perigrium ut viseret orbem,
Montibus, in liquidas pinus descenderat undas:

Nullaque mortales, præter sua, littora norant.

Nondum præcipites cingebant oppida fossæ:

Non tuba directi, non æris cornua flexi,

Non galeæ, non ensis erat; sine militis usu

Molia securæ peragebant otia gentes.

And though the time may never have been when “rivers of milk and rivers of nectar” flowed through the plain, in any other way than the land of Canaan flowed with milk and honey; yet, if ever there were a time when men had not commenced the business of accumulation; if ever there were a time when the earth and its fruits were common, when men were uninstructed in the *science of hoarding*—that time was a golden age.

It is a tradition common to all nations, of which we have any knowledge, that these *golden days have been*: how, if it be not founded on fact, did this tradition originate? Poets may invent: but how came the poets of all nations to invent the same story? The flowery fictions of the muses may compose a part of the body of the tale; but we feel inclined to believe that there are certain *stamina* of fact, which are common to the traditions of all the different nations.

The Indian sage mourns over the depravity of his nation, and speaks with regret of the days of brotherly love that are past: the days when a portion of the *holy fire* warmed the breast of every warrior, and the *beloved speech* was in the mouth of every prophet.

The account given by Moses, of the early ages, corroborates our ideas on this subject. He does not describe those antediluvian patriarchs as weak, timid, miserable mortals, with bodies frail, and "nerves illstrung." No: we conceive that Cainan, Mahaleel, Jared and Methuselah must have exceeded the men of the present day as much in bodily strength as they did in the number of their years.

It is also a tradition common to all nations that in former days there were giants upon the earth: such was the opinion of the Greeks and Romans: and such was the opinion of the Jews. And it was also the opinion of the ancients that their heroes or mighty men were descended from the gods: and this notion seems not to have been peculiar to the Greeks and Romans; for Moses, if we understand him aright, gives it the weight of his testimony when he says, "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose There were giants in the earth in those days: and also, after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old men of renown." In fine, guided by the feeble lights that antiquity affords, and by our own observation of the enervating nature of luxury, we give it as our candid opinion, that the men of the early ages were infinitely superior to those of the present day. They might worship the sun and moon and hear the voice of God in the thunder; but there is no reason to suppose that they trembled in the presence of the lion, or dreaded the approach of the tiger. No: it is owing to civilization, luxury, and refinement, that they are become inferior, in bodily importance, to the beasts of the desert; that they find it necessary to have recourse to the mean arts of cunning and dissimulation in all their enterprises against the brutal creation.

We should be happy to look forward, to the blissful period which is beautifully described by the philosophic poet:

Green swell the mountains, calm the ocean roll,
Fresh beams of beauty kindle round the pole;

Through all the range where shores and seas extend,
 In tenfold pomp the works of peace ascend.
 Robed in the bloom of spring's eternal year,
 And ripe with fruits the same glad fields appear;
 O'er hills and vales perennial gardens run,
 Cities unwall'd stand sparkling to the sun;
 The streams all freighted from the bounteous plain
 Swell with the load and labor to the main.—COLUMB. B. 19.

But, as we are no poet, when we would dart forward on the wings of our imagination, our flight is impeded by certain prosaic obstacles, which we find it difficult to remove. If we understand the poet rightly, all this happiness is to be brought about by the operation of commerce, civilization, refinement, &c. but we have already proved that the tendency of these things is to produce luxury, corruption, vice, and misery. Here we are at a full stand. The foundation of the building is gone: and the superstructure must dissolve into thin air.

In this future world of *blessedness*, which is so elegantly delineated, we find that men are to dwell in palaces: now, whenever men inhabit palaces, they must have slaves, drudges, *brutal bipeds*, to support their dignity. And as the poet raises, to "tenfold pomp," the gay description, our savage eye discovers new scenes of misery and wide extended wretchedness!

Cities unwall'd stand sparkling to the sun!

A pleasant sight truly! but in our mind it awakens disagreeable ideas. We overlook the sparkling walls and glittering roofs, and inquire for the labor which created and sustains this extravagant splendor. Where are the crowds of menials, who wait on the luxurious philosophers? and where are the drudges who clean out the receptacles of filth? Who are to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" in these New Jerusalems of the bard's imagination?

Whenever we see, in any private edifice, productions of labor too great for the exertion of one man, we may safely say, *Here has been slavery*: here one man has exercised an undue ascendancy over another. Here has been superfluity on one side, and want on the other; power and subjection. This is the generation of mis-

ery. Power *begat* slavery; and slavery *begat* vice; and vice *begat* misery.

Plato in his republic pays no attention to the multitude; he devoted all his attention to the formation of a body of sages and of warriors to keep the common herd in order: is that the plan of our modern philosophers?

The traveller, who examines the pyramids of Egypt, is at first view struck with astonishment at the stupendous exertions of man; but the next moment is imbittered with reflection on the miseries and distresses of humanity. "Thousands must have toiled," says the melancholy stranger, "thousands must have toiled, under the iron rod of arbitrary power, to erect these splendid monuments of ambition and folly." The magnificent edifice which the muse of the author of the Columbiad has erected on the banks of the Nile, to receive the "delegated sires" of all nations, awakens in our mind no other idea, than that of the labor and fatigue it must have taken to hew so much marble.

A spacious dome swells up commodious great,
The last resort, the unchanging scene of state.
On rocks of adamant the walls ascend,
Tall columns heave and skylike arches bend;
Bright o'er the golden roofs, the glittering spires
Far in the concave meet the solar fires.
Four blazing fronts, with gates unfolding high,
Look with immortal splendor round the sky.—COLUMB. B. 10.

One would have supposed that by this time men would have been so civilized as to find no necessity for legislators or laws;—but we had forgot that laws and legislators, crimes and punishments, must increase with increasing civilization. One would have supposed that by this time, men, having discovered all the secrets of nature, would have found buildings a useless incumbrance on the earth;—but we had forgot that the intention of poetry is to amuse and not instruct.—[*To be continued.*]

APOLOGETICAL.

THE ancient Greeks, in the pride of their souls, denominated all the nations of the earth, but themselves,

barbarians; and this name they often bestowed on people farther advanced in the career of refinement and civilization than were the Greeks. It is likewise the custom of polished nations, at this day, to stigmatize, every people whose language they do not understand, and whose manners they will not study, with the degrading names of *barbarians* and *savages*. We are not displeased with the names: whether they be descriptive of our customs, or meant merely as a mark of distinction between you and us, we are satisfied.

We cannot help, however, remarking that you appear to consider the word *savage* as a name of the greatest reproach. Is a man inhuman, wicked or cruel; you seem to imagine that you give him an appropriate designation when you call him *a savage*. Now, you will doubtless excuse us if we follow your plan so far as to make the same use of the word *civilized* that you do of *savage*. When we wish to give a suitable appellation to a corrupt and degenerate people, we will call them *civilized*. When we wish to designate one who practices cunning, dissimulation, falsehood, treachery, we will call him *civilized*. We are not, then, the least offended at the abusive epithets which you bestow on us and our nation; and we hope that you will not deny us the privilege of pointing out those errors, vices, and absurdities, that flow from your habits and institutions.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

WE have collected a few maxims which may be found *useful*, by a youth who intends to make a figure in life: when we find leisure to extend and methodize our ideas on this subject we intend to publish a treatise which shall be intitled **THE MAN OF THE WORLD'S MANUAL.**

He must always wear a smooth exterior, and conceal his real sentiments behind a mask of impenetrable dissimulation. He must make the most extravagant professions of love and attachment, while hatred and malignity are rankling in his heart. He must bend the knee

of submission to the arrogance of power; and feed with neverceasing adulation the weak vanity of fools. He must resolutely dismiss every lingering attachment to virtue, as an incumbrance incompatible with the nature of his pursuits. He will find the *appearance* of justice, benevolence, mercy, and candor, occasionally useful; but he must take care not to clog himself with this antiquated rubbish, *in reality*: it would prove an insuperable obstacle to his refined operations, and, in the end, prove the means of his destruction. He must *appear* to be an enemy to injustice, cruelty and dissimulation; but he must remember to be possessed of these vices, *in fact*: he will find them instruments absolutely necessary in the furtherance of his plans. If he should receive favors, it will be judicious to make professions of the most unbounded gratitude; but he must observe that his gratitude be merely professional: for, otherwise it might become greatly prejudicial to his personal interests. He may affect to be a warm and disinterested friend; but he must be at all times ready to sacrifice his friendship when it comes in competition with the success of his schemes. He must put confidence in none, but live with his friend under the expectation of that friend becoming one day his enemy. He must on no occasion express the resentment he may feel; but meet his enemy with every appearance of respect, under the idea that the time may come when, his enemy's interest and his own being the same, they may act together as friends. He must practice every vice, and descend to every species of meanness, that he may find useful in the progress of his operations; but these things must be transacted as much as possible in the shade. He must assume the garb of piety: beneath the snowy mantle of religion he may erect a kennel for the hellhounds of vice, and a harbor for the monsters of iniquity. He must have honor continually in his mouth; but his honor must be *vox et præterea nihil*. He must form a just estimate of the vices, weaknesses and ruling passions of his associates, and make all these things instrumental to his own advancement.

He must keep his head clear, and his heart cold.

His own interest must be his polar star to guide him in his voyage through life: and by proper management, every wind that blows, whether "airs from heaven or blasts from hell," may be turned to his own advantage.

Hæ tibi erunt artes, O child of civilization! by these means you may rise to eminence: and your name shall go down with *eclat* to posterity. These are the arts, as a polite writer of your own well observes, which give the man of the world an ascendancy over the brutal force of the barbarian.

In the prosecution of our plan, we shall take care to produce no maxims but such as we can support by pointed authorities from the ethics of the civilized world.

POLITICS.

OUR savage education and barbarous prepossessions having given us an unconquerable aversion to every species of political intrigue and tergiversation, we felt it incumbent on us, in our preliminary address, to announce to the public that "Piomingo was no federalist, no republican, no democrat, no aristocrat, in the common acceptation of those terms:" and in this declaration we were guided by a strict regard to truth, which (notwithstanding our intercourse with civilized man) we always have cherished, and shall continue to cherish, as long as the Master of our breath shall permit us to continue on the earth. We were however aware, at the same time, that we were renouncing a subject which would have given life and spirit to our miscellany. Had we engaged in political warfare under the banners of some party already established, or set up a party of our own, (in that case, we should soon have heard of Muscogulgee influence) we might, if we do not overrate our own abilities, have made considerable noise in the world. Had such been our conduct, we have no doubt but that the fate of our paper would have been different. What is now a poor sickly *bantling*, might have been *animosus infans* con-

tending with serpents in its cradle. That which will, under the present circumstances, support a feeble existence for a short time, and die without a groan, might have enjoyed a long life of honor and prosperity. And, who can tell but we might have written our savage self into some post of honor, or (which would have been still better) of profit. The papers, in opposition to the party we might have espoused, would, no doubt, have raised a devil (this word devil is very useful in swelling out a period) of a noise about appointing a foreigner to an office of such great importance; (and we should not have been disposed to have accepted an indifferent situation) but we should have been ready to have replied to that charge, by declaring that we were no foreigner, but an indigenous American descended from the great Mingo Pa-Ya Mataha, and therefore could not be supposed to be under the influence of any improper prejudice for or against either of the mighty belligerents of Europe who divide the world between them.

We should have been able to have said so many *keen things* about the principles and practices of our political opponents that our Savage would have been universally read; and, then, under the mask of patriotism we might have indulged our propensity for slander. We might have collected all the old stories that have appeared in the papers for many years, which, having been retouched by our satirical pencil, and a little fresh coloring added by our skilful hand, would have been exactly to the taste of our newspaper connoisseurs. We might have become very familiar with the names of great men, and abused most outrageously those whom we had never seen. We might have published extracts of letters from "gentlemen of the first respectability, now in Europe," or from "gentlemen high in office," or from "gentlemen in the confidence of government."

A friend of ours appeared to be extremely solicitous that we should engage in politics. We told him that, Gallio like, we "cared for none of those things." "So much the better," said he, "so much the better; if you be

not tied by political principles, you are at liberty to choose the party from which you may expect to derive the most profit." We told him that he was again mistaken; that we were not so totally destitute of observation, as not to form an opinion on passing occurrences; but that the intrigue, turpitude, and dereliction of principle, which were discoverable in political concerns, had given us such a distaste to the subject, that the very name had become odious to us. We further added that when a man enters the fields of political warfare under the banners of a party, he must give up all pretensions to independency of sentiment. He must pass on to the very extremes of rancor and animosity, otherwise he will be rejected as lukewarm, and become utterly contemptible. He must oppose all the measures of the party in opposition to his own, whether he deem them, in his private opinion, to be salutary or pernicious. He must support, *totis viribus*, every measure of his political friends even though he himself may suppose them to be injudicious and wicked. Men whom he knows not, he must condemn. Nor is that all: he must sing the praises of those whom he despises; and villify those who stand high in his estimation. Should he, for a moment, in the vanity of his soul, conceive that he guides the political machine, it will only add to the bitterness of his subsequent mortification, when he finds that he has prostituted the noblest faculties of his soul, for the convenience of an unprincipled intriguer. Moreover, it is dangerous to bestow extravagant encomiums on any man during his life; but let him be once fairly dead, and we may commend him with safety: it is out of his power to prove us a liar by the villany of his conduct. It is also ungenerous, and unjust to condemn a man too hastily. We have not perhaps a view of the whole ground; and we may not be able to judge of the motives which may have induced him to pursue a certain line of conduct. In fine, we observed, we should not be ashamed, did necessity require it, to *dig* for our subsistence; but the *nobler faculties* of our mind we never would debase so far

as to devote them to the promotion of the views of any man or set of men.

"All this may be very true," said our friend, "but it is very silly. There is such a thing as a *wheel within a wheel*. By professing an attachment to the public welfare and promoting the views of your political friends, you may substantially serve yourself. You are now in a civilized country, and must learn to act a little like the rest of the world. Politics is the only thing that pleases the taste of the present generation: and even that will not go down unless it be rendered palatable by a little *spicery*. Nothing pleases a man so much as to hear of the miscarriages of his fellow man. He appears to rise in the same proportion that another is degraded. You must attack some eminent person; it is immaterial whether he be one of those in power, or one of those who wish to be in power: that is left to your discretion. Or, if you had rather, you may let our domestic affairs alone for a while, and plunge into the politics of Europe. You may assist Bonaparte to regulate the affairs of the continent, or take on yourself the management of the English fleet—suppose you were to write a series of essays to prove that Napoleon is the 'beast with seven heads and ten horns,' mentioned in the Revelation. You might comment at large upon 'the heads and the horns and the crowns that are upon the horns.'"

We observed, in reply to the last observation of our anxious friend, that so many commentaries had been written on the Revelation by dignified divines and pious laymen, we were apprehensive that nothing new could be elicited on the subject; and that the very thing he now recommended to our consideration had employed many learned heads and ready pens several years ago.

"Well then," replied he, nothing abashed with the repulse we had given him, "suppose you prove England to be the 'great whore that sitteth upon many waters.' Will there not be something new in that?"

We answered, very gravely, that we would permit France and England to manage their own affairs: that

we were not disposed to concern ourself with any of those *great matters* which agitate the civilized world; and that we were an unambitious unaspiring mortal, content with ease and tranquillity. Our friend said he perceived that we were headstrong in our folly, and therefore he would leave us to our contemplations: and so he did.

If we might be permitted to explain your civilized terms in our own savage manner, we should have no objection to any of your political appellations.

If federalism consist in a sincere attachment to the principles contained in the constitution of the United States; we are a federalist.

If by republicanism be meant a strict adherence to those principles which promote the public weal, we are a republican.

As to democracy—we acknowledge the right of the people to govern themselves: would to God, they possessed wisdom enough to enable them to do so with propriety?

We are the friend of aristocracy; but it is that species of aristocracy which is to be found among the Indian nations; the aristocracy of virtue. Our mind soars far above the petty distinction of party. We can trace political prejudices to their origin, and pity the weakness of humanity.

THE SAVAGE—NO. VIII.

HAPPINESS.

WE have endeavored to prove that happiness is founded on virtue: and that savage nations are more virtuous than those that are civilized. If this be done, it will follow, as a direct consequence, that those in a state of nature are happier than those advanced in the career of luxury and refinement.

That man who is either raised above, or depressed below, his species cannot be happy. He has no society. There are none to whom he can communicate his thoughts; who can participate in his sorrows or his joys.

From this consideration, some have deduced an argument in favor of the happiness of the lower ranks in every civilized community. "These men have many companions," say they, "why can they not partake of those pleasures that arise from association with their fellows?" We have already shown, in our last number, that the circumstances, of their situation are such as to deprive them of those qualities of the mind that give a charm to the social state.

Some of your divines assert that the damned in hell, will have a full prospect of the blessed in heaven. This, they very justly allege, will be a great enhancement of the punishment of the former: whether or no they suppose it will add any thing to the joys of the latter, we cannot tell.—Such is the situation of the indigent: they not only groan beneath the pressure of evil; but they have the additional mortification of beholding their fellow men in the possession of good. They dare not discover the malice which they feel against their superiors; but they let loose every malignant passion against their partners in misfortune. Thus malefactors in a dungeon and wild beasts in a cage, when they find it impossible to destroy the surrounding crowd, direct their vengeance against each other, and even against the walls of their prison.

That this malignity exists in the multitude, we are certain: and that we have given the true cause of its existence, we firmly believe. If any one be disposed to contend that the crowd do not cherish these ferocious and vengeful passions, let him take a retrospective view of the situation of France, when the heavy hand of despotism was raised from the shoulders of the degraded time-serving populace. Like a mighty torrent, long confined by impassable barriers, they burst forth at once, and overwhelmed the fair fields of society with the waves of desolation. No longer awed by the iron rod of power, they gave full play to their long compressed but never-dying ferocity. Those whom yesterday they adored, to-day were the objects of their unrelenting fury. Over those to whom yesterday they cringed as obedient slaves, they brandished, to-day, the bloody poinard of destruction.

Who can think without horror of the atrocities perpetrated by the blacks of St. Domingo? The passions of hatred, malignity, and revenge, so long nurtured and concealed in the bosoms of degraded and dissembling men, bursting forth, spread abroad at once the tremendous havoc of murder and devastation.

Such is the end of civilization. However slow may be its progress, and whatever course it may seem to pursue, *this* is its tremendous conclusion! It nourishes a volcano in its bosom. It places the ingredients, with chemical skill, deep in the bowels of society.—Mountains may be heaped on mountains; but the slumbering fire can never be extinguished—every age adds to its strength; and the longer the awful period is deferred, the more dreadful will be the explosion.

Civilization is a forced state: it is not natural for one man to bend, cringe and creep to another. A noble spirit, a spirit that is inspired by the proud dignity of virtue, will bear every evil—sickness, pain, confinement, death—rather than have recourse to the mean arts of the sycophant; but, there are always those, who, willow like, will yield to the arrogant requisitions of adventitious superiority. There are always those who will kiss the rod of the tyrant, and bend the neck of submission to be trampled upon by the feet of the oppressor. There are always those who will sacrifice the spirit of virtue to the low and sordid interests of the moment: who will practise every species of dissimulation which they conceive will advance their interests or gratify their propensities. But whenever the heavy hand of power is removed, the mind of the oppressed flies back with an elastic force, proportioned to the depth of its degradation, to occupy its original situation, and to tyrannize, in its turn, over those whom fortune has accidentally humbled. The appearances, therefore, of servility, which are shown by indigent wretches to their opulent superiors are almost always accompanied by hatred and envy in exact proportion to their pretended humility.

What happiness can be expected in a state like this:

where there is continual warfare between the superior and inferior members of the community? and where the debased party, disappointed in their wish of hurling threats of defiance into the faces of their oppressors, vent their malignity against each other?

Let us illustrate this subject by referring to the affairs of a well known people.

The Jews, for many centuries, wore the shackles of servitude. They were oppressed by the Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. They had long been accounted a proud stiffnecked and arrogant nation. They rebelled against all their successive masters, and fought with, what we suppose you would call, savage ferocity against their oppressors; but, being continually subdued, we find them at last sunk into a state of abject servility. They flattered the pride of the conquerors of the world with every appearance of humility, and proclaimed to the world, "we will have no king but Cesar!"

Is it supposable that their hatred of the Romans was less at this time than it had been at any former period? Not at all: let the violence, rancor, and fury of their subsequent wars bear testimony of their immortal animosity. But that rage, which they could not spend on the heads of their oppressors, they directed against each other: and their sufferings and misfortunes are not to be paralleled in the history of any people.

Heroes, legislators, sages, reformers! what have ye done? You have been deified for the benefits, it was supposed, you had conferred on humanity. Behold the fruit of your labor! *[To be continued.]*

SERMONS.

THERE was a certain clergyman, in a neighboring state, who made choice of the following words for the theme of his discourse, "Thus saith the Lord, make this valley fully of ditches." He divided his subject into a convenient number of heads, and made a very learned and excellent discourse.

One of his auditors observed to him afterwards, in conversation, that he was amazed that the doctor should select such a portion of scripture for his text: it appearing, he thought, to require a great deal of genius to deduce a suitable discourse from those words.

The doctor replied, "My dear sir, he must be a poor clergyman who cannot preach Christ from any text in the Bible." "Well doctor," replied the former, "how would you preach Christ from the iron bedstead of Og, king of Bashan?" "Why," said the doctor, "the iron of the bedstead is a type of the hardness of your heart and the stiffness of your neck; the greatness of its size resembles the magnitude of your sins. It requires the power of Christ to soften your heart and take away your manifold transgressions. The transition is easy and natural."

Now, however we may admire the ingenuity of preachers in making an excellent discourse from an unpromising text, we think they might often make a better selection than they do. We have often had occasion to remark that the orator passes over excellent maxims of morality in order to select a passage of scripture, which he conceives he can manage so as to draw certain inferences in favor of some contested point of doctrine, in which he supposes the honor of his sect is involved.

We would recommend it to any clergyman, who may be desirous of addressing an appropriate discourse to the youth of Philadelphia, to make a text of the following words:

"Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor lay a stumblingblock before the blind——— I am the Lord."

These words are found recorded in the nineteenth chapter of the third book of Moses called Leviticus, and fourteenth verse. The discourse may be divided into—but we are not disposed to write the sermon. Let the preacher divide it into as many *heads* as he may think proper. Let him expatiate upon each as long as he pleases; and then *apply* the whole as the Lord may enable him. He may draw as many inferences, as may seem "right in his eyes," in favor of abstruse and meta-

physical doctrines in divinity; but it is our particular request, that he would take some notice of the malignant disposition discoverable, even in children, to insult and torment the deformed, the drunken, and insane, who occasionally appear in the streets of the city.

We have seen several hundred boys surround a wretched maniac, and torture him to a paroxysm of fury by their words and their actions. We have seen them follow a deformed little mortal, with shouts of reproach and every species of opprobrious language. We have seen them rejoice, "with exceeding great joy," at the discovery of a drunken pauper. The *civilized* alarm *whoop* was raised in a moment; and every *polished* little *savage*, within several squares, ran, exulting, to the entertainment.

Is this civilization? is it humanity? or do you call it a savage practice?—Such actions were never known among the savages of the wilderness. But, from second thoughts we believe the sermon should be addressed to the parents, and not to the children.

EATING.

PIOMINGO, the intention of this letter is to request you to inform the public what you mean by talking of a man "living that he may eat." I should like to know what there is equally interesting that he could live for. I, for my own part, am inclined to believe that this is the design of his creation; and were I allowed to answer the question, "What is the chief end of man?" agreeably to my own private opinion, I would say, "To eat, drink, and sleep."

Men may affect to despise eating as much as they please; but I believe it has been their principal concern in all ages. Why do they tremble at the idea of poverty? Poverty is not a thing dreadful in itself; but alas! it includes the idea of hunger and starvation. Suppose a painter were to be employed to produce a picture of

poverty; would not *want* be discovered in the belly, and *famine* in the countenance?

However men may boast of intellectual enjoyments, it is plain they are only considered as things worthy of a secondary consideration; and when they attempt to describe those celestial delights, they do it by some image drawn from the *science* of cookery, or the *important business* of eating. What are we to understand by "the *feast* of reason and *flow* of soul," but that they enjoy a kind of pleasure, which, though infinitely inferior, bears some faint resemblance to the ineffable delights of eating and drinking. The most ardent desires of the mind are made known by comparing them to *hunger* and *thirst*, and the highest and most sublime mental gratification is likened to a *spread table* and an *overflowing cup*. When the wise king of Israel would sum up the felicities of life, he declares that "there is nothing better for a man than that he should *eat* and *drink*; and he adds, with rapturous exultation, "Who can *eat* or hasten hereunto more than I?"

A nice and accurate judge of literary works is said to be possessed of *taste*; and when the critic boasts of having a *relish* for the writings of the poets, he *feasts* his imagination with the *sweet savor* of viands, and *smoking hot culinary* similitudes.

The happiness of the immortal gods was placed in *nectar* and *ambrosia*; and when we contemplate the fleeting nature of our own existence, we are ready to exclaim, "Let us *eat* and *drink*; for to-morrow we must die!" I defy any one to think of the maxim of Horace, "enjoy the present moment," without referring immediately to the delights of the *table* and the ecstasies of *deglutition*.

As *feasting* with the gods was the reward bestowed upon heroes for their marvellous exploits; so the curse of *hunger* and *thirst* was the punishment inflicted upon the wicked for the most atrocious of crimes. O, unfortunate Tantalus! may I be turned on the wheel of torment, may vultures devour my liver, may I roll up

with anguish of heart the still revolving stone, rather than suffer the hundredth part of thy excruciating misery! I seem to see, even at this moment, thy parched lips within an inch of the cooling streams! I see misery enthroned on thy famine-stuck visage! I see thy hungry eyes turned up with unutterable longing to the fruit that hangs above thy head!

When the fertile fields of Canaan were promised to the Jews, they were described as "flowing with milk and honey" and abounding in "corn and wine."

"Bring it near to me saith the blind but venison-loving Isaac, "bring it near to me and I will eat of my sons' venison, that my soul may bless thee. And he brought it near to him, and he did eat; and he brought him wine, and he drank." What was the great blessing that Isaac had to bestow on Jacob:—"The dew of heaven, the fatness of the earth, and *plenty* of corn and wine." The wise old patriarchs had too much sense to prefer the *hungry* pleasures of the imagination to the "*feast of fat things full of marrow*." And although the art of eating has of late been carried to a pitch of perfection, of which the ancients had no idea; yet, they had a tolerable acquaintance with what have been emphatically styled the *good things of life*.

I will frankly acknowledge that eating is my principal concern: no other business occupies so much of my attention. The time that is spent at the table, and the knowledge that is displayed in the preparation of food, I conceive to be two things which, more than any other characteristics, distinguish civilized men from barbarians. To a savage, the sensation of hunger is disagreeable, and he endeavors to remove it as expeditiously as possible; but the man of refinement has reduced eating to a science: it is his business and his pleasure.

The only thing that gives me any uneasiness is that I cannot always continue the operation of eating. Why was not man so constituted that he might eat from the moment of his birth to the instant of his death? The only remedy I find for this evil is, to fill up the interval

that occurs between one meal and another, with sleep. And this answers the purpose tolerably well; for, as sleep is a kind of death, I seem to lose my existence when life would be a burden. The early Romans devoured their plain repast in ten or fifteen minutes; but their luxurious descendents, who enjoyed riches and leisure, *lay* whole nights round their table, feasting like heroes and drinking like gods. They were determined to partake of the pleasures of life in opposition to every obstacle: for, if their stomachs were replenished before the end of the entertainment, they hastened to discharge their contents by vomition, and returned with fresh ardor to the feast.

In fine, I conceive that the wise in all ages have placed the *summum bonum* in *good eating*: that, at least, is my philosophy. "Some people," says the great doctor Johnson, "have a foolish way of not minding; or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind any thing else."

This same doctor Johnson is said to have made many wise observations: but this, I suppose to be one of the wisest he ever uttered. What business can stand in competition with this? What pleasure has half the allurements? Were I in the paradise of Mohammed, I should find no other employment for the *Houries*, but to wait on my table.

But the hour of dinner approaches. Already the sweet odor of roastbeef assails my nostrils. Hark! I hear the rattling of the knives and soul-cheering jingle of the plates. The servants pass and repass in the busy haste of preparation. Farewell savage! by the life of Apicius, I would not wait a minute for all the barbarians in the universe. My whole frame trembles with the intensity of desire.

The world recedes; it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes. My ears
With sounds seraphic ring—

JOHN GORMAND.

SOCIETY.

THAT man was not designed by nature for a solitary animal appears from that instinctive impulse which one in solitude discovers to seek the society of his species. A cynic, however morose in his disposition, ungracious in his deportment, and violent in his expressions, finds a strange satisfaction in mingling with the crowd.

Cynophilus, an ancient philosopher, felt no attachment for any creature in existence but his dog. He dwelt in the fields. His food consisted of roots and berries; and his drink was water. Every individual of the human race was an object of abhorrence and contempt; yet he frequently walked in the populous city, and pressed through the multitude assembled in the forum: what could be his motive for this extraordinary conduct?—He was governed by the same impulse which compels the sheep to feed in flocks: he was a gregarious animal.

The hermit, who fixes his residence in the desert far removed from the footsteps of men, feels this innate propensity so strong in his breast, that he finds it necessary to assemble around his rushy couch an innumerable multitude of visionary men, whom he dignifies with the appellation of angels. He holds imaginary communion with prophets and the apostles, and walks the streets of the New Jerusalem with myriads of saints clothed in white, singing songs of praise and exultation.

“You may drive back nature with violence,” says Horace, “but she will continually return.” The hermit has denied himself the pleasures of society in this miserable world, and among a degenerate people; but he promises himself the enjoyment of mingling in a crowd of better men beyond the grave.

 THE GOLDEN AGE.

PROPERTIUS, a Roman elegiac poet who died a short time before the commencement of the christian era, contends that he lived in the golden age; and the reason he assigns for this opinion appears to be cogent:

Aurea nunc vere sunt sæcula; plurimus auro
Venit honos.—

We may say, with as much truth as Propertius, "This truly is the golden age: much honor cometh by gold."

THE SAVAGE—NO. IX.

SLAVERY.

SLAVERY—But we will endeavor to discuss this subject without quoting the celebrated apostrophe of Sterne, or the no less celebrated verses of Cowper. Of what species of slavery shall we speak? Shall we take notice of the servile condition of Asia; the drudgery of Europe; or the misfortunes of Africa?

Men are prone to overlook things that are nigh; and fix their eyes on distant objects. They are afflicted by the distresses of those who groan under the rigor of foreign despotism; but, at the same time, they are busily employed in maturing the same sufferings for themselves and for their children.

The citizens of the United States lament, with the greatest apparent sensibility, the misfortunes, distresses and grievances of poor oppressed enslaved Europeans; yet they, themselves, are every day hastening, to the extent of their abilities, the time when the people of America will be precisely in the situation of those whose affairs they now so feelingly deplore.

The condition of the laborers and peasantry in Europe is miserable enough; but there was a time when they were by no means so unfortunate. There was a time when, comparatively speaking, they were savages; when equality prevailed among the great body of the people; when they were ignorant of the vices, luxuries, and diseases which have been introduced by the progress of civilization. But those times are changed. Commerce has spread her sails and visited the remotest corners of the earth. She has poured the diamonds of the east and the gold of the west into the bosom of Europe. She has erected magnificent cities; into which she has introduced luxury and pomp—wretchedness and want. She has established manufactories; which have been productive of riches and

splendor—poverty, vice, and disease. Well: let the citizens of the United States extend their commerce, and establish manufactories. What will be the consequence? Wealth, prosperity, luxury, magnificence—and all those other things which we have already proved to be inseparable attendants on luxury and refinement. Do not extensive manufactories and widespreading commerce produce riches! Does not the possession of riches confer power? Is not slavery necessarily coexistent with power? If riches did not confer power on the possessor, they would cease to be an object of pursuit: they would be totally useless. If they do confer power, they must, necessarily, impoverish others in the same proportion that they enrich the possessor. One wealthy man cannot render other men, equally wealthy with himself, subservient to his wishes; but let him increase his own wealth, and then he will be able to extend his influence over those who were formerly his equals; consequently they are impoverished in the same proportion that he is enriched. Every accession of wealth, therefore, to an individual in any community is an accession of poverty or *slavery* to every other individual within the sphere of his influence. Why should we deplore the existence of that slavery in other parts of the world, which already exists among ourselves, and which we use every exertion within the limits of our power to bring to perfection? Why should we express resentment against an Asiatic or European despot for exercising that power which has fallen into his hands by a train of causes and effects, and yet express no disapprobation of the conduct of the wealthy man who uses, to the utmost, that influence which the possession of riches has given him over society? The rich man and the prince are equally culpable: there can be no more harm merely in the acquisition of a throne, than there is in making a fortune: and a crown received by inheritance is as much the property of the possessor, as an estate received by the death of the father is the property of the son. He, who sways the sceptre, exercises power: He, who uses the estate, ex-

ercises power. The cases are in every respect similar: and if it be wrong to acquire a kingdom, it is wrong to accumulate money: the object in both cases being precisely the same—*power*. The man who aspires to empire removes the obstacles that stand in his way; the man who would amass riches does the same. Villany is sometimes practised by the former; and *sometimes*, by the latter. We grant that more evil is frequently perpetrated by the *great*, than by the *little*, usurper; but if the pursuit of one be justifiable, so is that of the other.

Three brothers enter the world at the same time. They all resolve to grow powerful: but B is of a more aspiring disposition than A: and C is still more ambitious than B. A remains in his native town, and manages his little traffic with infinite cunning and address. He studies the rise and fall of the price of every species of goods; and *buys up* or *sells off* as circumstances may require. If he suppose that a certain article will be in demand, he endeavors to engross it; and afterwards takes every advantage, in his power, of those who were possessed of less cunning or foresight than himself. If he know of some circumstance that lessens the value of goods in his possession, he immediately disposes of them to some ignorant purchaser, for as much as they will bring. Thus, through the ignorance, follies and misfortunes of others, he acquires money with considerable rapidity. He is accounted a man of substance. His credit is established. He contracts debts to an immense amount: turns his property into cash; takes the benefit of some act of insolvency or bankruptcy; and his fortune is made!

The grovelling baseness, the sordid injustice, the cowardly cruelties, of A, are forgotten. He has defrauded the fatherless, oppressed the widow, deluded the thoughtless, deceived the ignorant, sacrificed his friends, betrayed his trust, and *laid perjury on his soul*; but he is rich; and all is forgotten. The industrious families, ruined by his *ingenuity*, are scattered over the world, the victims of sorrow, vice and disease: or, deep in the vale of penury, their tears fall unnoticed; and their groans

are not heard. He reaps the harvest of his villainies; becomes an alderman or justice of the peace; enjoys *otium cum dignitate*; dies in peace, at a good old age; and his fortune descends to his son.

B, in the mean time, has been much more expeditious and more fortunate in the acquisition of wealth than his brother. He has gone to the East Indies or to the West, or somewhere else; where he has kindled wars, plundered towns, impoverished provinces, and returned to his country with inexhaustible stores. He astonishes the crowd with his riches; he wallows in luxury; he indulges his taste for magnificence and splendor; he extends his patronage to literature and the fine arts; he becomes a Mécenas to every man of learning, and the *dulce decus* of polished society; he subscribes to charitable institutions, and commands the homage, respect, and adoration of the world? When he dies, his obsequies are celebrated with pomp; and his name is immortalized by sculptors and poets.

But the daring ambition of C was not content with the acquisition of power by the accumulation of money.—He courted the people; was elected their representative; became their idol; received the chief command of their forces: seized on the public treasure; and, after a severe battle, in which some thousand lives were lost, he encircled his brows with a diadem. What then! He is a mild and beneficent prince. He causes punishment to be inflicted upon evil doers; and praise to be bestowed on those who do well. He is accounted the father of his people; and transmits his crown with full sovereignty to his descendents.

Was not the objects of these three brothers precisely the same? Did they not all, according to thir respective capacities, endeavor to acquire and exercise power? The means employed by one were equally unjustifiable with those employed by either of the others. Every one produced as much slavery as he was able. The absolute quantum of good or evil effected by C or B might be greater than that which was produced by

A; but in *foro conscientiæ*, they were all equally villains.

We need not, therefore, look to Africa, Asia, or Europe, for the existence of slavery: the plant flourishes in the United States; but it is not yet in a state of maturity. The people partake something still of the nature of savages: when they become perfectly *civilized*, they will be perfectly *slaves*.

A man is not incommoded by a nuisance which has long been familiar to his senses; but if he be exposed to the effluvia of a different species of filth, to which he has not been accustomed, he will immediately show signs of disgust and detestation. The inhabitant of Philadelphia perceives not (or perceiving dislikes not) those odoriferous gales that issue from the narrow alleys and sinks of the city; whereas a man from the country, who is conversant enough with abominations of a different kind, will give manifest indications of loathing and abhorrence. So it is with moral turpitude: the slavery that has become familiar to a man's eyes makes no impression on his mind; but that which assumes a different form, or discovers itself in a different manner, calls forth his sympathetic condolence. Vices or follies to which he has been accustomed give him not the slightest uneasiness; but those of a more uncommon nature, or those which are the consequences of manners and customs different from his own, awaken his pity and contempt.

We have often heard a Pennsylvania farmer execrating the conduct of a southern planter, in holding the unfortunate Africans in a state of slavery; yet this man never once reflected that he, himself, was guilty of the same injustice which he reprobated so severely in another. The Virginia planter exercises authority over his fellow men; so does the Pennsylvania farmer. There is no difference but this: one possesses more power than the other.

The Virginian possesses five hundred slaves: he acquired them by inheritance, or purchased them with his money. He claims their perpetual services; and the laws of his country sanction his claim. By his powerful ex-

ertions, or by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, he has acquired an absolute ascendancy over these men: consequently they are absolutely his slaves.

The Pennsylvanian is in possession of a landed estate, worth one hundred thousand dollars. His fields are cultivated by fifty or sixty ragged, miserable laborers; to whom he gives twelve dollars a month one year, because they cannot be procured at a cheaper rate. Another year, laborers are numerous: they range over the country in every direction begging for employment. He now hires them for ten, eight, seven, six, five, four, dollars a month, and even sometimes allows them nothing (to make use of a favorite expression of his own) but *their victuals for their work*. Observe well, that he exercises every power, which his own exertions, or a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, have given him over his fellow men.

What injustice is discoverable in the conduct of the southern planter, which is not also found in the practices of the northern farmer? They are both *tyrants* to the utmost of their abilities. They both hold their fellow creatures in *slavery* as unbounded as their powers. Nor is the condition of the white slave in the northern states much preferable to that of the black slave in the southern parts of the union. The laws and the progress of civilization have made the indigent laborer a slave to every man in possession of riches. He may change his master; but he is condemned to perpetual servitude; and his reward is the reward of every other slave—*subsistence*. The situation of the white slave is often more unfortunate than that of the black: he is probably harassed by domestic cares, and compelled to be a helpless witness of the distresses of his family; or he changes his employer so often, with the vain hope of meliorating his condition, that he becomes sick, infirm, or old, without having had it in his power to secure the friendship or protection of any of his masters. What then is the consequence? The wretched outcast, after a life of slavery, is neglected by those who have enjoyed the fruit of his

labor: he may perish in the streets, expire on the highway, or linger out a miserable existence in some infirmary or poorhouse, till death shall relieve him of his pain, and the world of a burden. And the pitiful assistance, which is granted, by the rich, to their sick, decrepid, or superannuated slave, is given as a *charity*, accompanied with reproaches and expressions of contempt; and the dying pauper must receive it with all becoming humility. He is upbraided with his vices, reproached with his follies, and unfeelingly insulted by every purseproud fool who may manage the concerns, or have the superintendence, of the poor. The black slave is compelled to labor; but he is destitute of care. He is not at liberty to change one service for another; but he may, by long and faithful adherence to his duty, secure the affections of his master, and, by assiduous attentions, conciliate his superiors.—When he grows old or infirm, he is sure of being maintained, without having recourse to the tender mercies of a justice of the peace, overseer of the poor, or superintendent of a workhouse.

Is it not a little strange that the opulent man when he contributes his quota to the necessities of a wretch who has been in every sense of the word, a slave to the community of the rich, considers himself as bestowing a *charity*; whereas the slaveholder supposes himself bound *in justice* to support the blacks who are worn out in his service?—Is it not a little strange that we should hear men in the middle and northern states pour forth reproaches against their brethren to the southward for holding slaves, when they themselves are supported by the labor of slaves? “Thou hypocrite! first cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother’s eye.” [To be continued.]

VITIOUS HABITS.

BAD habits are with the utmost difficulty eradicated; perhaps, indeed, when they have taken deep root they become altogether unconquerable: because the continual indulgence of any leading propensity has a direct

tendency to weaken the powers of volition, or to enervate the governing powers of the mind. Doctor Johnson says, that those who have contracted bad habits must get rid of them as well as they can: but he seems, at the same time, to consider it as a thing extremely improbable, that the conquest should ever be completely effected.

Johnson, no doubt, spoke from experience: and if he, whose reasoning powers were so strong and who was so remarkable for forming *decided opinions* on every subject, found it almost impossible to relinquish practices which had become habitual, what must be the fate of inferior minds? must they resign themselves to despair, and give full way to pernicious indulgences? It is by no means our intention to inculcate the opinion, that reformation is impracticable: few cases of moral disease are so desperate as not to admit of a remedy: we would only caution those, who have never experienced the temptation, not to be too hasty in pronouncing the sentence of condemnation upon one who has fallen into a course of habitual error. Minds of the first order are perhaps the most prone to run into extremes: and it is most true, that the unrestrained indulgence even of virtuous inclinations, *in this civilized world*, has a direct tendency to lead the *amiable delinquent* into the paths of error and of vice. Cold phlegmatic beings—who never felt the inspirations of genius, the turbulence of passion, or the enthusiasm of virtue—who are unassailable by every motive that might lead them astray—who have pursued the path of prudent expediency because they were destitute of every species of vivid emotions—such beings are apt to condemn, with envious malignity, the aberrations of superior minds; but they ought to reflect that they are incapacitated by nature for being competent judges in these affairs. A man of genius says some writer, should have the privilege of being tried by his peers. So a man whose benevolence of character, whose warm and social feelings, and whose amiable eccentricities, have been the causes of his falling into vitious courses, when judgment is to be passed on his conduct, is entitled to a jury

equally as benevolent, humane and virtuous as himself.

When, by a long course of self-indulgence, we have lost that strength of mind which is necessary to enable us to persevere in any particular line of self-denial, the only remedy that remains is to dislodge one evil by the introduction of another; and as we are generally under the influence of some *leading* propensity every change that is effected in our habits must be productive of advantage. The mind becomes unsettled; it is diverted from its vicious career; and there opens a possibility of giving it a different direction. When this is the case, nothing is so advisable as **ACTIVE EMPLOYMENT**: this is the shield which will defend us from the arrows of temptation; it presents some object which appears worthy of our exertions; and insensibly restores a portion of that energy of soul, which appeared to be irretrievably lost. A man who has no employment may find it utterly impossible to divest himself of vicious habits; but surely he may resolutely determine to engage in active pursuits; and then he will find it more easy to curb those morbid inclinations, which have been nurtured by inaction of body and vacancy of mind. The great excellence of active employment consists in this: it diverts our attention from the allurements of evil; and turns us aside from a conflict in which we are sure to be vanquished.

Let us give an example: An immoderate indulgence in the use of inebriating liquors is productive of consequences the most deplorable and distressing: men of the most shining abilities and virtuous dispositions fall, every day, sorrowful victims to the seductive power of this deleterious vice: yet it is observable that indolence always precedes and accompanies this pernicious indulgence. A man may resolve a thousand times to refrain from the intoxicating draught; but all in vain as long as he continues in a state of inaction. But should he begin to exercise the faculties of his mind or labor with his hands, this bodily or mental exertion will give energy to his resolution; and he will stand a chance to succeed in his projects of reformation.

To conclude: there are a multitude of destructive habits; but the habit of idleness is the most pernicious of any. It relaxes the body and the mind; it engenders and fosters every species of vice, and makes existence a burthen too heavy to be borne. Happy is the man, who never experienced that lassitude, that listlessness, that torpidity, that incapability of every species of mental exertion which—we now feel! We must lay aside our pen, and take our tobacco tube to “puff away care.” Five minutes ago, we resolved never to smoke any more. So much for habits.

COMPLAINT.

WHEN we find any thing that appears to stand *alone* in nature, without bearing any relation to any other thing in existence, we are much more surprised than we are by tracing those wonderful aptitudes and relations that exist among the multitude of objects which we denominate the universe. Judicious philosophers have drawn their most powerful arguments for the existence of a great intelligent first cause from this consideration. The sun sends not in vain his rays through the immensity of space: they encounter other substances, and are reflected from them, and convey, through the medium of the eye, to the sentient principle of the human mind, the images of the objects they have visited. Thus, however remote may be the situation of things, they are bound together by certain relations, which show the care and power of some mighty intelligence.

The eye bears a relation to visible objects; our ears have formed a connexion with things which are not perceptible by the eye; our feeling enables us to understand those properties of bodies which are neither discoverable by the eye nor the ear; and by the smell, we are assured of the existence, and made acquainted with the nature of those minute parts of bodies that fly off in every direction. Indeed the senses of man are so exactly calculated to give information concerning the objects by which he is surrounded, that it is fully evident that na-

ture had produced and furnished the place of his residence, before she gave existence to man and the other animated inhabitants of the universe. Also the faculties which she has given to every different species of animals are exactly such as are rendered necessary by the mode, or place, of their existence: some inhabit the waters; some dwell on the earth; while others wing their way through the regions of the air: the construction of their bodies and their powers of perception being universally suited to the necessities of their several situations. And we have been so long accustomed to the observation of these existing relations not only between animals and substances inanimate, but also between one animal and another, and between one lifeless substance and another equally lifeless with itself, that we are filled with astonishment when we think we discover any departure from these established regulations in the operations of nature. Should we see a shark grazing in the fields, or the tiger chasing the fish through the bosom of the deep; should we find a carnivorous animal with the teeth and feet of an ox, or a graminivorous beast with the claws and teeth of a panther; should a granivorous bird have the talons and beak of an eagle, or a bird of prey have the broad bill and webbed feet of a goose or a mallard; how great would be our amazement? If there were no sounds, what would be the use of the ear? or, to speak more philosophically, if the collision or movement of bodies occasioned no agitation in the air, or any other fluid, is it reasonable to suppose that nature would have given us an apparatus for hearing? If there were no odors, would she have placed the nose, that mighty promontory, in the most conspicuous part of the countenance? Yet, we think we have discovered something as wonderful as a nose without odors, an ear without sounds, an eye without light, or any of the rest of those wonderful things, we have mentioned. We have observed in man a propensity to complain, but no disposition to listen to complaints. Why did nature, when she gave him that ardent desire of awakening sympathy, render the means he employs,

for that purpose, totally nugatory by denying him a disposition to listen to complaints of distress? Are we to suppose that man, in the morning of time, being more virtuous than the man now existing, had the same inclination to listen to the complaints of others as to give utterance to his own; but that, in progress of time, when personal interests became paramount to every moral disposition, he ceased to be affected by the misfortunes of others, although, to promote his private purposes, he still continued to claim their attention to his own tragical details? How this may be, we cannot tell: but we are satisfied that the disposition of the human mind, under affliction, to bewail its fate, and to endeavor to awaken sympathy is still found to exist, although it certainly answers not the purpose for which it appears to have been originally designed. Men still continue to relate their sorrows, wants, and desires, to every one that has complaisance enough to pretend to listen to their mournful effusions; but they ought to know that this is not the way to find consolation in their sorrows, or to effect any other purpose they may have in view. The only way to arrive at the completion of their desires is to conceal carefully the existence of their wants: men, with true servility, will fly to gratify all the desires of those who, they suppose, stand in no need of their assistance.

This proneness to complain, however natural, is only excusable in a youth or in a fool: a man of good sense, who has completed his sixth lustrum, yet still is inclined to whine when any little misfortune assails him, deserves the contempt he will experience. The character of Cicero is lessened by the complaints he suffered to escape him: and who can read the *sad things* that were written by the banished Ovid, without despising the man whose misfortunes *debased*, whereas they should have *exalted* his mind. Men, who have experienced evils which are really of a trivial nature, should be in haste to forget them. These things may appear important to themselves; but why should they suppose them sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of others! But if

the misfortunes be irremediable, the only thing that then remains is to suffer with dignity.

Such were the observation we once made to Elmore, when he seemed disposed to complain of the severity of his lot.

"These are the reasonings of a mind of ease," said Elmore; "did I occupy a conspicuous station, I could suffer with dignity; but when I patiently submit to grievous and almost intolerable evils, who will look on and applaud my persevering fortitude? Socrates might suffer persecution, imprisonment, death: he was sure of an immortal reward. A monument to his name will be found in the breast of every good man till time shall be no more. But what hope can support an obscure individual under the pressure of calamities?" And what will he gain, we replied, by useless repinings? If he have a high opinion of his own intellectual importance, why should he not endeavor to preserve his *own esteem*? That is a matter of no small consequence. He cannot even esteem himself so highly, after having given way to unmanly complaints, as he would have done had he supported his misfortunes with stoical coolness and resolution. If he have any regard for the sanctity of his feelings, why should he be solicitous to expose his sorrows to *vulgar minds* who are alike incapable of justly appreciating his confidence, and of judging of the acuteness of his sensations? But if he must complain, "verily he shall have his reward:" "*Poor Elmore!*" the easy fat foolish world will observe, "*Poor Elmore!* he had some good qualities, *but*"——for the contemptuous "*but*" is sure to succeed every expression of——"*Damn the world!*" cried Elmore, in a transport of fury, "I want not its pity nor condolence. If I complain, it is owing to the weakness of human nature, and not with the hopes of exciting commiseration. The wretch who dies alone in a dungeon, or in the wilderness a thousand miles from the haunts of men, where there is no eye to pity nor hand to succor, may utter groans of anguish, but he cannot look for pity from the trees of the forest,

or from beasts of prey." Elmore departed: we had touched his pride; but he was not cured of his error.

Elmore was scarcely gone before we received a visit from Tom Rattle. Tom may truly be called an odd king of an animal; for we are inclined to believe that nature never formed but one of the kind. He came in singing: and having danced several times round us and put every thing out of order he suddenly stopped, and staring directly in our face, exclaimed, "Well, here I am, thank God, safe and sound, after all my hairbreath 'scapes and marvellous adventures! Do you remember the labors of Hercules? I have forgot them all but one—no matter—He went down to hell, (whether by the way of Avernus or not, I cannot tell) for the threeheaded dog Cerberus. The snarling cur saw him approach, raised his three heads, and barked tremendously: all hell resounded with his yelping. Hercules raised his club. The dog retreated, and took refuge under the iron throne of Pluto. Hercules approached—Cerberus snarled—Pluto raised his rusty *bident*. Let the dog alone, said Pluto. You be damned, said Hercules; and reaching out his hand, he dragged the howling monster forth, and bore him in triumph to the earth. Was that heroic? I have done something greater than that! Samson slew a thousand men; I have done something greater than that. It was not I that shot Python, slew the Hydra, or killed the boar of Calydonia; but I have done greater things than these! It was not I that slew the Minotaur, cut off Medusa's head or cleaned the stables of Augeas; but I have done greater things than these! It was not I that robbed the Hesperian gardens, brought away the golden fleece, or heaped Pelion on Olympus, and Ossa on Pelion; no: but I have done greater things than these! Yet I much fear" continued he, assuming a sorrowful countenance, "that I shall not be deified neither before nor after my death. I shall never become a new star in the tail of Aries; nor shall Cancer draw in his claws for me. No new planet will be christened Tom Rattle; nor shall I drink nectar, with a *purple mouth*, among the gods above.

This morning I was the happiest of mortals; and promised myself a whole day of felicity. I was all life and hilarity; nor did I feel one gloomy presentiment of approaching evil. But now, my spirits have fled, and my joys have vanished forever!

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my laughter!
Such was the fate of Tom; first he put forth
The tender leaves of hope; and soon he blossom'd
And bore his smiles and graces thick about him;
But, ah! there came a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thought, good easy soul, full surely,
His pleasures were eternal,—nipped his root,
And then he fell—

But my soul shudders at the depth of my misfortunes! These security of my mind on the very brink of destruction is truly astonishing: no flitting bird, no gloomy cloud, no muttering thunders excited any apprehension of the calamity that was about to overwhelm me! I walked, I sang; in the gait of my heart, I danced through the streets; when, whom should I meet but—my aunt Sarah Poorly! Had I encountered a giant or a lion—had I met the dog of hell, or the triform Chimera, my valor might have been serviceable; but here—what was to be done?

—As one who sees a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer's ray,
Disordered stops, to shun the danger near,—
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear—

So did poor Tom!

But all in vain: at once my highblown pride
Broke under me; and all my pleasures left me,
Sullen and sad and angry, to the mercy
Of a long tongue, that must forever haunt me.
Vain idle praters of this world, I hate ye,
With everlasting hatred! O how wretched
Is that poor man, who sits and gapes, and listens
To never ending stories!"

Tom had proceeded thus far before we gave him any interruption; but as we saw no prospect of his bringing his story to a conclusion, we laid aside our papers, and desired him to sit down and let us hear the "story of his woes," adding, that we would endeavor to sympathize with him under his afflictions. "Alas!" said Tom, "I am afraid you can afford me but little consolation; but I shall at least enjoy the mournful pleasure of pouring my sorrows into the bosom of a friend.

It is pleasant to look back on troubles that are past; but we contemplate the difficulties, with which we are surrounded, with the utmost impatience. I have already performed wonders, as I told you; but I am yet involved in the greatest misfortunes: hence, these tears. I sat three hours, three long hours, 'like Patience on a monument smiling at grief,' and listened to the complaints of aunt Sarah Poorly. I knew that when evils are unavoidable, there nothing remains for a philosopher, like me, but patient endurance; I therefore summoned my fortitude, heroism, and stoicism, to my assistance, and determined to suffer, without a murmur, all the rigors of my destiny. I have escaped for once, as you see; but new trials await me. My aunt Sarah Poorly is rich, and she is old. She has been so kind as to flatter me with the hopes of succeeding to her estate, when she shall leave the vanities of this transitory world to partake of the joys of the next. But, though she speaks with rapture of the pleasures that await her when time shall be no more, still she seems inclined to linger in this 'vale of tears' as long as she possibly can. And as long as she favors the world with her presence, she must talk: and she must have an auditor. I have neglected her for some time past, and was really apprehensive that I had incurred her displeasure; but now she has laid her commands on me to see her often. What shall I do? If I offend her, I know the consequence; and as I am a poor devil, her fortune would be very convenient. If I humor her propensity for talking, alas, I shall never live to enjoy the good things she has promised me!

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped:

A foe, she'll starve—a friend, she'll talk me dead!

My brother Sam was her first favorite. He listened to her complaints for eighteen months; but could stand it no longer. He ran away, and went to sea. After he had enjoyed the pleasures of navigation for some time, he concluded to pay his court again to my aunt; but in vain: she was seriously offended, and would never be reconciled to him any more.

Your humble servant has, of late, found grace in her sight: and if I attend to her complaints, she is kind and generous beyond measure; but if I show the least impatience, or even yawn, while she expatiates on her sorrows, I am sure to awaken her displeasure.

Would she permit me to join in the conversation, I think that, in time, custom would render my situation tolerable; (for you know, Piomingo, that I am a little addicted to talking myself;) but the only thing she will permit is the occasional interjection of groans, assents, and expressions of surprise. Thus you see I am subjected to a double misfortune: I am denied the gratification of talking myself, and compelled to listen to the dull uninteresting complaints of a whining old woman. Sometimes, indeed, when she talks of an obstinate cough, or of an acute pain in the side, I feel myself roused by a momentary attention to the subject of her discourse. On such occasions, a faint hope (shall I acknowledge it?) a faint hope, that death will speedily remove her from this troublesome world to those delights that await her beyond the grave, makes me listen with something like pleasure to her dolorous effusions."

We had now permitted Tom to go on with his story for a considerable time; and we began to think that we were condemned to listen as long to his complaints, as he was compelled to attend to his aunt's; we therefore thought proper to make an attempt to partake of the discourse. We made several wise observations concerning the intermixture of good and evil in this transitory world; mentioned many maxims of the ancient philosophers and poets, which inculcate the necessity of submitting to fate; dwelt, for a considerable time, on some observations of Seneca, which we thought might be useful to a man in Rattle's situation; strongly recommended that philosophical panacea, *patience*, as an unfailing remedy for every disease; and concluded by desiring to be informed of the particulars of his late rencounter with his aunt.

Tom leaned back on his chair, and stretching out his arm, exclaimed in a theatrical tone,

"My friend, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of my fate:
My pleasures from their old foundations rent,
And every wo that Rattle underwent.

No sooner had my aunt espied me, than she exclaimed, "My dear cousin, I'm rejoiced to see you. I was just thinking of you. How can you absent yourself so long, when you know I delight in your company? I have been up to see poor Caty Cackle—her husband sick—five or six poor half starved children—nobody to do any thing—a distressed family, cousin. I did what I could; but there is so much distress in the world—Bless me! don't let us stand here. No: not that way—let us go by Third street. What a full market! Well, how they do push and elbow each other!—every one for himself. Did you observe that man, who just now passed us? I think I should know him. I begin to feel fatigued. We shall soon be home. Ah that wheelbarrow!—take care of the wheelbarrow, cousin!—there's no walking for wheelbarrows! That's Mr. Zany. Here before us. Well: I have seen his father wheel oysters—a strange world this! such ups and downs! Thank God, no relation of mine——Home at last—quite exhausted—no place like home. Besey, has Dr. Sanative been here? Cousin, take a chair—sit nigh the fire—the morning is cool. Cold weather is my aversion. How strangely I'm altered: a few years ago, no cold could affect me; but now, if I stir out, I'm sure to catch cold. All the clothing don't seem to keep me warm; but my feet get damp; and then I'm sure of a fresh attack on my breast—hem hem. I hope this walk will do me no injury; but I'm strangely altered of late—I begin to feel the infirmities of old age. A walk used always to revive me; but now—I can't tell how—I think it's rather a disadvantage. Would you believe it cousin? the other day I was taken with a kind of dizziness—a singing in my ears—a loss of sight—and if I had not leaned on something (I forget what it was) I should have fallen. Well: I hope these warnings will not be lost on me. Death is a friend to the afflicted; and I have had, God knows, my share of afflict

tion. I shall attend the summons with joy—I hope I'm prepared for the change. The doctor says my giddiness was owing to an empty stomach. Indeed I had eaten nothing that morning. I have a very poor appetite—sometimes I don't eat an ounce in twenty four hours. Cousin, I can't stand it long. Such a complication of diseases: rheumatism—pain in my side—hacking cough—flatulencies—dizziness—general debility—and then old age. I'm now in my sixty ninth year—no, I shall be sixty eight next christmas. How time slips away! it seems but yesterday that I was a child—what a romp I was!—my poor old mother used to call me a perfect hoiden. What a change has taken place in a few years! I think, somehow or other, I'm very unfortunate. There's old John Stout—he's almost eighty years of age; and walks without a cane. But we must submit to our lot—ay, the Lord teach us submission! Dr. Sanative says that my symptoms are not dangerous. He tells me they are owing to indigestion; and that the crudities—but I cannot remember now what he said they were owing to; however he made it perfectly plain at the time. He says that nourishing diet and gentle exercise will restore my health—the Lord's will be done! You cant think, cousin, how my sight has failed of late! In a few years, at this rate, I shall be quite blind. Lord bless me! it would be a great trial to lose my sight; but the doctor——” Here, as the gods would have it, there was a cry of fire in the street; and I started up and made my escape. She called after me, however, and said that she must see me every other day at the least. You are not to suppose, Piomingo, that I have related the one hundredth part of her discourse. No; I have only mentioned some of her observations: She talked three full hours—what an eternity! And during the whole course of the harangue, it is expected that I should sit perfectly still, keeping my eyes fixed continually on the speaker, without taking any other part in the conversation than barely giving the requisite assents and negations; and judiciously interposing such expressions of admiration as the following:

so! indeed! is it possible? strange! surprising! amazing! good God! who would have thought it? And these interjectory exclamations are not to be thrown in at random. No: very far from it; they are to be suited to the changes of the discourse and the emotions of the speaker. Should I at any time give a nod of assent instead of a sigh of regret, the mistake would be fatal. What shall I do, Piomingo? shall I live or die? shall I have recourse to the bowl or dagger? or shall I precipitate myself into the river? You would not surely have me, in the heyday of youth, to sit, 'with serious sadness,' and listen to the everlasting croakings of this sorrowbringing raven!"

Piomingo, *Levius fit patientia, quickquid corrigere esnefas.*

Tom Rattle. Curse your heathen lingo! let us have plain English; but I believe you recommend patience. O yes, it is very easy to give advice, and talk about patience! but if you were in my place I fancy——

Piomingo. Dear Tom, I give you example, as well as precept.

Tom Rattle. How so?

Piomingo. Have I not listened to your doleful complaints, as long as you did to your aunt's?

Tom Rattle. Good by.

Piomingo. Good by, Tom.

THE SAVAGE—NO. X.

SLAVERY.

SLAVERY, as established in the West Indies and the southern parts of the union, is only a kind of premature, or forced, civilization. Men who had a taste for the luxurious enjoyments of the old world were dissatisfied with the state of society in which they were placed: there was so much savage equality among the people, that they were unable to procure laborers. What was to be done? Must every man work for himself? "Horrible idea!" said an orator, on the foregoing question being asked in one of their legislative assemblies, "Horrible idea! Shall we who came from a civilized country, where the good work

of refinement had progressed so far that a man might be bought for four pence a day, be under the necessity of maintaining ourselves by our own individual exertion? Shall we who have tasted the sweets of power, have no one to whom we may give directions, and utter the mandates of authority? We cannot make servants of each other; for our settlement in this barbarous country has brought us to a state of equality. The land is fertile beyond conception, and repays, with abundant harvests, the careless labors of the most indolent cultivator.—Where men find it so easy to supply all their necessities, there is nothing will induce them to sweat in our fields, or become assiduous attendants in our houses. Could we deny them the privilege of cultivating the earth, and reduce them to a state of starvation, then, indeed, we might find them suitable instruments for the gratification of our refined propensities, and for the promotion of our sublimated enjoyments; but, under existing circumstances, this is wholly impracticable. Could we content ourselves with meat, drink, and clothing, and be satisfied to dwell in hovels merely calculated to repel the inclemencies of the weather, every man might supply his own wants; but we have been used to better things. We must have towering palaces, lordly equipages, and soft luxurious indulgences. Now, as these things cannot be enjoyed without the subjection and distress of a vast majority of the inhabitants of any country, it therefore follows that we must reduce to poverty and wretchedness a multitude of our fellow creatures, that we, a little flock, may be affluent and idle. It appears somewhat unjust, we must acknowledge, that the happiness of the many should be sacrificed, in order that the few may partake of the feverish enjoyments of luxury and power. But why should we moralize on the subject? We must have luxury and magnificence; and as luxury and magnificence cannot be procured or supported without misery and want, we must have misery and want. Could we content ourselves to wait the slow progress of civilization, the necessary quantum of wretchedness would undoubt-

edly be produced. Property will accumulate in the hands of certain fortunate individuals; others will become poor. The rich will grow proud, luxurious, overbearing; and the poor will become obsequious, degraded, vitious, miserable. There will be nothing but arrogance and dissimulation, oppression and distress, the tyrant and the slave. The seeds of civilization, which we brought from our native shores, have already taken root: and the golden fruit of slavery will inevitably be produced. But many centuries must elapse ere it ripen: and life, alas, is short. We must be numbered with the dead long before a sufficiency of poverty will exist to answer our purposes. Can we make use of no artificial heats that will hasten the growth of civilization! Let us introduce domestic and hereditary slavery: although we live in a barbarous country, we may enjoy all those advantages that flow from the wisdom and experience of ages. This will be compendious civilization." Thus spoke the counsellor. The multitude applauded; and made haste to follow his advice.

Now, although we will not undertake to say that the first settlers in the West Indies, or any where else, made use of such reasonings as the foregoing; yet we have no hesitation in declaring that the true cause of the introduction of this species of slavery was the difficulty experienced in procuring those services which are easily obtained in civilized communities. Domestic slavery never originates but among a barbarous people—but among a people where considerable equality prevails; but among a people who are neither poor nor rich, and where the disparity of ranks, which is fostered by the arts of refinement and civilization, is unknown. A savage people eager to grasp at the luxuries of life have no other way to gratify their desires, but by the introduction of domestic slavery. Refined and polished nations never have recourse to this expedient: eight tenths of the population being already in a state of downright slavery. Why has not African slavery been introduced into England and other parts of Europe, as well as into the West Indies

and the United States? This forbearance, certainly, could not be owing to any religious or moral motive.— To enslave, oppress and destroy a man in one place is as great a crime as to oppress, enslave and destroy him in another. The labors of the sugar plantations in the islands, and of the gold and silver mines on the continent of America are carried on by African slaves; why then do they not also cultivate the fields of England, France and Spain? For this plain reason: a white slave can be hired for less than would maintain a black one. Hence it is plain, that there is no motive, no temptation, to induce the rulers of a polished nation to permit the introduction of domestic or personal slaves; and therefore they are entitled to no praise on that account. We have often been amused with the boasting rant of English poets and orators, on this subject. They declaim with vehement passion concerning the miseries and distresses to which the Africans are subjected in the West India plantations; and at the same time eulogize the English constitution, which gives freedom to every slave who may touch the British shores. Now this is airy nonsense: the price of labor is so low in Great Britain, that a slave, which you would be compelled to maintain in summer and winter, in sickness and health, in youth and old age, and supply with all the necessaries of life, would be an expensive incumbrance. No, no, the English are much given to encourage domestic manufactures; and the slaves manufactured in the united kingdom are fully sufficient to answer every demand for domestic consumption, and furnish a few, as usual, for exportation.

From what has been said, it appears perfectly plain that this species of slavery, which for distinction's sake we have denominated domestic slavery, cannot be introduced into a civilized community, because the market is already overstocked with this same commodity; and when the market is glutted with any article of trade, the merchant will be a loser who transmits a fresh supply. Although a slave may be valuable among the present semisavage inhabitants of the United States,

yet, if we look forward, through five or six centuries, to a time, when all the western lands, now unoccupied, shall teem with population. When the venerable forests shall be forgotten, and cultured fields and smiling villages be seen in every direction; when fifty Londons shall be found on the seaboard, and a thousand Birminghams in the interior; when laborers may be hired for six cents a day—then who will be willing to give a thousand dollars for an African slave? The country will be then so thoroughly civilized, and white slaves will be so numerous, that we shall hear no more of fresh importations from Africa. Hence it follows that, when the necessary quantum of slavery shall be produced by the progress of refinement and civilization, the Africans will gain their manumission: that is, they will cease to be slaves to individuals, and become slaves to the community of the opulent. And, after a minute and careful investigation of the subject, we give it as our candid and deliberate opinion, that they will lose by the change.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A MAN of about fifty years of age came, the other day, into our study. He addressed us in a pompous formal manner, and desired to know if we had a family. We thought it a little singular that a stranger should take the liberty to inquire into our private concerns; therefore we made no direct answer to his authoritative demand, but desired to know in our turn, if he were taking the census. "No, sir," said he, "I am a schoolmaster; and as you have lately settled in our neighborhood, I did not know but you might have some children to whom you might wish to give a christian education. You are, yourself, they tell me, a savage; and it is likely you will not be disposed to give up the gods of your fathers, in your old age; but could form no objection I should think, to the plan of having your children instructed in the benign principles of the gospel. However, if you are *conscientious* in these things, I will not undertake to in-

terpose with my advice. I am a christian; you are a heathen: and each has a right to enjoy his respective opinions: but we may do each other a good turn notwithstanding. Send your sons to my *select academy for young gentlemen*; and I promise, upon my honor, that you will have no reason to repent that you have placed them under my care. Furnish them with a *savage catechism* containing the principles of the Muscogulgee religion; and I shall use the same exertions to have them carefully instructed in the doctrines of your savage forefathers, that I do to have my other pupils imbued with the principles of christianity."

Piomingo. You are very accomodating, indeed, my friend; but will you not find it a little difficult to inculcate, at one moment, on certain of your scholars, the necessity of believing in the Indian doctrines as the dictates of eternal truth; and the next instant, to inform another set of your disciples, that what you had just before been dictating was a mere fiction, and totally unworthy of credit?

Schoolmaster. Not at all: I shuld consider myself, in that case, as a mere instrument which you had thought proper to employ for the purpose of infusing into the minds of your offspring those principles that best pleased you.

Piomingo. You form a very correct idea of the nature of your employment. Pray what do you teach?

Schoolmaster. At my *select academy*——

Piomingo. Pardon me my dear sir, for the present interruption—what do you mean by academy? Do you instruct your scholars in a place resembling that enclosure where Plato taught philosophy on the banks of the Ilyssus?

Schoolmaster. Plato!—I have not read Plato since I was a boy—O, now I remember, he was a celebrated schoolmaster: he taught an academy at Athens. Academy, sir, is the Latin for school. No genteel teacher now ever makes use of the word *school*. We have nothing but academies: dancing, drawing, riding, fencing, academies; and academies for the instruction of young ladies and gentleman in all the branches of polite and useful literature.

Piomingo. Thank you sir: you have satisfied me on that point. You were about to inform me what branches were taught in your *select academy* for the instruction of young gentlemen.

Schoolmaster. Yes sir: at my *select academy* for the instruction of young gentlemen are taught reading, chirography, arithmetic, bookkeeping, geography with the use the globes, maps and charts, mensuration of superficies and solids, longimetry, altimetry, gauging, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, surveying, navigation with solar, lunar and astral observations, English grammar, rhetoric, composition, logic, history, chronology, mythology, philology, natural philosophy, astronomy, and, in fine, every branch of polite, elegant and *useful* literature. Here is one of my cards.

Piomingo. You promise very fair: you may consider me as a standing subscriber to your school—your *select academy*, I mean. I think it my duty to encourage a man of your extraordinary endowments; but—

Schoolmaster. You may rest assured, my dear sir that every attention, within the limits of my power, shall be paid to the young Muscogulgee gentlemen, your sons, which you are about to entrust to my care. I promise you sincerely, Mr. Piomingo, that I never will abuse any confidence that is placed in me. I consider it as a sacred duty, which I owe to my patrons, to my country and to myself, that my pupils should be not only encouraged in the pursuit of elegant and *useful* learning; but that their manners should be formed in the most genteel style, and ther morals sedulously guarded from every species of contamination—Here is a copy of my rules—How many of the young gentlemen do you propose sending to my *select academy*?

Piomingo. I have not any to send.

Schoolmaster. Sir!

Piomingo. If you think proper to comply with a requisition I am about to make, I will consider myself as answerable to you for the price of tuition of two scholars as long as we continue neighbors. I wish to learn some

of the secrets of your profession: there are, you know, secrets belonging to every trade; and I would gladly inform myself of the nature of the system of education which is encouraged by the *illuminati* of this flourishing city. No disadvantage can arise from your placing this confidence in me: I give you my savage word, that I will never become your rival. Now, if you feel disposed to gratify my curiosity, you may consider me as one of the most zealous of your patrons.

Schoolmaster (after a pause.) Sir, you are right, when you suppose that we gentlemen of the abcedarian department of literature have little professional secrets. Such is the fact: but it is to be observed in our favor, that we were forced into this line of conduct by our employers themselves. When we dealt honestly and openly with them, we were in continual danger of starvation; but since we have had recourse to the arts of deception, we find teaching a very profitable business. When men are desirous of being deceived, and hold out a reward for those who become dextrous impostors, why should they not be gratified in so reasonable an expectation! I should be very sorry to be so candid with every one? but as I perceive that you have too much penetration to be deceived by a string of high sounding words, and that you already have a tolerable idea of the nature of those arts by which we *gull* the wise men of the earth, I shall not hesitate to give you every information you may require.

Piomingo. Will you be so good as to inform me why all the schools or academies in the city are denominated *select*?

Schoolmaster. By that, sir, we intimate to the public, that we teach only the children of the opulent; and in a country where nothing is found to confer respect or celebrity but the idea of wealth, it gives an air of gentility to our institutions, which we find highly useful: hundreds will send to Mr. Birch's select academy, who would have treated Thomas Birch and his school with the utmost contempt. Multitudes, who, by the mean grovelling arts now in use, have added cent to cent until they have amassed a considerable sum, are eager to shake off and forget the

vulgarity of their origin by giving their offspring what they call a genteel education. They are straining after that undefinable something called *ton*: and we find it to our advantage to encourage this propensity in our patrons.

Piomingo. What is *ton*?

Schoolmaster. The question is easily asked; but I shall find it difficult to give you a satisfactory answer. It is something of which we may form a confused idea; but which we find it impossible to describe. It is like the *urim* and *thummim* on the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest: volumes have been written to throw light on the subject; but it is still involved in darkness and mystery. Among the moderns it is always found to accompany opulence and splendor. It is a kind of *glory* which surrounds the head of the *golden calf*, which is set up as the object of universal adoration.

Piomingo. The enviable few, who have acquired the high polish you speak of, may be known, I suppose, by their ease of deportment, conciliating address, and suavity of manners.

Schoolmaster. Permit me to set you right there, sir: among us, arrogance, pride, and brutality of manners are reckoned *eminently genteel*. The graces and courtesies, to which you allude, are absolutely unknown among the *gay world* of a commercial city.

Piomingo. How is English grammar taught in the select academies of Philadelphia?

Schoolmaster. Why sir, it became fashionable, a few years ago to *talk about* English grammar. We immediately took the hint: and since that time English grammar has been taught in all our select academies.

Piomingo. Do you understand what you profess to teach?

Schoolmaster. Understand?—not at all: it would be hard indeed, if we were obliged to learn every thing we profess to teach! Why sir, welay it down as a universal rule never to appear ignorant of any thing. You may observe that in my advertisements, I do not profess to teach the Greek and Latin languages: you are not to suppose that I therefore acknowledge myself to be ig-

norant of those languages. By no means. Should any one express an inclination to have his son instructed in Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, I immediately reply, "My dear sir, I should be very happy to have a class of young gentlemen, to whom I might give instruction in those languages; but they have become quite unfashionable of late. Gentlemen of the first respectability in the city, whose sons are of course designed for the mercantile profession, inform me that they find a knowledge of the dead languages altogether *useless*. They are therefore determined that their sons shall not be impeded in the acquisition of *useful* information by filling their heads with such antiquated rubbish." Now, as the business of a merchant is the object of universal ambition with this *moneyloving* people, I always find this answer perfectly satisfactory and decisive. But I believe you spoke of English grammar in particular.

Piomingo. Yes, sir.

Schoolmaster. As to grammar, I have taught it in my select academy, these seven or eight years; but if there be any sense in it, I must acknowledge that I have never found it out. I however teach my pupils to repeat a long story about nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, &c. and this answers every purpose. None of my employers are able to detect the imposition. The young gentlemen can tell how many parts of speech there are; talk of nouns common and proper, of transitive and intransitive verbs: but upon my honor, sir, they have no more idea of the meaning of what they repeat, than I have of the language of the antediluvians. And then it is diverting to observe how the fond parents are gratified by this display of the grammatical knowledge of their promising offspring; and how the fame of the teacher is extended by the philological intelligence of his accomplished scholars!

Piomingo. Am I to suppose that you are equally ignorant of all the other branches taught in your select academy?

Schoolmaster. No: I can read tolerably well; but it must be granted, at the same time, that I am very apt to make risible blunders in pronunciation. However, where

one reads better, five hundred read worse, than I do. I never seem at a loss: and if any intelligent person should, by accident, be present and attempt to correct any of my errors, I laugh at his presumption; and, as there is always a majority of fools in every mixed company, I generally come off triumphant. I write a good hand; but do not spell very correctly. I understand as much arithmetic as is usually taught in schools: and this is the extent of my scientific acquirements. It must be remarked also, that in the course of a long life I have acquired a smattering in various departments of literature, which enables me to put on the appearance of wisdom, and to declaim with the utmost pomposity and assurance. I can talk fluently of fifty different authors, one of which I have never read, and give my opinion of their merits respectively. I know that Homer is the father of poetry; that he gives an account of the heathen gods, and the destruction of Troy; that he wrote in Greek; that he was blind; and that seven cities were, each, emulous of being considered as the place of his birth. I know that the *Iliad* is more animated than the *Odyssey*; that Achilles was fierce, and Ulysses crafty; that the siege of Troy was continued for ten years; and that the wooden horse proved, at last, the means of its destruction.

Should any one desire to hear my opinion of the respective merits of Homer and Virgil, I give, without hesitation, a decided opinion in favor of the former. I assert, with the greatest promptitude, that as to *genius*—(here, to display my erudition, I interpose a Latin proverb, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*; for you must know that I have picked up four or five scraps of this kind, which I introduce occasionally to the great edification of my hearers,) that as to *genius*, which is the grand characteristic of a poet, Homer is infinitely superior. Virgil, indeed, I add, is more elaborate and correct: but he is indebted for almost every thing to his great predecessor.

Piomingo. But you certainly do not presume to run a parallel between these poets without having read the originals.

Schoolmaster. I assure you sir, that I do. Without having read the originals! I have not even read the English translations; and I cannot pronounce, correctly, one in ten of the proper names that must necessarily occur in those translations.

Piomingo. Are you not afraid, at times, of exposing your ignorance?

Schoolmaster. Expose my ignorance! To whom? to people more ignorant than myself? My knowledge, which in reality is not extensive, when compared with that of others, rises into importance: and what is still better, my character, as a *man of substance* and a profound scholar, is firmly established. Do you suppose, Piomingo, that any intelligent animal, who wears a worse coat than I do, would dare to dispute any of my authoritative sayings? I should laugh in his face if he did; and my laugh would be echoed by every ignorant pretender to knowledge. No: nothing can injure my literary reputation but the appearance of poverty; and you may believe me, Piomingo, I endeavor to keep that at as great a distance as possible.

Piomingo. Although you are continually acknowledging your ignorance, I must confess that I find your conversation very instructive. You criticise likewise the productions of the moderns?

Schoolmaster. Certainly: I can talk fluently of the *sublimity* of Milton, the *majestic march* of Dryden, the *melifluous versification* of Pope, the *humor* of Swift, the *conceits* of Cowley, the *descriptive powers* of Thompson, the *grand obscurity* of Gray, and the *sweet simplicity* of Goldsmith.

Piomingo. These are authors you have read.

Schoolmaster. I have read the title pages of some of them, and sometimes perused *elegant extracts*, prominent *beauties*, and entertaining *selections*, brought into view by the *disinterested* care and *refined* taste of *ingenious* and *learned* booksellers. It is by no means necessary that a man should read a poem in order to be able to pronounce sentence on its merits: nothing more is necessary than to fall in with the prevailing opinion, and utter every sentence with the appearance of profound wisdom.

There is Milton's *Paradise Lost*, for example; I have never read a dozen lines of it, but what I met with in *Scott's Lessons* and *Burgh's Art of Speaking*; yet no man can talk with more fluency of the *grandeur of ideas* and *daring imagination* of the immortal bard, than I can. In fine, I have discovered an indubitable truth: that knowledge is acquired with difficulty; but, that the appearance of knowledge, which is quite as good, is easily attained.

Piomingo. You give your opinion likewise of writers in prose.

Schoolmaster. Readily: I know that the style of Addison is *natural* and *idiomatic*; and that of Johnson, *lofty* and *majestic*—*Ex pede Herculem*: that is another of my Latin phrases. I have got *festina lente* and three or four besides.

Piomingo. Have you ever read the works of Addison or Johnson?

Schoolmaster. Never.

Piomingo. Have you any knowledge of dramatic criticism?

Schoolmaster. I attend the theatre; I have learned the common playhouse *slang*; and sing hosannas to the great bard of nature. I talk of ancient wit, modern sentiment, and the pernicious effects of the German drama!

Piomingo. Your discourse has been so interesting that I found it impossible to interrupt you, though I think we have rather wandered from our subject: I believe you intimated a while ago that when you commenced teacher, you pursued a different plan from that by which your conduct is at present regulated.

Schoolmaster. I did: I was, even at that time, able to form a tolerably correct idea of the extent of my own acquirements; and I endeavored, with the utmost assiduity, to communicate to my pupils the knowledge of which I was possessed. The industrious and attentive, I encouraged and rewarded; the indolent and vitious I reprimanded and corrected. This plan I followed for some time; but, ere I was aware, my school dwindled to nothing. Every man conceives that his own son is not only a genius of the most exalted order, but also a paragon

of virtue: now, as I had dared to form a different opinion, it was thought altogether proper that these *promising* sons of *enlightened* fathers should be moved from their present situation, and placed under the care of some celebrated preceptor who would be able to form a correct estimate of the brilliancy of their talents.

Every mother considers her son a hero in miniature, rash daring ambitious; too noble to be controlled by a cold formal pedagogue, and too *highspirited* to submit to any species of chastisement. She is always heard to observe that her "children may be led but cannot be driven: they have a spirit above it." Now, as I conceived this *high spirit* to be nothing else than childish obstinacy engendered by the weak indulgence of silly mothers, I resolved that it should be humbled, and when any of my highminded pupils were not disposed to be *led*, I immediately had recourse to my *compulsory* process. It is very possible that I was walking in the path of duty; but I found myself diverging so widely from the line of self interest, that I became rather uneasy. Whatever might be the motives of my conduct, the consequence was palpable enough: my school was deserted. I saw my error, and wisely determined to correct it.

I removed to a central part of the city, and instantly opened a select academy for the instruction of young gentlemen. My first care was to puff myself in the newspapers in the following manner:

Mr. Birch has the honor to inform an *enlightened* and *generous* public, that he has determined to devote his time to the tuition of a *select* and *limited* number of young gentlemen.

"Mr. B. is possessed of all those advantages that flow from a *polite* and *liberal* education; and he flatters himself that he is fully competent to the task of conveying instruction in the most fashionable and agreeable manner.

Mr. B. feels a just abhorrence for the old, rigid and compulsory system of education, which has a direct tendency to terrify the tender mind and give it a distaste for every kind of instruction; and he has the utmost plea-

sure in having the honor to announce to the *judicious* and *intelligent* part of the community that, by studious attention, he has devised a plan whereby the otherwise irksome business of education will be rendered agreeable and entertaining." But why should I repeat the whole? I went on in the usual puffing style, and made the necessary promises of forming the manners and watching over the morals of my pupils. Every thing succeeded agreeably to my wishes. All the world were eager to have their sons instructed at Mr. Birch's new and fashionable academy, where learning was made so amusing, and the affairs were transacted in a style so genteel and so splendid. I resolved to give myself no uneasiness about the progress of my scholars in the paths of literature, but to devote my undivided attention to the business of *amusing* my young gentlemen, and *flattering the vanity* of their parents. The boys were employed in spouting, writing verses, drawing pictures, and receiving diplomas and certificates: which they carried home and exhibited as testimonials of their proficiency in scientific pursuits. I instituted quarterly examinations; cards of invitation were sent to my patrons to come and judge of the literary acquirements of their children confided to my care; specimens of writing, prepared for the occasion, were exhibited; the young gentlemen were examined in arithmetic, grammar, geography, chronology, mythology; and the entertainment concluded with a *spouting match*.

Piomingo. I cannot conceive how you managed the examination.

Schoolmaster. Nothing easier: by the assistance of a few books, which are easily procured, I had prepared my disciples to answer some general questions on each of these subjects; and these were the only questions I asked.

Piomingo. How did you conduct the *spouting match*?

Schoolmaster. Why, we delivered "Sempronius' speech for war," "Lucius' speech for peace," "the dialogue between Brutus and Cassius" and "Antony's oration over Cesar's dead body." We sacrificed "Hector and Andromache," mangled "a hymn to adversity," and murdered

an "ode on the passions." I must not forget to mention that one of my most *surprising geniuses* committed to memory an oration found in the works of a certain author and passed it on the *enlightened* assembly as his own composition; but there was nothing remarkable in that: this trick has often been practised before in the seminaries of Philadelphia. O how delightful it was to behold the mouthing, and stamping and sawing the air! the smiles and the grins, and the furious gesticulations! While the fond parents

Smil'd and look'd, smil'd and look'd,
And smil'd and look'd again—

each one imagining that he saw, in his favorite son, some future Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, or Fox.

In faith, 'twas strange 'twas passing strange!
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!

The young gentlemen received the unanimous applause of the polite assembly; the most extravagant encomiums were bestowed on the care and assiduity of the teacher; and the fame of his select academy was extended throughout the city.

But a great part of my success depends upon the manner in which I eulogize the children to their respective parents. And, although I firmly believe that some of them have discernment enough to perceive my motive for so doing, still, this flattery is so delightful to every parental ear, that they are universally carried away by the pleasing delusion. "Well, Mr. Birch," says Mrs. Bomby-sine, "what do you think of my Bobby?" "Think, ma'am, I protest I think him the most astonishing child in the world! He is a prodigy of genius! Upon my word, ma'am, he appears to know every thing intuitively. I was taken with his appearance at first sight. I was struck with something uncommon in his countenance, which seemed to prognosticate future greatness. And then he is so irresistibly interesting—I think he very much resembles you ma'am." "Do you think so, Mr. Birch? Why I do not know: he is said to be like Mr. Bomby-sine." "True ma'am, very true ma'am, in the outlines of

his countenance; but the genius of his mother beams in his eyes! You will please to permit me to express my opinion freely on this subject: in these matters I conceive that my judgment is to be depended upon. Your son will one day fill a distinguished place in the republic of letters." "What turn do you think he will have for public speaking, Mr. Birch?" "Upon my honor, ma'am, he has a wonderful talent for declamation. Did you observe, ma'am, with what a noble air he came forward! how fluent his delivery! how natural and easy his gestures! Yes, I can foretel with certainty that his elocution, in our great national council, will fill the world with astonishment." "I am pretty much of your opinion, Mr. Birch, as to Bobby's talents for elocution; and I have often puzzled my brain by endeavoring to determine which of the learned professions would best fall in with the bent of his genius. I would rather depend upon your judgment, in this interesting affair, than on that of any other man I know. Mr. Bomby sine seems inclined to make him a physician; but it seems to me, that, in that calling, his oratorical abilities would be totally lost to the community. We do not receive talents, Mr. Birch, to hide them in a napkin." "Madam, your ideas coincide exactly with mine. I am satisfied that he would make an eminent physician, should his studies be directed that way; but, as you very justly observe, that employment would not afford him an opportunity of displaying his rhetorical powers. The profession of the law opens more pleasing prospects: he would be an ornament to the bar, and confer dignity on the bench." "True: yet I always used to think that he discovered a military genius. When he was quite a child, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could keep him in the house on those days when the troops were parading in the streets: he would shoulder his father's cane and strut across the room with an air so consequential and imperious!—you would have split your sides with laughing had you seen him." "Your observations are perfectly correct, ma'am; he has indeed a martial air when he moves; and there is something so majestic

and commanding in his countenance—I have no doubt, ma'am, but that you will live to see him a general officer.” “Well, Mr. Birch, there is one thing certain: you have a wonderful talent for the instruction of youth. Every one speaks highly of your abilities. Do you find the employment agreeable?” “Were all my pupils such as your son, my business would not only be pleasing but honorable.”

These, Piomingo, these are the arts by which I render the vanity, folly, and imbecility of the world the means of my own advancement. Can you blame me?

Piomingo. Not I truly: I think you are perfectly right. When your scholars have completed their education, what have they learned?

Schoolmaster. To chatter about every thing, and understand nothing.

THE proposal of Crito has met with a favorable reception. We will receive with pleasure, and insert with readiness, his philological remarks. However unimportant they may appear to him, we have no doubt but they will prove instructive to some of our readers, and agreeable to all. We make this observation with more confidence because we know that few have a more intimate acquaintance with the nature of the English language, or have studied its analogies more successfully, than Crito.

THE SAVAGE—NO. XI.

PREJUDICE.

IRAD pursued his journey through the sandy deserts of Africa; oppressed with fatigue and overcome with thirst, his soul died within him. While in this situation, he beheld at a distance a grove of palm trees; he hastened to the place and found a well of delicious water. He drank and lay down to repose. But ere sleep had closed his eyes, he began to reflect on his present situation: “If I now proceed on my journey,” said Irad, “I shall reach the place of my abode before the close of the day; but if I loiter here, I shall be overtaken by night and devour-

ed by the beasts of the desert. I must not linger here: I must be gone.—But cool is the breeze that plays through the leaves of the palmtrees! A few moments' rest in this delightful shade will not prevent me from performing my journey." While he yet continued to prolong this indulgence, he fell asleep; nor did he awake till the going down of the sun. Terrified at approaching darkness and the dangers of the night, he mourned bitterly over the folly and infatuation which had governed his conduct. The horrors which surrounded him deprived his mind of that composure and deliberation, which were rendered doubly necessary by the circumstances in which he was placed. He became confused—he wandered from his way—the shades of evening closed in about him—it became dark—he was encountered by a lion in search of prey—alas! poor Irad!—

Had Irad known the consequences that would result from sleeping beneath the palmtrees, he would not have lain down: the cooling breeze and the refreshing shade would have lost their tempting sweetness. He would have hastened from the fountain as from the abode of death, and pursued his way with vigor and alacrity.

The case of Irad is not singular. Who is there that travels in the laborious paths of virtue, without ever turning aside into the flowery fields of vice, which lie on the right hand and on the left? Who is there that has constantly resisted the instigations of avarice, the whisperings of vanity, the suggestions of ambition, the impulses of passion, and the allurements of pleasure? Who is there that has looked upon the tree of vice, and seen that it "was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise," and has not taken the fruit, and eat thereof? Yet were we aware of the evils that must inevitably result from our wanderings; did we know that the voice of the sirens would conduct us to destruction; were we fully satisfied that the consequence of eating the "forbidden fruit" would be death! this knowledge would strip vice of all her meretricious charms—and weak hu-

man nature would be able to resist her allurements.

Proh superi! quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ
Noctis habent!—

From these premises it appears that we agree in opinion with those who suppose that the vices and follies of man arise from ignorance or intellectual darkness; and could we believe, with these philosophers, that this weak and erring man could be transformed into a god, then we should become a convert to that philosophy which teaches us to believe that the empire of virtue will be established by the diffusion of knowledge. But if man be by nature incapable of receiving that intelligence which is to guide him in the paths of rectitude; if all the light that he can receive serve only to discover to him that he is surrounded by impenetrable darkness; if it only give him a glimpse of proximate objects, and tend to render him discontented with his situation; why should we feed ourselves with the vain hope of making him virtuous and happy by giving him knowledge?

There is one being who, we are taught to believe, looks through universal nature, and understands all existing relations; who sees through a chain of causes and effects from eternity to eternity; and whose mind is the fountain of truth: this being must necessarily act right; but every inferior existence must be limited in knowledge, and consequently, liable to error. And what shall we say of man? He is placed so low, so *infinitely low*, in the scale of intelligence, that any light, which his nature is capable of receiving, rather has a tendency to mislead him, by encouraging him to reason, from the *very little that he knows*, concerning that universe of things which remains unknown. He looks up and he sees “men as trees walking;” and from this imperfect glimpse, he boldly forms a system for universal nature!

How can he be taught to foresee the consequences of his own actions? How can he be taught to know that his personal interest and the interest of every other being in existence are the same? How can he be taught to know that he cannot injure another without at the

same time injuring himself? When all his prejudices are eradicated, and when he is enlightened, as much as he is capable of being enlightened, will he not still conclude that his own interest may be promoted by acts of injustice? But man is so weak, his knowledge so imperfect, his life so short, that he must always be governed by prejudices: and it is a happy circumstance when these prejudices are of a salutary nature.

The philosopher, who would make a nation of virtuous men, must not expect to do it merely by communicating knowledge: he must regulate their conduct by taking advantage of their feelings and passions: he must implant salutary prejudices, and eradicate those which are pernicious: he must make them act uprightly, honorably, nobly, from the generous impulse of their minds, without any cold calculation, or metaphysical reasonings. Yes, we repeat it, he must establish a system of prejudice. What influenced Leonidas and his Spartan band to die in defence of their country? *It was prejudice*: a glorious, heroic, godlike prejudice, implanted in the mind of the nation by its immortal lawgiver. Could we be assured of the existence of such a prejudice at the present day, we would curse the philosophy that would destroy it.

We have no intention of entering into metaphysical disquisitions, but were led into these thoughts by some observations we lately heard made on the subject of prejudices.

It was asserted "that all the crimes, vices, and follies, of men were owing to ignorance; that knowledge was progressing slowly through the world, and would finally triumph over prejudice, vice, and misery; and that nothing had so great a tendency to destroy prejudices, and render men enlightened, civilized, and munificent, as commerce."

It appears to us, that truth and falsehood are so intimately blended in this statement, that they cannot be easily separated. We have no doubt that vice of every kind is owing to ignorance: no man willingly loses his way, and becomes a wanderer in the labyrinths of error: he must be misled by false appearances. But we contend

that the nature of men is such, that they cannot be kept in the paths of rectitude, or their conduct regulated, merely by enlightening their understandings. We are an enemy to those prejudices which render men bigoted ferocious, or cruel; yet we would tremble at the idea of sweeping from the face of the earth every species of opinions which may fall under the description of prejudices.

Before we proceed any farther, it might not be amiss to give some explanation of the term. Prejudices are opinions, sentiments, or judgments, which exist in the minds of men without being produced by any previous process of reasoning: they may be founded on truth or falsehood; they may be, in their effects, salutary or pernicious.

We agree that nothing has so great a tendency to destroy prejudices of all kinds as commerce. The intercourse it promotes among men of different nations, religions, manners, customs, and appearances, must contribute directly to annihilate all national peculiarities. Men will soon find that they all agree in *one thing only*; and this *one thing* will become the sole motive to action in the mind of every enlightened merchant. The accursed love of gain swallows up every thing else in the breast of the trader. Nor is it long confined to the mercantile class. It pervades the mass of the community, and exterminates every generous passion, salutary prejudice, pleasing illusion, and virtuous propensity.

Patriotism is a prejudice which is incompatible with the pursuits of a merchant. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." He becomes interested as much in the concerns of foreign nations as in those of his own country. He divests himself of every childish partiality in favor of the soil which gave him birth. The passions that animated the bosom of a Codrus, a Philopœmen, a Decius, a Cato, or a Brutus, are despised by him as the dreams of a disordered imagination.

Let it not be said that he becomes a citizen of the world: that his *amor patriæ* is converted into a love of mankind in general—universal philanthropy never flourishes where patriotism is destroyed. The whole world is

too mighty an object for his affections; and the more he knows of the world, the more reason he finds to condemn it: his knowledge of its perfidy and injustice awakens suspicion and hatred. He still loves; but the object of his affections is—*self only*. He hails national calamities as the greatest of blessings, if they contribute to the success of his trade: and he willingly plunges his country into war for the proceeds of a profitable voyage.

National religion, national laws, national manners, and purity of morals are quickly contaminated, and finally destroyed, by the prevalence of commerce. When a man has ceased to love his country, he gradually ceases to love its religion, its laws, its manners, and its morals. When he has ceased to give it the preference over every other country, he soon ceases to love and esteem its distinguishing particularities. He becomes acquainted with men of many nations, whose various religions, governments, and manners are as numerous as the continents, islands and territories, they inhabit. He sees them every where breaking through all restraints for the purpose of accumulating riches. His own country and its institutions having ceased to be objects of veneration, the salutary principles of his education are forgotten or despised. His morals are relaxed; and he adopts a pliant system of ethics which will not impede his progress in the acquisition of wealth. The love of gain flourishes in his soul, and like the fabled *Upas* sheds abroad the *dew of death* on every budding virtue. He freights his ship with shrieking Africans torn from the bosom of their country and their friends; he takes *convenient oaths* to evade the payment of duties; and he *tramples on the cross of Christ* for the sake of a lucrative trade! [To be continued.]

FROM CRITO.

IN consequence of your permission, Piomingo, I shall take the liberty occasionally to trouble you with some remarks on language; but you are not to expect any thing like connected dissertations or regular essays. I shall present you, when I find leisure, with casual

thoughts and desultory observations, on philological subjects: if you think them worthy of a place in your miscellany, it is well; if not I shall be satisfied.

Those who left the island of Great Britain, and settled in a wilderness, certainly forfeited none of their rights to the language of their forefathers. If they still had the liberty of speech, they must necessarily have retained the privilege of regulating that speech in the manner most agreeable to themselves. Their removal from an island intimately connected with surrounding nations, and their settlement on an immense continent far distant from the European world must inevitably occasion some slight differences to exist between the language spoken by the people of the United States and that spoken by the inhabitants of Great Britain. Many words familiar to our ancestors, in their native country, must have fallen into disuse when they settled here; because they were no longer conversant with the *things* to which these *words* were applied: and being placed in a new world, surrounded by an infinity of objects of which they had no previous knowledge, they were under the necessity either of inventing *new names* for these *new things*, or of applying to them terms which were already appropriated to other objects.

But these are not the only causes which tend to produce a difference: the intercourse that subsists between England and other nations, her foreign possessions, and extensive commerce, keep her language in a state of continual fluctuation, and subject it to changes to which the language of the citizens of the United States is not exposed. From this consideration it appears probable that in the course of a few centuries the English language will be found in much greater purity in America than in the island of Great Britain, taking those authors as a standard, who wrote during that period which has generally been accounted the Augustan age of England. Does it not therefore discover a kind of literary servility in us to receive without hesitation every word which may have been adopted on the other side of the Atlantic, while we use with reluctance any term which has originated

among ourselves? and, by the indiscriminate reception, we give to these foreign terms, do we not contribute more to the corruption of our speech, than we would do by the adoption of so many indigenous appellations?

But it is not only by the admission of lately adopted English words, but also by our readiness to receive English modes of pronunciation, that we hasten those corrupt changes which sooner or later take place in every language. In numerous instances is the pronunciation of the American people more correct and analogical than the fashionable pronunciation in England. We have preserved the original orthoepy which has been lost by the inhabitants of Great Britain. Must we therefore discard our own sounds, and adopt others less analogical, merely because they may be found in a pronouncing dictionary?

It must be acknowledged that several causes concur to prevent any thing like purity of language or uniformity of pronunciation in the United States: the continual influx of foreigners, (who pervade the interior of the country, and whose several dialects when melted into the speech of the original settlers form a curious and laughable amalgamation) has a tendency to unsettle the language of the uneducated inhabitants. I have sometimes supposed myself to be engaged in discourse with a native of the north of Ireland, when immediately after he made use of certain expressions, which led me to believe that he was a German: upon inquiry, I learned that he was a Pennsylvanian by birth. The emigrants from various counties of England, the Welsh, the Scotch, the Irish, the Germans, the French, when they take up their residence among us and become connected by marriages, and otherwise, with the original inhabitants, influence in a small degree the language of the country; but the effects of these connexions, as population increases, become less and less perceptible, and will before long cease to exist. But the greatest enemy to purity of language in the United States is the prevalence of, what literary men in England have termed, the *London dialect*: this flourishes in our cities, and even in many parts of

the interior. Since the English have taken up the idea of establishing a uniform system of pronunciation, they have added one pronouncing dictionary to another till they have involved the matter in obscurity and doubt, ten times more perplexing than ever it was before. And our ignorant *wordmongers* in the United States, having selected their respective favorites among the English orthoepists, and combined these transatlantic materials with their provincial peculiarities, framed their pronouncing spelling books; which they have sent forth to regulate the pronunciation of the American youth.

It is easy to point out evils; but to find suitable remedies is a matter of the greatest difficulty. I shall touch on this subject some other time; at present I must conclude when I have made one additional observation.

Great things have owed their existence to the talents and enterprise of private persons; but in a country like this where there are no national manners, national pride, or national character; where the sordid love of gain engrosses all the powers of the soul; where affectation of foreign manners, foreign literature, and foreign follies universally prevails;—in such a country the exertions of an individual will avail but little. Did Congress possess the will and the power to institute *public schools* throughout the whole extent of the United States, erect *colleges* in every state, and establish a *great federal university* at the city of Washington; would our legislators unite their talents to devise a *liberal, enlightened and grand system of national education*; then, not only would our literature flourish, but the political consequences would be of infinite importance. *Would it cost too much?* There was a Greek proverb, which signified that “nothing but the love of gold could conquer Sparta.”

ACADEMY OF WIT.

MR. WAGGISH has the honor to inform *the bucks and boys of sport* in the city of Philadelphia that he has opened an academy in *Monkey hall* for the instruction

of a *select* and *limited* number of young gentlemen in the *indispensable* and *polite* accomplishment of *wit*.

Mr. W. has long observed and deplored the scarcity of wit in this western hemisphere, and has at last been happy enough to hit upon an expedient to supply the deficiency.

That quickness of genius which displays itself in flashes of intellectual fire—brilliant repartees, ingenious allusions, uncommon distinctions, and odd assimilations, is the gift of nature: not one in a thousand can hope to possess it; but Mr. W. from his long residence in the capitals of England and France, and his extensive acquaintance with the *gay quizzical* and *waggish spirits* of Europe, has been enabled to arrange and bring to perfection a system of *mechanical wit*, which will be found to answer all the purposes of the genuine article. It provokes as much laughter, and excites more merriment and *fun*, than the wit of mother nature's own production.

Mr. W. has observed with pleasure the liberal spirit displayed by the citizens of Philadelphia in the encouragement they continue to show to *ingenious foreigners* of every description, who are busily employed in transplanting the *polite arts*, *delectable fashions*, *enchancing manners* and *enlightened morals* of civilized Europe to this new, but rapidly improving, world; and he hopes, by the most unwearied assiduity in the service of his employers, and unremitted exertions in the promotion of wit and hilarity to merit a share of the public patronage.

Mr. W. begs leave to inform the *lovers of fun* that nothing shall be neglected at his academy that has a tendency to provoke laughter. He will teach how to perform, in the most fashionable manner, every species of

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and grins and smiles.

He will teach how to distort every part of the body in the most genteel style: such as rolling the eyes, twisting the mouth, projecting the chin, smacking the lips, shooting out the tongue, distending the cheeks, shrugging up the shoulders, protruding the belly, kicking up the heels, and

rolling on the floor; together with every kind of winking, blinking, frisking, gaping, wriggling, yelling, whooping, squatting, squeaking, squealing, squalling, screaming, screeching, hissing, groaning, grunting, bawling, barking, braying, baaing, bellowing, growling, snoring, snorting, caterwauling,—and various other performances and evolutions which it is unnecessary to enumerate.

Mr. W. announces, with the greatest satisfaction, that he has made every necessary preparation to teach the *genuine art of quizzing* as now practised by the *highflying bloods* of Europe. Any thing of a brisk young gentleman may, after having taken three or four lessons, venture to quiz the old woman who sells apples and cakes at the corner; in six weeks he may practice upon his mother, sister, maiden aunt, or grandmother; in the course of a quarter, he may attack his father, the school-master or parson; and if he should continue to attend these instructions for six months, he will be entitled to the degree of *Master Quizzer* from the Academy of Wit.

Mr. W. is supremely happy to have it in his power to inform the children of Comus that he has constructed a scale for laughing from the lowest *maiden simper*, to the *sidebursting horse laugh*; to which he has appended every necessary instruction for those who wish to learn scientifically the art of cachinnation.

Mr. W. will have stated days of exhibition, when the parents and guardians of his pupils will have an opportunity of attending to witness the proficiency of the young gentlemen in these charming accomplishments. At which time Mr. W. will go through all his contortions and grimaces for the amusement of his patrons. Towards the conclusion of the entertainment, he and his pupils will unite in a simultaneous exertion of their powers, which will undoubtedly afford a sublime enjoyment to a judicious audience.

Mr. W. has the honor to inform the public, that he has considered this subject philosophically, and is firmly of opinion that this *mechanical* or *artificial wit* is in no respect inferior to the verbal or written productions of

genius. If original wit, as some authors contend, consist in striking contrasts, ingenious distinctions, and odd associations, he will venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that *mechanical wit*, as taught in *Monkey hall*, possesses these advantages in a degree infinitely superior to any other species that ever existed. Was it not said by an ancient philosopher that if virtue could be rendered visible, all men would adore her? This Mr. W. has done for wit: he has given her a substantial form, and exposed her to the admiring world in all her native loveliness. What can present more striking contrasts than smiles and frowns, laughing and groaning, screams of distress, and shouts of triumph? What can produce a finer effect than the mewling of a cat and the roaring of a lion? What can be more sublime and terrific than the various and discordant yells of men and animals, accompanied by the most tremendous distortions of the visage and every part of the body? What strange associations will be produced by the judicious use of all these means! what discord and harmony! what sublime entertainment! As to the emphatical and ingenious replies, produced by this species of wit, nothing can exceed them: suppose, for example, that A. should attack B. with a threatening look and furious gesticulations, and B. should respond by a gradisonous explosion *a posteriori*; could there be a repartee more brilliant and impressive?

Mr. W. presumes it is unnecessary for him to dwell on the indispensable necessity of the *divine art of quizzing* to every one who wishes to support the character of an accomplished gentleman. *Quizzing* has almost totally superseded every other species of wit, in the polished nations of Europe, and will ere long do the same in America. The *bucks* of Philadelphia, who wish to qualify themselves for genteel company, will no doubt hasten to become acquainted with Mr. W's newly imported system of *boring, smoking, hoaxing* and *quizzing*.

Mr. W. has with great mental labor and difficulty devised a mode for rendering artificial wit highly useful to authors and publishers of periodical works. He intends

to apply immediately to the government of the United States for a patent to secure, to the inventor, the profits arising from this valuable discovery. Nothing of equal importance to literary men has come to light since the invention of printing. He has promised to communicate this wonderful secret to Piomingo, headman and warrior of the Muscogulgee nation, as a recompense for his politeness in giving this advertisement a place in *The Savage*. When Piomingo shall become possessed of this art, *certain sons of glee* will no longer have reason to complain of the *dulness and insipidity* of *The Savage*: they will meet with wit of their own kind, and quite on a level with their understandings.

Mr. W. will give private lessons to such grown gentlemen as have unfortunately not had the opportunity of acquiring these genteel accomplishments in their youth.

Mr. W. would gladly employ a few ingenious assistants to enable him to perform with ease the duties of the academy. Any gentleman who is fortunate enough to have an enormously large nose, an extremely wide mouth, or wall eyes, will be an inestimable acquisition to the institution, and will meet with the most liberal reward.

Although it is the intention of Mr. W. that his pupils shall exercise their talents on each other, yet he has thought it proper to furnish himself with two or three decrepid old men, several lame and deformed women and children, three or four idiots, as many habitual drunkards, and half a dozen maniacs, who may answer the purpose of *buts*, on which the young gentlemen may exercise their *quizzical* talents. This arrangement is not absolutely necessary, yet it answers one valuable purpose: it will serve to destroy those foolish feelings of humanity, which will frequently intrude into the minds of youth, and have been known to render useless the most promising *quizzical* abilities.

Medals and other honorary marks of distinction will be awarded such young gentlemen as bring sufficient proof that they have performed any notable act of *quizzing* in the city or the adjacent country.

For terms of tuition and other particulars apply at the academy in *Monkey hall*, or at Mr. W's. lodgings No. 99 Apes' alley.

TRAVELS.

THERE are no books more entertaining than well written travels. They charm us with the variety of incidents they exhibit to our view, and keep alive our curiosity by the hopes they continually excite of more interesting particulars.

Wherever a traveller directs his way, whether among the savages of America, the sable hords of Africa, the slaves of Asia, or the civilized barbarians of Europe, he may, by a judicious selection of incidents, and pertinent observations, render the narrative of his journey amusing and instructive. But he ought to remember that nothing but *man* can be highly interesting to *man*; and, however he may indulge himself occasionally in descriptions of inanimate nature, a frequent recurrence of pictures in which no human being is exhibited will satiate and disgust the reader.

It may be observed that the travels of a man of general literature are always more amusing than those of one whose studies have been principally directed to some particular branch of science.

A man who imagines that he possesses a talent for giving his reader *sketches of scenery*, will be forever directing your attention to the misty azure of the mountain, the naked rocks, and the jutting promontory. He will continually present to your view the woody valley, the winding stream, and the far extended plain. Now it is to be remembered that all descriptions of scenery are extremely vague, and rarely present to the mind any definite idea. When we have heard of one mountain, one valley, and one plain, we are satisfied. They awaken in our minds the ideas of those mountains, valleys and plains which we ourselves have seen; and the remembrance is pleasing. But if these images continue to be crowded on the mind without ceasing, we strive

in vain to distinguish one from the other, and finding ourselves incapable of forming any distinct ideas, we grow weary of the book and enraged at the author.

A connoisseur in the art of painting or statuary is never happy but among busts or pictures. He has no taste for any thing but canvass or marble. Every species of flesh and blood appears altogether unworthy of his attention. While he is examining the respective merits of the Flemish and Italian schools, expatiating on the distinguishing excellencies of Rembrandt or Raphael, enraptured at the sight of the Medicean Venus, writhing in agony with the wretched Laocoon, or expiring with the dying gladiator, every common occurrence of life is disregarded. His reveries may be pleasing to himself, and his longwinded descriptions may gratify the *cognoscent few*; but, for our own part, we had rather "ply the laboring oar" than follow one of these fellows into a pantheon of marble gods or a gallery of pictures.

The general reader will find but little entertainment in the travels of a botanist. While we are anxious to form some idea of the country to which the traveller has carried us, to be made acquainted with the nature of the soil and climate, and to hear of the manners, customs, language, laws, and religion of the natives, the itinerant is in raptures at the discovery of a new species of convolvulus; and were heaven and earth to be shaken, he will not be disturbed until this plant shall be technically described in pure Linnean Latin, and have received its distinctive appellation, *grombrobstschmuckiana* from the learned author's much honored friend, Dr. Grombrobstschmuck, professor of botany in the university of Grogenhogen. After we have attended patiently to the class, genus, and species, of this new discovery, we are in hopes of some information that may prove more interesting; and sometimes we are not altogether disappointed, but we are in continual danger of having our entertainment interrupted by the shape of a leaf, or the flowering of a shrub.

Naturalists, who have become habitually attentive

to the *minule* wonders of creation, are insufferably tiresome when they find a variety of woodlice, caterpillars, or grasshoppers: man and his operations must remain unnoticed while their attention is engrossed by the proboscis of an insect.

There are other travellers who are much too fortunate in finding curious shells, beautiful pieces of spar, and elegant specimens of rock crystal. They examine minutely into the different layers of clay, gravel, and loam, of which any eminence is composed; and when they meet with pyrites or rocks of granite, they are rather too tedious in their disquisitions.

We must however acknowledge that the travels of these gentlemen may be extremely useful; and are often amusing. We would only remark, that, if they do not travel for the express purpose of making discoveries in their own favorite science, too great a share of their attention is devoted to things which are not interesting to the generality of readers. They seem to forget that all men are not exclusively fond of botany, mineralogy, or the *little* wonders of nature.

But most of our late travellers are of a different kind from any we have yet described. They forsake their pleasant firesides and other domestic comforts, for the purpose of having a peep at the world. The privations to which they must submit, and the difficulties they encounter, make so strong an impression on their minds, that we hear of nothing but the badness of the roads, the inconvenience of their vehicles, and the wretched accommodation at the inns. Their minds are generally so contracted by the narrowness of the sphere in which they have hitherto moved, that every thing appears to be wrong which is not conducted precisely in the manner they have seen it conducted in their native town or village. They make no allowance for the operation of causes with which they have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted; and they condemn the necessary result of circumstances as a departure from the order of nature.

They always keep an account of their *expenditures*,

and make the most pitiful complaints of the extortions practised by drivers, guides, ferrymen, and the keepers of turnpike gates. They arrive wet, weary, hungry and cold, at a house of entertainment; but here, alas! unfolds a fresh scene of distress. There is no fire to be found; the apartments are damp and disagreeable; the servants are lazy and inattentive. "How different all these," ejaculates the miserable traveller, "from the comforts and conveniences to be found at an English inn!" When dinner appears, he hesitates some time whether to die of hunger, or to satiate its cravings with the wretched preparation before him; but, as necessity has no law, he ventures, at last, to come in contact with materials so disgusting to his senses, and abhorrent to his feelings. He expatiates largely on the poorness of the bread, and pours forth the most piteous lamentations concerning the toughness of a goose!

A late celebrated traveller mourns over his fate in the following manner. When he desired to be shown a place of repose, he was conducted to a chamber that resembled a dungeon. He lay down on a hard and disagreeable bed in hopes of procuring a temporary rest; but, the rushing of rats behind the wainscot, the obstreperous courtship of cats in an adjoining apartment, the ceaseless crowing of a *banty*cock in a neighboring building, and the furious attack of a troop of hungry fleas, frightened away the drowsy god from the eyelids of the weary guest.

Such particulars would hardly be tolerated in a private letter to a friend; but become insufferable when they occupy the greater part of a book designed for the instruction and amusement of the public. Travellers should remember that it is not from any interest we take in their personal concerns, that we are disposed to accompany them through the history of their peregrinations; but from a desire of being made partakers of the amusements and pleasures of the journey.

When a traveller pervades any region at an immense distance from the place of his birth—where none of his

countrymen have ever been, and where it is not reasonable to suppose any of them ever will be—there is great danger of his meeting with pigmies, giants, and salamanders,

FROM CRITO.

I FEEL inclined at present, Piomingo, to offer a short apology for those who are in the habit of using the verb *progress*, in their writings or their conversation.

It is not synonymous with the verb *proceed*; it signifies to proceed with some business, or to advance regularly a set of operations.

It fills up one of those *niches* in language which Mr. Walker says should never be empty. The same arguments may certainly be adduced in its favor, that the author just mentioned brings forward in support of others in the like situation.

"I have not found," says Mr. Walker under the word *panegyryze*, "I have not found this word in any of our dictionaries, but have met with it in so respectable a writer, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it here, especially as it serves to fill up a niche in language, which I think never should be empty: I mean, that wherever there is a noun established, there should always be a verb to correspond to it." Again: under the verb *paralyze*, he observes, "the very general use of this word, especially since the French revolution, seems to entitle it to a place in the dictionaries of our language, as it not only more forcibly expresses the common idea than *to enervate* or *to deaden*, but serves to fill up those vacancies in speech, where there is no verb to correspond to a substantive or adjective. Hence Pope's happy coinage of the verb *to sensualize*."

All these considerations speak as much in favor of *progress* as of *panegyryze* and *paralyze*; but this verb has yet other and stronger arguments that may be brought forward in its defence.

It is found in several English dictionaries: and Dr. Ash gives Shakspeare as his authority, "Doth pro-

gress on thy cheek;" though it may be observed that he places the accent on the first syllable.

It is admitted that this verb is not to be found in Johnson's dictionary; but that offers no conclusive argument against its antiquity; since it must be acknowledged that several words in common use at that time were inadvertently omitted by the greatest of philologists.

ZENO.

THE stoics taught that happiness was only to be found in the practice of virtue. They denied that health, reputation, and riches were, properly speaking, *good*; and they contended that poverty, ignominy, and pain were not *evils*. "Virtue alone," said their founder, "is sufficient to happiness; and the wise man may enjoy it at all times, be his condition what it may."

Zeno is said to have died at the age of ninety-eight years, having never experienced any sickness or indisposition whatever. Had Zeno been the victim of pain, reproach and poverty, would he have taught that these things were not evils?

PIOMINGO.

It has been lately asserted that there is no such man as Piomingo in existence. Shall we exhibit ourself to the public on some market day? Or what plan shall we adopt to satisfy the world that there is such a savage in existence; and that he exists in Philadelphia?

If this report continue to be propagated much longer, we shall be under the necessity of showing our savage self, in our Indian dress, some Sunday afternoon at the Centre Square; when we hope we shall be able to convince the most incredulous of the actual existence of the savage, Piomingo.

We have told our story; and we are extremely sorry to find that it has not met with universal credence. We shall not repeat it; but invite those who may be desirous of refreshing their memories, to turn once more

to our prospectus. Is the tale improbable? May not such things be? And would not such a one as is there described be capable of comparing the manners and customs of savages with those of civilized nations? The reader is at liberty to believe as much as he pleases; but it certainly requires no great stretch of the imagination to enable any one to enter into the plan of our work.

CARDS.

Is it not a little surprising that these painted papers should possess such charms as to be able to captivate all hearts in civilized society? Is there some magical influence resident in the paper or coloring which is elicited by the dexterous motions of the players? Or are we to attribute the power which they possess over the minds of men to some extraneous cause connected with their movements?

Being lately in a house where several parties were engaged at cards we observed among the rest an old man, who, from his appearance, must be advancing rapidly to the end of his earthly pilgrimage. Although his hand trembled, we could not but take notice that he handled the instruments of his amusement with uncommon ease and dexterity. He generally appeared solicitously attentive to the operations in hand until he brought some favorite project to bear, when he would give for a few moments free way to his emotions of exultation and joy. When he had enjoyed his triumph, he always appeared eager to engage in a new contest, and again displayed the same restless anxiety for the victory that he had done before. There was always a small stake depending on the issue of the game, which he frequently eyed with solicitude, and, if successful in play, appropriated to himself with every appearance of gladness and triumph. If he failed in the contest, we could always discover an air of dissatisfaction in his countenance which he endeavored vainly to conceal; but he continually attributed the cause of his failure to something totally independent of himself—the ungenerous play of his antagonist

or the unskillfulness of his partner. The pleasure of victory did not appear to result wholly from the pecuniary acquisition he had made; but to proceed also from the display of his own superiority and the discomfiture of his opponent.

After the most of the players, weary of the diversion, had departed, the old man still continued at the table, holding the cards in his hand, as if anxious for a fresh encounter. We approached the veteran gamester, and endeavored to enter into conversation; but the only reply he made to our observations was to demand whether or not we were disposed to *take a hand* at cards. We assented; but as our unskillfulness at the game afforded him an easy victory, he soon became dissatisfied, and signified his inclination to discontinue the amusement. We readily acceded: and from this circumstance we drew the conclusion, that a great part of his enjoyment proceeded from a successful exertion of his powers; and that the more arduous the struggle, the greater the gratification resulting from the conquest.

We inquired of the old gentleman if he derived much entertainment from cards. "No," said he, "not much: they serve to kill time." "You are not then," we replied, "solicitous for the issue of the game on account of the money that is deposited?" "Damn the money!" said he, in a passion, "I care not for the trash: I play for amusement." "Why then," we ventured to inquire, "should there be any stake at all, since it is an object beneath your attention?" "Because," said he, with a supercilious smile, "there must be something betted to render the game interesting." Here, as if ashamed of holding a conversation with a person so ignorant of *life* as we appeared to be, he turned round to one who had just entered, and began a new game, to kill time—to win money—to exercise his powers—and to triumph over his adversary.

This occurrence led us to reflect that when we arrive even at the verge of life, time will still hang heavy on our hands, since we are reduced to such miserable expe-

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This occurrence led us to reflect that when we arrive even at the verge of life, time will still hang heavy on our hands, since we are reduced to such miserable expe-

dients to while away the lingering hours, and shut out obtrusive thoughts. We were also led to draw the conclusion, that, whatever inclination men may discover for play, there is nothing will make the game *interesting*, but the avaricious hope of accumulating money: avarice is the ruling passion of civilized man.

While we were occupied with these thoughts, a fresh multitude had entered the house. There was much bustle and preparation. The tables were filled with players. On one side was a company engaged at *loo*; on the other was a party at *whist*. These played *cribbage*; and these *eucre*; and here a set of noisy lads were engaged at their favorite *allfours*. At first, universal anxiety pervaded the assembly; and the most strenuous exertions for victory were employed by the parties. But as all could not conquer, suddenly our ears were saluted with shouts of exultation from some, and curses of disappointment from others. We went from one table to the other, and contemplated the various emotions that were visible in the countenances of the players. We admired the ingenuity discovered in the *cutting* of some, and the dexterity displayed in the *shuffling* of others; but as we had no *stake* depending, as we felt none of those passions that warmed the breasts of the combatants, in fine, as their pursuits appeared to us childish and contemptible, we began to be weary of our situation. We remembered that we had no business there, and made haste to leave the assembly.

Returning to our lodging at a late hour, we sat down to ruminate on what we had seen. The pursuits of life appeared to bear a striking resemblance to a party at cards. There is the same eager anxiety for the success of a favorite scheme; and the same momentary exultation when the issue is fortunate. There is the same restless propensity to enter into a fresh contest; and the same marks of anguish and disappointment when we are vanquished. There is the same ambition of displaying our powers, the same emulation and strife for superiority, and the same avaricious inclinations. And

these passions, increasing with our age and infirmities, appear to discover most impetuosity near the close of our days.

But what shall we say of the melancholy observer, who moves from one scene of contention to another without finding any thing sufficiently attractive to interest his passions or awaken his anxiety? What business has he in the world to whom the world is a desert? If the pleasures, pursuits and employments of men become insipid and vain, it is time to quit the stage and give place to others.

Oppressed with these disconsolate reflections we fell asleep in our chair, and found ourself in a green field on the banks of the Ohio. It was a delightful evening; the winds were hushed; the sun was descending in the west; and the clouds were dyed with crimson and gold. The flocks were about to leave their pasture; the birds were preparing to seek refuge in the neighboring trees; and millions of insects were enjoying the last beams of the departing sun. We were carried from one place to another with a light and easy motion, and the tranquillity of nature reigned in our bosom; but our attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a young man on the banks of the river. His visage was pale, and his dress disordered. He walked hastily up and down with an air of distraction. While we regarded him with mute astonishment, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "It shall be done!" and plunged headlong into the stream.

It seems as though we were inclined to do a good action in our sleep, for we do not remember that we felt any *prudential* hesitation at that moment. We rushed into the flood and bore him to the shore. He lay some time apparently lifeless. The water gushed from his mouth and nostrils. He opened his eyes, and regarding us with a look of despair and reproach, he exclaimed, "The struggle was past! I had vanquished my adversary—and now again I must endure the fever of life; again I must taste the bitterness of death—you are also my enemy!"

should an actor, in this part, endeavor to exhibit the awkward amazement of a clown who sees a white horse grazing in a country churchyard?

The sentiments, given to Hamlet by the author, discover dignity of soul, resolution of mind, and contempt of death. Ought not something of all this to appear in his deportment?

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as itself.
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Again—

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still I am call'd;—unhand me gentlemen;—
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away;—Go on,—I'll follow thee.

And he should follow it with a firm step and desperate resolution. What then? Shall the crowd be deprived of a charming spectacle? Shall we no longer be entertained with that *hopping sliding fantastic movement* with which Hamlet has danced after the ghost for ages? The play would be ruined by such savage innovations!

It is probable this dramatic caper may be traced back to Garrick or some other hero of the stage; but we will give our *silvermounted* tobacco pipe to any Thespian critic who will convince us of its propriety, or show any good reason for its longer continuance.

In our opinion, the character of *Polonius* was well supported; but the multitude are ever disposed to laugh when Mr. Jefferson appears, whether what he may have to deliver be calculated to excite merriment or otherwise.

Ophelia was interesting. We were more than satisfied with the performance of Mrs. Wilmot; but when she approached her brother, saying “I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died”—we forgot the theatre, the play, and every thing, but the sorrows of Ophelia.

THE SAVAGE—NO. XII.

COMMERCE.

IN our last number we took some notice of the effects of commerce. We showed, in our opinion, clearly that it has a tendency to weaken local partialities, eradicate salutary prejudices, and render every thing contemptible in the eyes of men but the acquisition of riches. We showed that the generous feelings of patriotism were incompatible with the interests and pursuits of a merchant; and that the laws, religion, and manners of any particular nation must lose all their influence over the mind of him who no longer considers his interest as identified with the welfare of that nation. If therefore we value the advantages that result from local institutions, how should we be a friend to commerce?

All the world know that nothing promotes individual wealth with such astonishing rapidity as commerce; and we have heretofore shown the consequences that inevitably flow from the accumulation of riches in the hands of individuals. If then we feel desirous of seeing our species virtuous and happy, how should we be a friend to commerce?

In all our lucubrations we have endeavored to establish, in the first place, certain fundamental principles; and from these we have deduced our arguments. If any one, from a partial view of the subject, shall condemn our conclusions without examining the reasonings on which they are founded, we cannot help it: the fault is not in us but in himself.

When a proposition is established by conclusive arguments drawn from general principles, there seems to be no occasion to draw additional aid from adventitious considerations. Whence arises the necessity of wooden props to support an edifice founded on a rock?

Were the case otherwise, we know of no difficulty in finding collateral arguments to prove the pernicious effects of commerce upon the morals and happiness of society, and upon the vigor and prosperity of nations. We

might easily point out the virtues and energies of kingdoms and republics while separated from the world and under the influence of their local institutions, and afterwards mark their profligacy and degeneracy when commerce had made them acquainted with the luxuries, vices, and refinements of the world. There is no period of ancient or modern history from which we could not bring examples to illustrate and confirm our opinions. If we should be told of the superstitions and crimes which sometimes darken and deform the history of isolated nations, we might reply that these are not the necessary result of their situation; but, admitting the worst, how much more desirable their condition than that of nations *brutalized* by the *sorceries* of commerce?

But if it be said that commerce increases the wealth and contributes to the prosperity of a nation, we are at liberty to enquire in what manner this is effected. Does it increase the number of virtuous and loyal citizens attached to their country and devoted to its interests? Or are we to suppose that it enriches the nation by increasing the wealth of a few individuals? Will the nation be great and happy because "merchants become princes" surrounded by crowds of menials and mercenary dependents? Does the nation become powerful because its citizens are continually subjected more and more to the influence of men who are destitute of local attachments?

Dec. 25, Morning.

THIS is Christmas, Piomingo: and I have taken the trouble to write this letter for the express purpose of letting you know it. Although this is a christian festival, and you reside at present in a christian country, yet if I had not given you this information, it is more than probable that the day would have passed over without your having any knowledge of the circumstance.

I would give a thousand dollars to be in the interior of the country at this moment, that I might partake of the mirth and festivity that prevail among rustic swains

who are not yet too wise to be happy. There, Piomingo, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, desist from their labors, banish their cares, and give a loose to the joys of the season.

Five or six years ago, I spent a winter much to my satisfaction in the western country; and was rejoiced to find the good people of those parts not so forgetful of the religion of their fathers as to neglect the good old festival of christmas. The old graybearded patriarchs meet together to eat and drink and laugh and boast of the marvellous exploits they have performed in their boyish days. The young assemble to dance and sing and discover their prowess by feats of strength and agility.

But what pleased me most was a *barring-out*: do you know what that is, Piomingo? I shall be under the necessity of describing it; for how should a savage like you know any thing about a *barring-out*?

Know then, O thou *unidead* barbarian! that in the interior parts of this continent the young men and boys (agreeably to a good old custom transmitted from father to son for many generations) maintain the privilege of *barring out* their schoolmasters some days previous to the christmas festival.

They repair to the schoolhouse in the night; and, having laid in a stock of provisions and prepared a great variety of weapons offensive and defensive, they barricade the door and wait the coming of their tyrant with heroic resolution.

The dreaded hour arrives. The pedagogue appears with his usual importance; and, perceiving the rebellious disposition evinced by his subjects, demands admittance with a voice of thunder. He is repulsed. He assumes the most terrific countenance, and threatens destruction to every one who shall persist in opposition to the commands of the sovereign.

Finding menaces ineffectual, he has recourse to entreaty; and endeavors to gain admittance by stratagem. The rebels are not to be thrown off their guard by specious pretences and professions of amity. He endeav-

ors to force an entrance by the door and by the windows; but being foiled in every attempt, he retreats to the country, and soon raises a *posse* of fifteen or twenty young men to assist him in reconquering his dominions.

They approach the fort, armed with cudgels, in military array, and with flying colors. The drum beats to arms in the garrison: and the flag of defiance is hoisted from the top of the chimney. A summons to surrender is answered by a resolute refusal; and an instant assault is the consequence.

The assailants attack the door with *battering engines*, and storm the windows with impetuous fury. But showers of fire, stones, brickbats, and wooden spears, are poured from the windows. The pedagogical army is at length repulsed, and retreats in confusion.

Not however intimidated by a first defeat, they renew the attack with redoubled resolution. Scaling ladders are applied to the walls; and they mount on the top of the building. They tear up the roof, and, throwing down shingles with fury, they threaten destruction to the garrison. But showers of missiles from below, and the vengeful points of a hundred spears, oblige them to retreat from their perilous situation.

Worsted in this second attempt, they recede to a respectful distance, kindle fires, and erect tents to repel the inclemencies of the season. The siege becomes a blockade. The besiegers endeavor to intercept the provisions designed for the relief of the garrison; and the besieged, sometimes, make resistless sallies, storm the camp of the enemy, and bear away the *whiskey keg* and other necessities of life, in triumph, to the strong hold of rebellion.

The siege is continued for several days, sometimes for a week. Sentinels are stationed during the night; watchwords are given; and every thing is conducted in military style.

However, at length, the minds of the belligerents, from various considerations not necessary to be mentioned, begin to be disposed for an accommodation.

Articles of capitulation are drawn up, and signed by the parties. The rebels engage to return to their allegiance; and the teacher to grant them a specified number of christmas holydays, that they may visit their relations, and *make merry* with their companions. The affair is concluded by a plentiful dinner in the school-house. All is harmony.

What do you think of a *barring-out*? Is it not a most animating conflict? The very image of war, nay sometimes war itself; for I forgot to tell you that occasionally the pedagogue's party proves victorious. The vanquished boys return to their books with shame and confusion; and are no longer cheered with the prospect of mirth and festivity.

Upon looking over what I have written, I think—— Shall I tell you what I think, Piomingo? I think—but I am afraid you will make some satirical observation on my vanity and presumption. However, out it must come. I think I have a wonderful talent for composition. I should excel in the description of battles.—Faith, I have a notion to try my hand at an epic poem on this subject. But then I should be puzzled to find a name of sufficient dignity: a great deal depends on the name, Piomingo.

This is christmas. You must be merry if you can. We cannot treat you with a *death song*, a *war dance*, or a *feast of new corn*, in this civilized country; but we will allow you to get drunk in honor of the day, if you have the money requisite for that purpose.

Farewell. I am to dine with my aunt. She has made some extraordinary preparations. The idea of aunt Sarah Poorly cools the fervor of my imagination.

I am, dear Savage,

Yours, T. RATTLE.

As we derived considerable amusement from the perusal of the foregoing letter, we concluded that it might afford a momentary entertainment to the public. The writer has given a faithful description of a *barring-out*, which will not be destitute of novelty to some of our

readers. We would not however advise Rattle to write an epic poem on the subject, for several reasons. As he himself justly remarks, it would be almost impossible to find a *sesquipedalian* title: *BARRINGOUTIAD*, though a high sounding word, is too ignoble in its origin to answer the purpose. The subject itself does not appear to possess sufficient dignity for an *epopea*; and it would require, we are afraid, more genius than our friend possesses to introduce suitable machinery. Who would be the hero of the poem? and what would be the moral tendency of the performance? For it is to be remembered that in every heroic poem not only a *poetical* but a *moral* object is to be discovered. The poet, though "wild warm" he sings the actions of heroes and the exploits of the gods, calculates with philosophic coolness what may be the moral effects of his verses on future generations.

We assure our friend Rattle that we love, as well as he, those joyous festivals, those annual seasons of rejoicing, that break in upon the dull monotony of human life and give variety to existence;—but here, the *long hard pull* for worldly superiority is never intermitted. There is nothing but labor, calculation, anxiety; we have not time to be happy.

EDUCATION.

Nothing is equally important, yet nothing so universally neglected as education. The business of enlightening the understandings, and forming the minds of youth is accounted a servile and low occupation, and consequently falls into the hands of those who are utterly incapable of fulfilling the task.

The most important part of education is not to communicate knowledge, but to form the mind and give a salutary direction to those constitutional impulses or innate propensities which are discoverable in childhood and developed in youth. If these be neglected, all is neglected: and the happiness of millions is left to the guidance of chance.

But the fact is this: education begins much sooner than is generally supposed. The temper is formed and the character settled, before the child is committed to the care of a teacher; and the only thing that can be expected from him is instruction in a few *dry elements* of science, which may qualify the pupil to make his way in the world. The greater share of education therefore, falls to the lot of the parents: and they are miserably qualified for the important office. They permit vitious habits to take deep root in the infant mind, but promise to eradicate them when the child shall become sufficiently intelligent to understand the design of correction! What deplorable infatuation! Is it not much easier to prevent the formation of evil dispositions than to destroy them after they are formed? Is it not much easier to oppose the ingress of vice than to eject it after it has entered and fortified itself in the citadel? Shall the husbandman permit noxious plants and weeds of every description to spring up and flourish in his fields, for the purpose of destroying them when the roots have sunk deep in the soil, and the task has become impracticable! Shall he make ready to cut down the thistles and briars after they have *choked the good seed*, and the hopes of the harvest have vanished?

How often do we hear a father or mother observing, when one of their children has committed a fault, "Well, well, I shall let you alone now; but when you get a little older, if I find you guilty of such improprieties, I shall certainly correct you." Silly parent! When the period arrives to which you allude, you will find your powers inadequate to effect the reformation intended. You will find the scheme attended with so much vexation and difficulty, that you will assuredly neglect it. By this weak and blind indulgence you may spare your children a momentary uneasiness, but you render yourself accountable, to the author of your existence, for the follies, the crimes, and the sorrows of their subsequent lives.

We do not believe in the doctrine of innate depravity. Man is the creature of education: by timely and judicious

management, the mind might be inclined to the practice of virtue, and the necessity of correction prevented; but if evil propensities appear, let them receive immediate attention; every moment of delay will increase the difficulty of the task, and lessen the probability of its accomplishment.

Another great error in education is the practice of indulging every childish whim and gratifying every capricious inclination.

“Why, what would the savage advise? Would he have us to turn tyrants, and deprive our children of the innocent amusements and recreations of youth!” By no means, madam; that is not our intention. We would have you encourage, direct, and partake of their amusements: you cannot be more usefully employed. You will thus have an opportunity to cherish every virtuous emotion, encourage every dawning of honorable ambition, and suppress the first rising of inordinate desires.

“But the dear little things are too young to encounter opposition. When they have acquired a little knowledge and strength of mind, it is time enough to make them acquainted with the necessity of submitting to restraint.” But how are they to acquire strength of mind if you indulge them at present in all their unreasonable caprices? The time must come when you will find it impossible to gratify all their inclinations: and after their passions have become headstrong and their tempers violent by injudicious compliances, they will not be disposed to attend to your admonitions or submit to the rigor of your discipline. How much better to habituate their minds to the necessary restraints, and prepare them for the difficulties and misfortunes of life? The yoke sits easy on the neck which has been long accustomed to bear it.

Nothing is more desirable than strength of mind. We have many evils to encounter in our journey through life. We have need of perseverance to enable us to surmount difficulties, and of fortitude to bear unavoidable afflictions. The world is not a paradise created for our use, and subjected to our wishes: those therefore, who study

the happiness of their children, should let them feel from the beginning the necessity of commanding their passions, and restraining their desires.

But although the greatest and most important part of education falls to the management of parents, yet much might sometimes be done by judicious teachers in giving a salutary direction to those impulses of genius and openings of character which are discoverable among boys at places of public instruction. For although we have given it as our opinion, that man is the creature of education, yet we believe that there are certain *constitutional dispositions* in every child which may be noted by an accurate observer; and these ought to receive the earliest attention from every one who is entrusted with the management of youth.

Some are naturally ardent, enterprising, ambitious; others cold, unambitious, phlegmatic. Some are sanguine, fearless, resolute; others timid, backward, and prone to despond. Some are remarkable for their ardent thirst for admiration, and fear of every species of reproach; while others appear alike insensible of praise and condemnation.

But all these things are unnoticed by the mercenary teacher; whose only study is what immediate advantage he can derive from his irksome employment, and how soon he may be enabled to engage in some business more honorable and productive of more considerable emoluments.

Young Ardent was a boy of the most shining abilities; but he was ambitious of being distinguished above his fellows in every undertaking. Conscious of deserving applause for his literary performances, he was indignant at the preference given to others every way his inferiors. Disappointed of the distinction he merited by his laudable exertions, he determined to seek for another species of preeminence. He became a projector of mischief, a leader of riots, and was continually engaged in some conspiracy against the good order of the seminary. Ardent was expelled. He engaged in a career of dissipation and extravagance. Supported by his for-

tune and admired for his talents, he shone for awhile with distinguished splendor in the circles of fashion. Ardent was generous, undesigning, and incapable of every species of dissimulation; but his favored associates were artful timeserving parasites. They fed him with adulation till his funds were exhausted;—what then? Deserted by the swarm of admirers, deprived of that applause which had become necessary to his existence, he had time to reflect. But Ardent would not reflect. He had recourse to the intoxicating bowl. Why should we mention the sequel? He fell a victim to his follies. Not a tear was shed over his grave.

Why did not Ardent enjoy a long life of happiness and honor? Why did he not become an ornament to his friends and a blessing to his country? Was there no one culpable but Ardent? To whom shall we trace the fault? To those who had the care of his infancy: to the weakness of his father and the foolish indulgence of his mother. To those who had the management of his education: who refused to bestow the rewards he had merited by his literary exertions; who treated his errors with rigorous severity. In fine, to all those who neglected to give the proper direction to his aspiring disposition.

MOTHER WIT.

By this homely appellation we wish to designate that natural superiority of intellect which some men possess over others.

It is the gift of nature, and cannot be infused by education, or acquired by the persevering exertions of industry. It is often discoverable in men the most uninformed and illiterate; and its absence may be perceived in others who have received the most finished education, and whose minds are stored with the greatest variety of scientific information. It is generally termed *good natural sense*; but is altogether different from that quickness of intellect usually denominated *wit*. It appears to have no connexion with cunning and duplicity, but is mostly accompanied by sincerity and candor.

It always preserves its possessor from making a ridiculous display of his literary acquirements, and never fails to observe the first appearance of pedantry in others.

There are whom Heaven has blessed with stores of wit,
Who want as much again to govern it.

Whatever may be meant by the *wit* mentioned in the first line of this couplet, the *thing* said to be *wanting* is the subject of our present remarks.

Little Vivid is remarkable for saying *good things* and making lively observations. He knows a hundred curious anecdotes, and tells a most excellent story. Yet an accurate observer may immediately perceive that there is *something wanting* in Vivid. His good things are produced at unseasonable times; and his spirited observations are frequently misapplied. His anecdotes are sometimes irrelative to the subject of discourse; and he indulges in the repetition of stories which are as well known to the company as to himself.

Our friend Prolix has read a multitude of books, and possesses a fund of interesting information. There is scarcely any subject but he is capable of treating with ingenuity, and illustrating by appropriate passages from history both ancient and modern. But there is no end to his discussions. The auditors, who attend at first with delight to his masterly disquisitions, at length become weary, and exhibit indications of inattention and lassitude; but Prolix perceives it not. He continues his harrangue as long as any one will listen. There is *something wanting* in Prolix.

Doctor Worthy was a learned and pious clergyman. He was not only revered for the sanctity of his character, but highly respected for his literary acquirements. He was distinguished by his propensity for mathematical studies as well as his love for the religion of Christ; and never appeared so happy as when engaged in theological disputes, or employed in the solution of algebraical problems. Yet we have known a contemptible and ignorant coxcomb, who had nothing but money and impudence to recommend him, to set this

worthy man in a ridiculous light before a numerous assembly. This *animal* would put on a grave face, and accost the doctor concerning justification by faith, or the intrinsic merit of good works, appearing, at the same time, inclined to favor certain heretical opinions. The doctor would answer with a warmth corresponding to the importance of the subject. Mr. Flippant would start objections, which would be answered; express doubts, which would be removed; desire information concerning interesting particulars, which would be granted.

The whole company perceived the intentions of Mr. Flippant to *quiz* the parson; every one smiled and partook of the sport. The doctor saw it not. He was a learned man; but there was *something wanting*, which his theological knowledge and mathematical acuteness could never supply.

THE SAVAGE—NO. XIII.

MANUFACTORIES.

Nothing hastens more rapidly the progress of civilization than the establishment of manufactories. They elevate, exercise, and enlighten the “directing mind,” which oversees the whole and regulates the complicated movements, but sink and degrade the *actual manufacturer* into a necessary piece of machinery.

There must be but *one mind* in a manufactory. If any subaltern operator be capable of *thought*, it must lie dormant, and ere long become torpid: for how can any faculty subsist in vigor which is never called into motion, or exercised in the sphere for which it was designed? The same operations are performed sometimes by a *man*, and sometimes by a *wheel*: they are both necessary parts of the great machine set in motion by the mind of the intelligent regulator.

Nature has given man the capacity of perceiving, reflecting, reasoning, forming a judgment, and acting in consequence of his judgment when formed; but, if he be not master of his own actions, there is no necessity for his forming a judgment, reasoning, or exercising any

of the powers of his mind: he *feels* the influence of the *soul* of the machinery which impels him to action, in the same manner that the wheel feels the impulse of the water or the force of the stream.

The more various the employments of any man, the more necessity he finds to exercise his mental faculties, and the greater is the probability of their improvement; but, as manufactories gradually approach to perfection, the operations of the actual laborer become more and more confined to a point; and in the same ratio, the *man* must sink into the *machine*.

It may be observed also that this pernicious influence is not confined to the mind of the laborer, but affects also the body: one position and one set of motions must be unfavorable to the human frame; as some parts receive more than their due proportion of exercise, and others are not exercised at all. We have no intention of dilating at present on the consequences of large manufacturing establishments upon the health of the laborers: we merely mention this circumstance, as it appears intimately connected with our foregoing observations.

Before manufactories can be established to advantage, civilization must have made considerable advancement: there must be a disparity of ranks; there must be luxury and poverty, masters and slaves. Luxury is necessary to create a demand for the articles manufactured; and poverty is necessary to qualify laborers for the employment. But when manufactories are once fairly established, they will support themselves, and help along wonderfully with the good work of civilization. When men are so much depressed by poverty as to be under the necessity of becoming a part of this complex machinery, their destination is settled: they never will be able to extricate themselves from their degraded situation. They are habituated to their employment, and disqualified for other occupations; their master becomes rich and consequently powerful; his ascendancy over them continually increases; their children are brought up to the same occupation; the price of labor is gradually diminished; and every

spark of independence is extinguished in their bosoms.

In any of those trades which can be carried on by one man, the journeyman may hope, that through his persevering exertions, the time may come when he shall be able to *set up for himself*: and this hope acts as a spur to his industry, and keeps alive the vigor and independence of his mind; but in a great manufactory, the laborer is only qualified to be what he is—a *part of the machinery*: he is incapable of managing the whole; and if he were, he can never hope to accumulate the sum necessary for a stupendous establishment.

The thing most to be lamented is the disqualifying nature of these employments, which incapacitate men for any of the common pursuits of life; and if any unfortunate casualty should destroy those establishments that afford them a subsistence, they become a burthen to the community and a terror to society in general.

It ought to be the great care of a republican government (if indeed it be possible for a republican government to subsist for any length of time among civilized men) to preserve equality among its citizens; but the establishment of manufactories has a direct tendency to destroy every trace of equality and extend the influence of one opulent man over hundreds of those who are poor. Now, if the men subject to this influence be deprived of the right of suffrage, it follows that a multitude are degraded from the rank of citizens, and are no longer suffered to participate in the government of their country. Would not this be preposterous in a representative democracy? But if they be *not* deprived of the right of suffrage, the consequence is still more unfortunate. For their votes are the votes of their opulent employer: and the government becomes an aristocracy the most odious—the aristocracy of wealth.

A despotic prince acts wisely when he extends the commerce of the nation, establishes manufactories, and encourages every institution that he conceives will have a tendency to produce inequality among his subjects; because his throne is supported by the attachment of

those who have extended their power over the inferior ranks of society, and consequently are friendly to existing establishments; but a government designed for the good of the community in general, when it directs its intention exclusively to those objects, is acting directly contrary to the end of its institution. On the contrary all its laws and regulations should be calculated, as much as possible, to produce and preserve equality among the citizens, and to prevent any man or set of men from acquiring and exercising power over others.

PUNCTUATION: FROM CRITO.

I HAVE often been amused, Piomingo, at hearing children taught *to mind their stops*. "This is a comma: at this mark, you must *stop* till you could count *one*.— This is a semicolon: here you must pause till you could count *one, two*. This is a colon, &c." Now if this nonsense were confined to the vulgar, and to the select academies of illiterate pedagogues, it would not excite so much surprise; but when such absurdities are gravely laid down by the compilers of dictionaries and grammars, it becomes worthy of attention.

How the *characters* used in punctuation came to be denominated *stops* or *pauses*, I cannot tell; but certain it is, the practice ought to be discontinued by every one who makes any pretensions to accuracy. These *marks* or *characters* have no other use than to enable us to understand the meaning of the author, and have no connexion with *pauses* in speaking or 'in reading. No good reader was ever regulated in his tones or pauses by the occurrence of a comma or semicolon; he merely considers these as guides to the author's meaning: and having become master of the sense, his own judgment enables him to adjust his pauses without any regard to the *place* where the comma or semicolon occurred. It is granted that the *reading pause* frequently is placed where the *character* used in pointing occurs; but as this concurrence is by no means necessary, these characters

can never serve as marks to point out the place of pausing.

Colloquial and reading pauses are perfectly similar; yet we have no commas, semicolons, colons, and periods, to direct us where to make pauses in speaking: nor are they necessary; as it is to be presumed that we understand what we say. And these characters would be equally unnecessary in reading, were we not in danger of mistaking the meaning of the author.

I shall not attempt to tell how the ancients were able to read without any distinguishing marks of this kind; it is probable they had rules for their direction of which we are totally ignorant: but it may be observed that in the Greek and Latin languages, the corresponding terminations of the several parts of speech would, for the most part, prevent ambiguity and indicate the meaning of the writer. Those, however, who construct sentences in the modern languages, find punctuation absolutely necessary to point out those relations which subsist between qualities and substantives, attributives and verbs; and this necessity arises from the multiplicity and irregularity of our terminations.

Whoever considers this subject with accuracy will perceive that many improvements may yet be made in the art of pointing; and that it is impossible it should be brought to perfection with the characters only, which are at present in use. From this circumstance arise that confusion and uncertainty in all the rules that are laid down for our direction in punctuation. The present characters, however, will answer every common purpose tolerably well; but the art of using them can only be acquired by long continued practice, and is not to be attained by merely consulting the rules that are laid down in grammars and dictionaries. Hence it frequently happens that men, who can speak and write with facility, are nevertheless totally ignorant of an art necessary to be known by every one who has occasion to write a letter to his friend.

Every gentleman, who presumes to write for the

press, should certainly be capable of pointing his productions with accuracy and taste; yet this is seldom the case. They say they are in the habit of *submitting these little things to the printers*. The writer of this article knows that such is their practice: and a judicious one it is; for, printers in general can point more correctly than those learned and ingenious writers who enlighten the world with their luminous productions.

But are authors aware of the importance of this *little thing* which they submit to the discretion of the printers?—Before a man can point a work judiciously, he must be perfectly master of the subject and enter fully into the meaning of every sentence. Now, who can know the intention of the writer, but the writer himself? How can a printer understand an author's manuscript (scrawled as it usually is) without the assistance of those helps which punctuation itself is designed to afford? If a printed book be enigmatical when incorrectly pointed, how is a manuscript to be deciphered, and its meaning extracted by a printer? And, finally, is it reasonable to expect that a printer should be able to understand every abstruse and scientific subject that may fall into his hands?

I will conclude my remarks with mentioning an incident that just now occurs to my memory: Boswell represents Doctor Johnson as laughing heartily at a noble author's ignorance of the art of punctuation. "Lord Lyttelton was thirty years in preparing his History; and he employed a man to point it for him: as if another man could *point his sense* better than himself."

THE WALK.

MANY men expect to derive amusement from a walk; but, upon trial, find themselves unaccountably disappointed.

If they walk out on business, they have an object that engages their attention; and when they have effected their purpose, they return home satisfied with their excursion; but if they go out in pursuit of entertainment,

novel appearances and unexpected incidents are necessary in order to awaken those pleasurable emotions which they hope to experience. Now, when we purpose to take a walk in the city of Philadelphia, what novelty can be expected to occur which will be calculated to excite these desirable sensations? We know, before we set out from the place of our residence, that we shall have brick houses on the right hand and brick houses on the left; and that we shall encounter a multitude of people 'black brown and fair' all in pursuit of their various avocations: what entertainment can be expected from this dull regularity and insipid uniformity of appearances? And if the walk itself afford so little amusement, how can we hope to render a history of that walk interesting to our readers?

It may be observed, in answer to the foregoing questions, that there is one advantage which may always be expected from walking, unless lost through the indolence of the walker: if we march up one street and down another until we be completely fatigued, *rest* will become agreeable. Hence it follows that a positive pleasure has resulted from the walk, although it may not have been attended with any interesting occurrences. And something of this nature may also happen to the reader who shall take the trouble to peruse the following production: if he read with the fond expectation of amusement, and find himself at the last disappointed, he may notwithstanding have the pleasure of throwing down the paper and bestowing a few curses on our savage dulness and stupidity.

As we turned round a corner, we encountered *Frank Fluent*. We have known Frank several years, and are not ignorant of his faults; but there is something so amusing in his observations that we are always rather pleased than otherwise when we partake of his society.

Frank. Which way Piomingo? Have you ventured from your wigwam? I congratulate you on your civilized appearance. Were it not for that savage wildness in your countenance, (of which I am afraid you will never divest

yourself) you might pass for a christian. Do you know that I heard a dispute concerning you the other day?

Piomingo. Of what nature?

Frank. Why thus it happened: I was standing with some gentlemen at the southeast corner of Third and Market streets, when Piomingo marched along on the opposite side. "Who is that wild looking man?" said one." "I cannot tell," said a second; "is he not a Malayan?" "No," said a third, "I believe he's an Algerine." "An Algerine!" cried the first, "impossible! were he an Algerine, he would wear a turban and mustaches. This man dresses like a christian: I should rather take him for a Spaniard or a Portuguese." "Do not Spaniards wear mustaches?" said the third. "I have seen that fellow frequently in the streets," said a fourth; "but I cannot tell what to make of him; he has a damned outlandish appearance."

Piomingo. And what did you say, Frank? you could not possibly have been silent all this while.

Frank. I told them I thought you were a spy.

Piomingo. Did they coincide with you in opinion?

Frank. Yes: they thought my conjecture extremely probable; but, some of them said you were in the pay of Bonaparte; others contended that you must be an emissary of England: so the discourse became political; and you were forgotten. But, my dear Piomingo, what is the use of walking for ever? Let us make a halt at some of these *watering places*, and refresh ourselves.

Piomingo. How shall we refresh ourselves?

Frank. By drinking, smoking, talking, &c. Come along. Are not savages naturally fond of spirituous liquors?

Piomingo. No sir: savages are not naturally fond of spirituous liquors. They drank at first out of mere complaisance to their christian visitants; but having once experienced the exhilarating effects of ardent spirits, many of them have become addicted to intemperance. They are under great obligation to their civilized neighbors for having made them acquainted with the pleasures of intoxication. However, I have no objection to

follow you into the temple of Bacchus and worship the presiding divinity, *soberly*; but I shall endeavor to avoid becoming an enthusiastic devotee in his service.

This house, said Frank as we entered, is frequented by idlers of every description. Here you may be entertained with philosophical disputes, political discussions, and religious disquisitions. No subject is too important to be agitated over a bowl; nor is any thing too trivial to occupy attention. See, here is a company this moment deeply interested in the politics of the nation: let us sit down on the opposite side and watch the issue of the contest.

Piomingo. I am careless about the issue of the contest—but who is that corpulent man at the end of the table, with the red face and enormous belly?

Frank. That is Mr. Bluff, a wealthy grazier and a justice of the peace for the county of Philadelphia.

Piomingo. I knew he was wealthy, by the confidence which appears in his countenance; but how does he administer justice? is he learned in the laws of his country?

Frank. I will answer you in the words of the son of Sirach: “how should he get wisdom, whose talk is of bullocks?” He knows no more of the law than I do of *Sanscrit*. Yet he is not more ignorant than his brother magistrates in general. There is not one in a hundred of them who is capable of reading a page of law, even if they thought proper to attempt it. Whenever a man becomes rich and acquires a little influence in his neighborhood, he is immediately created a justice of the peace, without any inquiry being made as to his education or abilities.

Piomingo. But I thought that respectable citizens were always selected to fill an office of such importance to the community.

Frank. So they are, I assure you, *Piomingo*: *respectable* that is *wealthy* citizens are always appointed to this office. Yes, yes, they are “all, all, *respectable* men.”

Piomingo. You do not certainly make those two words synonymous?

Frank. With us, they are perfectly synonymous.

Piomingo. If wealth make a man a justice of the peace,

will it not also advance him to a seat in the legislature?

Frank. Yes: if the man be possessed of sufficient cunning to make the most of the means in his possession, he may become a senator without being able to read the constitution of the state which he swears to support, or to write one sentence grammatically in the language of the country.

Piomingo. You however acknowledge that there is something else, besides riches, necessary to his advancement.

Frank. Wealth is power: but if a man be an idiot, and make no use of the power he possesses, he then becomes an instrument in the hands of some one who is more enterprising and ambitious; and that influence, which he has neglected to employ for his own advantage, is exerted in favor of another. We sometimes see an indigent man, who has talents for intrigue, rise rapidly from his original insignificance to the most conspicuous stations in the community; but how is this done? He begins by cringing to the opulent, and is advanced thro' their instrumentality.

Piomingo. Such a man is no demagogue: I thought it had been necessary, for one who would become eminent, in a democratical state, to caress the poor and conciliate the favor of the multitude.

Frank. When this man has acquired wealth, or the appearance of wealth, he then becomes a demagogue: he then has power to influence the *people*; whereas, in his original state of indigence, had he attempted to practice any demagogical arts, he would have made himself ridiculous.

Piomingo. Is it, then, necessary that a demagogue should be rich?

Frank. Certainly: a poor man is necessarily dependent on the opulent. Who then can influence his decisions—the man who possesses power, or he who possesses none?

Piomingo. It seems to follow from your reasoning, that the people, notwithstanding their poverty, are possessed of the power, since their support is solicited by the rich.

Frank. The people may choose their leader, but have no power to pursue any plan of their own. Have you not

demonstrated, in one of your Savages, that the indigent man is always a slave; though he has sometimes the liberty of exchanging one master for another?—What the devil do you mean, Piomingo? do you argue in favor of civilization?

Piomingo. I do not argue: I merely suggest those obstacles that occur, lest hereafter there might appear to be some broken links in the chain of your reasoning. Do you not allow that rich men are sometimes governed by those that are not in possession of riches?

Frank. Yes, in the same manner that a weak prince is governed by his favorites.

Piomingo. Do not most of your constitutions provide that *persons*, not *property*, are to be represented in your legislative assemblies?

Frank. There are *verbal* provisions to that effect in some of our *written* constitutions; yet it is easy to prove that *property*, not *persons*, is represented in every assembly in the United States.

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt?

Wealth, in the present state of society, exercises a sovereign and independent influence and laughs at the laws or constitutions that would circumscribe its power. It may possibly be said that, let a man's possessions be ever so great, he has but one vote at an election. But let us consider the subject a little more attentively: suppose an opulent man can influence the suffrages of fifty men on such occasions, is not that the same thing *in reality* as if these votes were given by himself personally? Nothing is more common than to hear politicians talk of a man's *vote* and *influence*: and the influence, in general, is a matter of much more importance than the vote. Yet, although the ascendancy of wealth is openly avowed, we are told that the voters are perfectly independent; and that persons, and not property, are represented.

Piomingo. What appropriate name can we give to your government, since you will not allow it to be purely republican?

Frank. It is a representative democracy in appearance; but in reality, a representative *ploutocracy* or government of wealth.

Piomingo. Really, Frank, you are a perfect savage! I am amazed that any one who has tasted the sweets of civilized society should make use of such arguments.

Frank. Really, Piomingo, you are mistaken if you suppose that I have any intention of exchanging smiling fields, cheerful villages, and populous cities, for the lonely woods and gloomy caverns of the wilderness. I had much rather have my ears stunned with the "busy hum" of civilized drunkards in a crowded stinking *grog-shop*, than trust my life to

—————beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they.

Every thing *wild* is my aversion: even you, Piomingo, though you were *caught young*, and appear to be as *tame* as a lamb, become occasionally an object of horror.—When I observe your red visage and high cheek bones: when I think of your skulking and howling, your pow-wows and war dances, and the number of scalps you have taken; I shrink with involuntary terror, and draw away my chair from *the savage*. No, indeed, I am no enemy to civilization; but I think it quite necessary for a man who has to make his way in the world to be able to form a just estimate of things. And I assure you that a cunning enterprising fellow, who is not burthened with much principle or deluded by the *bubble* honor, may do wonderfully well: by suiting himself to the times and taking advantage of circumstances, he may wriggle into places of importance. Why should I object to the power that is attendant on wealth, when I have a prospect of becoming wealthy myself? Why should I mourn over the miseries or depression of the poor, since I am resolutely determined to be numbered with the rich? Then, Piomingo, when I shall be rich (let me anticipate the pleasures I shall enjoy) when I shall be rich, my influence shall be exerted, not for the good of my subjects, but for my own individual emolument. I shall be re-

presented in the legislature, or become a legislator myself, and make laws for the security of property.

Piomingo. Who is that tall pale man who rails so violently against jacobins and democrats?

Frank. Why sir, I have the honor to inform you, that neighbor Smoothly is a respectable member of the society of Friends.

Piomingo. I have frequently heard the word *respectable*, applied to members of that society. Pray inform me, are they rich?

Frank. Yes.

Piomingo. But there must of course be some poor members; are not they also *respectable*?

Frank. Certainly not: but I must inform you that there is very little poverty within pale of the society. They are humanely attentive to the necessities of *friends*, and prevent each other from falling into indigence and distress. It is also said that a poor member must be very careful to walk in the fear of the Lord, and according to the good order established among friends, or they will *disown* him.

Piomingo. What is the consequence of that?

Frank. The ejected member becomes "as a heathen man and a publican;" disowning is a soft word for *excommunication*.

Piomingo. But if a *respectable friend* should act improperly, will they not also disown him?

Frank. Why—not so hastily. They will *wink* at his irregularities a long time, unless he should be guilty of some glaring indecorum which will reflect disgrace on the society: in that case they reluctantly proceed to *deal with*, and gently admonish, their backsliding brother; and if he prove irreclaimable, they are finally compelled (when every hope of reformation has vanished) to proceed in the business of disowning the respectable friend.

Piomingo. Can you assign any reason why this people are so opulent?

Frank. It is in a great measure owing to their regu-

lar and industrious habits, their avoidance of dissipated pleasures, and their neglect of expensive amusements. They carry an experimental prudence into all the concerns of life, and are seldom led away by any of those visionary speculations which prove so destructive to the bold and enterprising. Their religious principles forbid them to engage in political commotions, or to accept of important situations in the government: consequently their minds are never distracted by the calls of ambition; nor is there any thing to divert their attention from the great business of accumulating riches. What advantage their religion will afford them in the world which is to come, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that, in the present state of existence, it has conferred on its votaries favors important and substantial.

Piomingo. Their simplicity of dress probably contributes to lighten their expenses.

Frank. I imagine not. Observe neighbor Smoothly's dress: it is composed of the richest materials; and though there appears to be nothing superfluous about him, yet the sum that was expended on those vestments would have bought two suits for Jack Flash or Bobby Chitterling.

Piomingo. No objection can be made to the dress, but its singularity. However, in my opinion, such little peculiarities discover a species of weakness or affectation.

Frank. I hate the starched plainness of neighbor Smoothly; but I think the *gay quakers*, at least the female part of them, have hit upon a medium, between flaunting finery and puritanical stiffness, which is extremely becoming: I never see them returning from their meeting but I think of the *simplex munditiis* of Horace.

Piomingo. Females are pleasing, be their dress what it may.

Frank. What, in brown bonnets, rusty gowns, and dove-colored handkerchiefs!

Piomingo. I have seen some old gentlemen belonging to this society who, though dressed in the plainest manner, had a truly reverend and patriarchal appearance;

and in their countenances shone such engaging mildness and benignity that they commanded my love and veneration; but there is nothing of this kind in Smoothly. I discover, in his countenance, an ostentatious humility and spiritual pride totally at variance with that meekness of spirit and lowliness of mind, which conciliates the affections of men, and is said to be pleasing to the deity. But why should he be opposed to changes and revolutions? did not his sect first originate by innovations on the established regulations of the country?

Frank. You know the old adage, "We change with the times." In those days, the Friends were poor oppressed and discontented; but now "Jeshurun waxeth fat and kicketh." The rich are always averse to innovation. Were George Fox to rise from the dead, he would not own more than one out of a hundred of the modern *friends* for his disciples; nor do I believe that one in a hundred would acknowledge him. They no longer travel from pole to pole to propagate their opinions, or proclaim from the housetops the glad tidings of salvation. They no longer strive to make converts of kings, or go forth as apostles to regenerate the world. Their religious fervor has cooled; their contempt of danger is vanished; and the spirit of martyrdom has evaporated.

Piomingo. Smoothly is gone.

Frank. Justice Bluff made so much noise that the *friend* was ashamed to be seen in his company. And he began to reflect that it was *unbecoming* in *Friend Smoothly* to be *seen* disputing in a tavern. As to this gentleman personally, there is a cause for his irritation, which he will not acknowledge: a deeply rooted prejudice in favor of things that have been; and a warmer attachment to the land of his fathers than is consistent with the allegiance he owes to the country which affords him protection.

Piomingo. Are you a democrat?

Frank. Pray to him "that giveth understanding to the simple," Piomingo, lest you be "destroyed for lack of

knowledge." You resemble the enlightened citizens of this civilized country, who are swayed by *watchwords* and *names* without taking the trouble to enquire into the nature of things. It has at last become impossible to discourse on common occurrences or to make those observations which are naturally occasioned by circumstances, without causing some wiseacre to demand: are you a democrat? are you a federalist? And then if you cannot or will not say *Shibboleth*, death is too good for the Ephraimite.

Piomingo. I beg your pardon, Frank: I had forgotten you were a *ploutocrat*. I have a few more questions to ask concerning the *friends*.—The best and wisest philosophers of antiquity were remarkable for the plainness and simplicity of their diet: is it so with the quakers?

Frank. I think not: no people in existence love more "to eat of the fat and drink of the sweet," than the children of Penn. They are truly *learned* in the *science* of eating; and make up by the sumptuousness of their feasts for the absence of other amusements. Should Apicius be told of the luxury of a quaker entertainment, he would repine, not without cause, at the malignity of his fate.

Piomingo. What is the reason that fewer schisms happen among the people of this society than among those of other denominations?

Frank. That question cannot be answered without bestowing at the same time the highest praise on the wisdom of the society. Their bond of union consists only in the practice of the moral duties and certain external observances, which are calculated to distinguish them from the world. They are not fettered down, like other denominations, by iron doctrines and an adamantine creed, which they are commanded to believe under peril of damnation. They puzzle not their heads about the decrees of God, the freedom of the human will, justification by faith, and other knotty points in divinity, which engage and distract the evangelical disciples of Luther and Calvin. If a man preach a good moral discourse, a quaker audience are satisfied; whereas a presbyterian congregation must know that his principles

are sound, and that there is nothing rotten in *fundamentals*, before they will consent to be edified by his labors.

Piomingo. What do you think of the principles of the Friends, in relation to war?

Frank. However agreeable their opinions, on this point, may be to the doctrines of primitive christianity, they will not suit the present situation of the world. Could our harmless sheep graze in safety surrounded by tigers and wolves? Could the little flock rise up and lie down in peace, while the bloodhounds of war are ranging the fields of creation? There never was, nor ever will be, a nation of quakers: they owe their very existence to the protection of government. They will not fight themselves; but they have no objection that the arm of flesh should be raised in their defence. Yet there is no doubt they are aware of their own inconsistency in this particular; as no people are more ready to resent personal insults, or to defend their possessions from aggressions of injustice or their houses from the intrusion of robbers. If it be right to repel a personal or family injury, it may certainly be proved, by a parity of reasoning, that it is equally right to oppose those injuries which are offered to the community in general, and to defend the great national family from insult and oppression. If we be justifiable in bolting our doors to prevent the intrusion of thieves, we are likewise justifiable in erecting forts for the protection of our harbors. If we be justifiable in throwing a robber headlong from a window, who would rob our house and murder our family, we are equally justifiable in assisting to repel an invasion of our country.

Piomingo. The Friends would probably say, that we may resist if we do not endanger the lives of our opponents.

Frank. Is not the life of the robber endangered, who is thrown from the window? may not his skull be fractured by the fall? No such line of distinction can be drawn. We are not accountable for the consequences of a justifiable resistance: that lies at the door of the aggressor. The thing is too plain for argument. Nature has implanted in man a principle of resentment, which directs him

to oppose force to force, and retort the injuries that may be inflicted upon him: and this principle is necessary for self preservation. If it be morally right to lift my hand and brash away a fly that has settled on my nose, it is morally right to defend myself, my friend, and my country.

Piomingo. I have understood that they are not disposed to contribute any thing towards the support of an army.

Frank. They pretend to say that it would be equally as criminal to enable others to fight as to fight themselves; therefore many of them will rather allow their property to be seized and sold for half its value than pay those taxes which are laid for the support of military arrangements. But it is not to be supposed that these evils, incurred through their own obstinacy, are immediately forgotten. Behold, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the people called quakers, exhibited at their yearly meetings, and preserved from generation to generation as a memorial of *the sufferings of friends!* I must not, however, forget to mention that many of the more intelligent quakers have recourse to certain ingenious subterfuges to prevent any losses of magnitude on such occasions.

Piomingo. Their language is not a little curious: I have never been able to account for the origin of so singular a dialect.

Frank. I believe I can give you the true cause of its origin and progress: The early quakers, and other puritans, affected to be conscientiously scrupulous of addressing a single person with the pronoun plural "you:" It was a species of lie which they could not reconcile to their conscience! They were determined to use, even in the common occurrences of life, that solemn mode of expression which had been adopted in addresses to the deity, and in the translation of the bible; but, alas! although they were favored with the illuminations of the Spirit, they were too ignorant to distinguish the *nominative*, from the *oblique*, case of the pronoun: "thou" and "thee" were therefore used indiscriminately. But it came to pass in process of time, that this daring intriguing in-

sinuating "thee" not only maintained his legitimate rights, but ambitiously usurped the dominions of his brother. "Thou" is totally discarded: and a man would be accused of affectation and pedantry, even among quakers, who would attempt to restore the disgraced nominative to its station in the language. Almighty custom has sanctioned the production of ignorance; and this unparalleled corruption has become the language of friends. "*How does thee do? If thee's cold, thee'd better sit down and warm thee-self*"; which is just as absurd as to say "*Me's well, me's cold, and me'll sit down and warm me-self*."

Piomingo. If language serve to convey our ideas, it answers the purpose for which it was designed.

Frank. Yes: but you must acknowledge, *Piomingo*, that language has been thought of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the wisest philosophers; and since that is the case, certainly the language, spoken by a large and very *respectable* society, merits a transient consideration.

Piomingo. We will however dismiss that subject for the present. Who is that little man whose attention is distracted between smoking and talking? He certainly never has heard of the philosopher who did but one thing at a time.

Frank. That is a revolutionary character.

Piomingo. Be more explicit *Frank*, and inform me what is the *signification* of this revolutionary character.

Frank. Why sir, the gentleman is forty or fifty years old; and consequently must have been alive somewhere during our revolutionary contest. He has been, he informs us, in every important engagement; and, if we credit his assertions, we must admit that the successful issue of the war was principally owing to his personal exertions.

Piomingo. Can we believe him?

Frank. That depends on the measure of your faith. Many years have passed away since the close of the war. Time has involved the events of those days in obscurity: and a man may boast, without danger of detection, of

exploits which were never performed. Thousands who fought and bled in the war for independence are long since numbered with the dead; yet never were revolutionary characters, as they are called, more numerous than at the present moment. The most of those who suffered the hardships of war and fought the battles of their country have lived in penury and distress, and died neglected and unknown; who then are these, who extol their personal prowess over a bowl, and exhibit their revolutionary scars in the taverns of Philadelphia? The heroes of independence resemble the heads of the serpent of Lerna: when death cuts off one, a hundred spring up in his place. Observe that smiling redfaced selfconceited animal who walks across the floor with an air so important and imposing: that is an Irishman; and an ignorant Irishman. He has no knowledge of history; he is totally unacquainted with the affairs of his own country; and yet, although he has not been six months on this side of the Atlantic, he conceives himself fully able to discuss our political concerns and settle the affairs of the nation. There is no office in the United States but he has the impudence to demand; and his demand, when he thinks proper to make it, will be probably successful. He will grow rich and powerful, and fatten on the gifts of the nation, while the children of revolutionary heroes pine in obscurity and want. It was to provide a country for such fellows as this, that my father shed his blood in the service of the public, and reduced himself and his family to poverty. Where is he now?

Cold is the sod that covers his head;

And sound is the sleep of his tomb!

his name is forgotten; his children are unknown; and here comes an ignorant coxcomb to gather the fruit of his labor.

Piomingo. Would you prohibit the ingress of foreigners?

Frank. No: but I should like a little modesty in foreigners. They might live in peace and enjoy the products of their industry; but I see no necessity for their

becoming legislators, or enjoying the emoluments of office, while there are thousands of natives fully as capable, and certainly as patriotic, as any insolent foreigner whatever.

Piomingo. But if a man of genius fix his residence among you, why should his adopted country be deprived of the advantages that may be derived from the exercise of his talents in public affairs?

Frank. There is indigenous genius enough, if it met with sufficient encouragement; but as long as European impudence bears every thing before it, American genius must lie in the shade. Is it not preposterous that a man just broke loose from the land of slaves should presume to regulate the affairs of a people who are said to be free?

Piomingo. Should they not enjoy the privileges of citizenship?

Frank. I think not. Their children might become citizens; but why should men born and educated in foreign countries, influenced by extraneous prejudices, and feeling an invincible attachment to the place of their birth, be admitted to rank with native citizens who love their country "they know not why and care not wherefore?" Love of country is a prejudice: knowledge may destroy but cannot produce it. And as foreigners never can feel the operation of this prejudice in favor of the adopted country, they cannot be heartily and wholly attached to its interests. The fact is, they never become more than half citizens. After they have been here thirty or forty years, you may hear them express their regard for their *dear native land*, and call it, with affectionate tenderness,—HOME. I blame not this amiable partiality. I should dislike the man who felt it not; but I contend that no one can become wholly attached to any other country but that which gave him birth. *Piomingo!* can you describe the place of your nativity?

Piomingo. On a gentle eminence, near a rapid stream, stood a wattled hut, overshadowed by the branches of a

venerable oak. On the right was the distant prospect of an Indian village; on the left, a narrow path winding down the hill to the banks of the river. Majestic mountains appeared at a distance.

Frank. Piomingo! do you never repeat, with melancholy pleasure,

En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,
Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespitem culmen,
Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas?

Should you return once more after many years' absence and visit the Indian village, the swelling hill, the rapid stream, the winding path, the little hut, and the venerable oak, would they not excite a thousand ineffable feelings? Can you feel the same attachment to any other spot in the universe? Is not that your country? Could you forget the scene of your infant joys, where you first became conscious of existence, where you spent your happiest days, where the bones of your fathers are buried, and where your brethren dwell—could you forget all these, and attach yourself exclusively to any other country and people?

Piomingo. May not a man have reason to hate his people and the land of his fathers?

Frank. A man cannot hate his people and the land of his fathers: it is impossible. If he can, he is utterly incapable of loving any other.

Piomingo. This civilized uproar fatigues me. I must be going.

Frank. Stay a moment, till I show you another foreigner. We have them of all descriptions. That inanimate being who sits by himself viewing every thing round him with sullen contempt is an Englishman. He has been among us these twenty years, but in all that time has found nothing on which he could bestow the slightest commendation. There are but four things that fall within the range of his abilities: he can eat, drink, love old England, and hate every other thing in existence. He never can be induced to taste any species of food which is unknown in England: and of those kinds which

are common to both countries, that which is produced here is, he asserts, infinitely inferior in quality. If you show him the choicest productions of the soil, he will sometimes reluctantly admit they *may do*, taking care at the same time to add, *they are much better in England*. He never has been so fortunate, since he crossed the Atlantic, as to meet with a dinner properly prepared: and when he returns to the land of shopkeepers, should he ever return, he will inform his countrymen that the people of Pennsylvania are anthropophagi and blacks. Although he carries the marks of stupid vulgarity in his countenance, he affects to despise the Americans as a nation of rebels, convicts and savages.

Piomingo. Will he argue on political subjects?

Frank. Argue! he argues as a dog would argue: he snarls at every thing round him. He abuses our legislative assemblies and curses publicly the officers of government.

Piomingo. It is magnanimous to overlook these things.

Frank. I have no opinion of such magnanimity. Suppose I should go to England and call the virtuous members of parliament robbers and villains, and the sapient monarch a fool; what would be the consequence? Why should strangers be allowed greater privileges among us, than the citizens of the United States would be allowed in foreign countries?

Piomingo. This is a free country.

Frank. A free country! words without meaning! And because it is a free country, must we allow ourselves to be abused and insulted by every insolent foreigner who lands on our shores? Suppose you had a family, *Piomingo*, and I, when admitted as a visiter, should insult your wife, and curse yourself, the lord and master of the little monarchy; suppose I should ridicule your private arrangements, and laugh at your domestic establishment; or suppose, I should finally presume to take in my own hands the regulation of your affairs; would not my conduct be resented?

Piomingo. The lawyers tell us, you know, that a

man's house is his castle: I should certainly eject you from my citadel.

Frank. And may not our territories be accounted the great domicile or castle of the nation? Shall the many-headed monster be bearded in his den? Shall one set of foreigners ridicule our laws and regulations, and curse with impunity "the ruler of the people;" while another, out of pity to our ignorance, would push us from our seats and take upon themselves the management of our affairs? Upon my veracity, I know not which most to admire—the Irishman's intrusive impudence, the Englishman's haughty stupidity, or the weakness and servility of the American.

Piomingo. Have you done?

Frank. No: there is another foreigner present, to whom I wish to call your attention.

Piomingo. What is he? a Frenchman?

Frank. No, not a Frenchman. What made you put the French in my head? What could I say of a people that stormed and blustered about liberty and equality till they set the world in an uproar, and then fell prostrate at the feet of a daring usurper? I have no patience with the French. They excited our hopes, and plunged us in despair. They have disappointed the philanthropist, brought disgrace on the cause of humanity, and established for ages the government of kings.

Piomingo. How old are you, Frank?

Frank. Why do you ask that question, Piomingo?

Piomingo. Because you appear to me to be carried away by a frantic enthusiasm, which I should not expect to find in a man who had arrived at years of maturity: at least, in a man who had made human nature his study, and observed the passions and motives which govern the actions of men.

Frank. O, I have gotten out of my swaddling clothes: but I must acknowledge that in the early period of the French revolution, I felt my full share of the general enthusiasm, which pervaded the world, and seemed for a season to elevate human nature above every mercenary consideration.

Piomingo. Did you expect a political millennium?

Frank. The truth is, I not only expected a political, but a religious, millennium. I thought I saw in passing events the accomplishment of prophecies. I expected political and spiritual regeneration to go hand in hand until all men should become brothers, and justice and peace be established forever. I was ready to exclaim with Virgil,

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas:
Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo:
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

I expected "the sun of righteousness" to rise upon the earth; and the clouds of darkness superstition and prejudice to be scattered by "the brightness of his coming." I expected that through the blessings of freedom and the "outpouring of the Spirit," "the wilderness would be like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord!" I prayed without ceasing for the downfall of pagan idolatry, popish superstition, and Jewish infidelity. I read Newton on the prophecies, studied the weeks and times of Daniel; and meditated profoundly on the heads, horns, trumpets and vials of the Revelation. I expected every moment to see the heavens opened, and the New Jerusalem descending on the earth!—But the progress of the French revolution destroyed these gay illusions. These enchanting hopes have "passed away as a vision of the night;" and *the blackness of darkness* has succeeded. Instead of a new heaven and a new earth, I have nothing to amuse me but this same old dull wicked world.

Piomingo. I was going to point out the impossibility of this great change taking place in consequence of the French revolution, and to demonstrate the folly of your expectations; but as I find that you supposed these wonders would be effected by supernatural means, my reasoning would not be so applicable to the case as I imagined. You were certainly right in calling in a heavenly personage to act a part in your great and magnificent drama: nor can the severest critic accuse you of transgressing the maxim of Horace:

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

Frank. However lightly you may treat this subject, Piomingo, to me it has been a most serious affair. Nothing agitates the passions of men with so much violence as religion and politics: and when these two, at the same time, exert their influence upon a young ingenuous and enthusiastic mind, the consequences are marvellous.—And when the mind, after having been agitated and sublimated by wild and undefinable emotions, finds itself among the mire and filth of this sublunary world—how vapid and tasteless is existence!—But here we are: since nature has made us but *men*, why should we proudly and arrogantly aspire to be *gods*? Why should we, who grovel upon the earth, raise our daring thoughts to heaven and soar beyond the bounds of creation? Is it not strange that such worms as we, should be actuated by passions so strong, ambition so bold, and desires so unbounded?

Cælum, ipsum petimus stultitia!

Piomingo. Man is a reptile indeed, and may truly say, with one of your sacred writers, “to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister:” but that daring ambition, those ardent passions, boundless desires, and aspiring hopes, which excite your admiration, may lead us to look for another scene of existence, when man shall find objects sufficiently noble to exercise the powers of his soul, and satisfy his sublimest aspirations.

Frank. Such reflections may calm your philosophic mind, Piomingo; but one who has been taught to expect *certainty* in these things views your *probabilities* with impatience. However, I must inform you that I have nearly got rid of these troublesome speculations, which, if indulged, would unfit a man for the great and important concerns of this momentary life. I endeavor to suit myself to the station in which nature has placed me, and to teach my mind to be satisfied with things which are attainable.

Piomingo. You endeavor?

Frank. I must acknowledge it is only an *endeavor*; for I continually experience vexations in business, troubles

with my nearest connexions, disappointments in friendship; and become more and more convinced of the unsatisfactory nature of every enjoyment. O, for that apathy of soul, that sweet *ataraxia*, of which I have heard, which forbids alike the approaches of pleasure and pain, hope and despair!

Piomingo. That *ataraxia* is only to be gained—

Frank. In the grave: “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

Piomingo. So I find you are something of a sceptic: why did you not propose your doubts, in the beginning, to some of your teachers, in order that they might be removed?

Frank. So I did: I went to our ghostly steward, who furnished us on Sundays with our weekly allowance of spiritual food, and modestly propounded certain queries.

He was astonished beyond measure that such a one as I should presume to doubt of any of those things which he himself believed. He dilated on the heinous nature of the sin of unbelief, and exhorted me to beware of the temptations of Satan. I told him that I was sincerely desirous of believing; but that my mind was perplexed with doubts, which I was in hopes his superior knowledge would be able to dissipate. I protested that I was devotedly attached to the christian religion; that I would not for ten thousand worlds believe it to be a fiction; and that I came with genuine humility, and in the simplicity of my heart, to ask information from my spiritual instructor. I entreated that he would favor me with half an hour’s conversation; that he would give me reasons on which to ground my belief; that he would hear my objections patiently; in fine, that he would engage in a friendly and familiar discussion of those important points which I had mentioned.

Piomingo. Well: what reply did he make to this humble solicitation?

Frank. He began a long and violent declamation, something in the manner of a sermon; he quoted innumerable texts of scripture, taking for granted, all along,

the very points I wished to have proved; he poured forth the terrors of the law like a torrent; and concluded with an animated prayer for a hardened and unbelieving sinner.

Now this might be preaching; but reasoning it could not be termed, with any propriety: and, as it was not exactly preaching which I was desirous of hearing, I ventured to suggest that I had often heard these things from the pulpit; and as they had failed to produce conviction in my mind on those occasions, it was not to be expected that they would have a more decisive effect at present.

“Do, my dear sir,” said I, “consider me, for the present, as a Chinese or Hindoo. What arguments would you use to convince such a one of the truth of the doctrines you teach?” “It is the hardness and wickedness of your abominable heart,” cried he, “that occasions your unbelief: I see you are lost.” “My heart,” said I, innocently, “is not wicked.” “You lie!” said he in a fury, “you lie, you reprobate! your heart is deceitful above all things, and *desperately wicked*.”

I was a little abashed, as you may well suppose, with this last argument; however, after some time, when I saw he began to grow cool, I ventured to rejoin, “if I know any thing of my own heart”—“You know nothing of your own heart, poor fool!” said he, “you are in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity.”

As I found that no good would spring from this conference, I began to think of taking my leave; but, being desirous to know of what nature his next argument would be, I added, “When we wish to establish any doctrine”—“Let me have none of your philosophy and vain deceit,” said he, “I’ll hear none of it. I deliver you over to Satan to buffet you. Your blood be on your own head: I have done my duty. You will soon believe and tremble like your father the devil. I shake off the dust of my feet as a testimony against you. I tell you again and again, that it is the wicked malignity and enmity of your heart against God, and every thing that is good,

which occasions your unbelief: you *will not* believe." "If a man be not able," said I, "to see the truth of a proposition, he *cannot* believe."

Enraged beyond measure at my pertinacity, he sprang from his chair, and, seizing a flaming brand from the fire, he shook it in my face exclaiming, "*Believe, or you'll be damned, you villain! believe or you'll be damned!*"

Piomingo. That was cogent reasoning, Frank: did you reply?

Frank. No, indeed: I scampered off as fast as my feet could carry me. I was then about seventeen years of age: if any one were to reason with me in that manner at present, I should certainly make use of a species of argument that would not be easily answered.

Piomingo. Had you ever any further conversation with this pattern of meekness and humility?

Frank. No. I frequently went afterwards to hear him preach: and whenever he saw me enter the church, he took occasion to denounce the judgments of the law upon a presumptuous unbeliever. I do candidly believe he was angry with the Lord for permitting me to live upon the earth: for I have seen him turn up his eyes, with an air of angry expostulation, and say "why sleeps thy thunder?" He would frequently question his Maker concerning the propriety of showing so much lenity and indulgence to the dissolute and profane. You smile, *Piomingo*—May this moment be my last, if he would not address the creator of the world with as much ease and confidence as I do my barber or shoemaker: and this sanctified impertinence or blasphemous impudence he dignified with the appellation of *holy boldness*. He would threaten the Lord—Why do you stare, *Piomingo*?—absolutely threaten him, and tell him, in a tone of defiance, that he (the preacher) would take the kingdom of heaven by storm. Nay, he would command the deity—I speak truth, *Piomingo*—as I command my servant; for which he said he had scripture—"Command ye me."

Piomingo. This was a true member of the church *mil-
itant*. Such clergymen, I hope, are rarely to be found.

Frank. There are many such, among the calvinistic societies. He was a celebrated preacher, remarkably orthodox and sound in *fundamentals*.

Piomingo. But how did it happen that you connected religion and politics in the manner you have mentioned?

Frank. Why, it has long been a prevailing opinion, among various religious denominations, that those happy times, which are promised by the prophets, would commence about the beginning of the nineteenth century: and we, who found ourselves within a few years of that important period, confidently expected to see at least the morning of that day when holiness to the Lord should be written on the *bells of the horses*.

Whenever, by pouring out the curses of the *law* mixed with a due proportion of the soothing promises of the *gospel*, any sacred orator was able to excite a little sobbing and whining and blubbering among his auditors, which was termed "a shaking among the dry bones," he would immediately declare that the night was past, and that he saw the appearance of day.—While we all stood on tiptoe in order to perceive the first streaks of the dawn, behold! we discerned the coruscations of the French revolution!—A shout of joy and exultation was raised by the multitude,

So wild, so loud, so clear,
E'en listening angels stooped from heaven to hear!

The wondering mountains, hills and rocks returned the sound; the beasts of the field forgot to browse, and gazed with astonishment at the madness of the people; the dogs, in every direction, *lifted up their voices* and joined the melodious howl of their masters!

One company would sing, "The day breaks, and the shadows flee away." A second would answer, "Lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone." A third: "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." A fourth: "The voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Then all would unite in full chorus: "Glory to God in the highest; and peace and good will among men."

While we were thus employed, we were astonished at a bloody appearance in the eastern horizon. What could occasion this singular phenomenon! The incident was unexpected, and threw a damp on our joy. We immediately had recourse to our prophetic books, and without much difficulty discovered sundry oracular intimations of this wonderful event. For after an event had actually taken place, we were extremely ingenious at adjusting the prophecy to the circumstances; but when we attempted, with no other guide but prophecy, to predict occurrences, we sometimes made little blunders in our calculations. But alas! we were plunged into utter despair when we perceived gloomy clouds of infidelity, atheism and oppression to rise from the earth and destroy those faint glimmerings of light which had ravished our senses. "Behold, darkness covered the earth; and gross darkness, the people!"

This dreadful disappointment I owe to the French: help me to curse them.

Piomingo. The French are a gallant people?

Frank. They are a *valiant* people.

Piomingo. Are they not a good people?

Frank. They make good slaves, but execrable masters: I would as soon trust a madman with a firebrand in a powder magazine, as Frenchmen with the management of government.

Piomingo. I am sorry for your religious and political disappointment, Frank; but I do not account myself qualified to offer consolation. May I ask, in my turn, if you have not treated sacred subjects with rather too much levity.

Frank. I have not: religion herself I venerate. But if a villain or a fool wrap his unhallowed limbs in the white robes of the goddess, shall his wickedness and folly be unnoticed? I trow not.

Professors of religion are often ingenious at making distinctions where no difference really exists: I wish they would learn to separate those things which are not very intimately connected—their professions from their actions; themselves from their Maker.

Piomingo. Were popular commotions again to take place in France, in England, or in any other country of Europe, would you entertain any such extravagant expectations as you did at the commencement of the French revolution?

Frank. Indeed I should not. I understand a little better, than I did in my youth, the nature of the motives that influence the actions of men. I have paid some attention to the passions and prejudices and follies of my species. I have studied, as much as my situation in life would allow, the progress of society from barbarism to refinement; and I have been led to conclude that in every country where wealth is the principal object of pursuit, the great body of the people must always be slaves.

Piomingo. Why then should the termination of the French revolution be mentioned by you in terms of regret, since the people would have been equally slaves under a national assembly?

Frank. Because, in a monarchical government there is but one freeman, or, as an ancient Roman would probably have said, there is but ONE MAN; but in a government where the power is divided among many, there are many who deserve the appellation of MEN.—Because the minds of men are paralyzed by the iron rod of power in the hand of a tyrant, and sink into torpid stupidity; but in a popular government, the mind of every man, who enjoys a portion of the sovereignty, is incited to action by emulation, ambition, and hope; and the energies of his soul are suffered to expand.

In order to elucidate this subject, I will produce an example in point: The government of republican Rome was extremely unsettled and fluctuating; there was no end to the changes of its officers, regulations, and institutions; it vibrated continually between the hands of the patrician and plebeian opponents; yet, from this chaos of contention there arose—heroes, sages, gods upon earth! Now if we contemplate this same people under the dominion of a monarch, we see nothing but a brutal

tyrant and degenerates slaves. Who would not rather buffet the waves in the tempestuous ocean of liberty, than rot in the putrid waters of the dead sea of despotism?

Piomingo. I acknowledge the force of your remarks, and willingly subscribe to your opinion on this subject; but I cannot help observing that the degeneracy of the Romans was not occasioned by the imperial government; but, on the contrary, the imperial government owed its existence to the degeneracy you have mentioned. As long as the Romans preserved their national manners, their virtuous poverty, their profound veneration for oaths—in fine, as long as virtue, honor, fame, patriotism were the motives that impelled them to action; so long did the republican government subsist: but as soon as they had shaken off the yoke of salutary prejudices, and lost their original simplicity of manners; as soon as riches became the great object of ambition, and the wealth of Asia was poured into the lap of Europe—as soon as these things had taken place, the Romans became necessarily slaves. When one Cesar was destroyed, they fell under the dominion of another, and continued to sink lower and lower in the mire of moral turpitude and corruption, till they were overwhelmed by the proud energy of restless barbarians. My dear friend, when we consider the poisonous effects of avarice, and the enervating influence of luxury, upon the manners of men, we must despair, I am afraid, of seeing a permanent republican government in any civilized nation.—

Frank. Unless heaven should send down some mighty Lycurgus, with the will and the power to raise and educate a nation of republicans. —

Piomingo. And your heaven-sent Lycurgus must take away the children, as soon as they are born, from their degenerate parents, and educate them in the wilderness far from the haunts of civilized men.

Frank. What! make savages of them?

Piomingo. No: make Spartans of them.

Frank. O, that is the same thing: the Spartans were ignorant and cruel barbarians.

Piomingo. Our modern Lycurgus must instil into the minds of his young republicans, not the vices, but, the virtues of the ancient Spartans. He must teach them to love their friends and their country, to suffer with patience the evils of life, and laugh at the approaches of danger and death. Let him improve upon the plan of the Spartan lawgiver by forming an enlightened and civilized nation; but he must take care to prohibit the introduction of personal property. There must be no appropriation of things to individuals or societies: all must belong to the nation. Men must be taught to distinguish themselves by something more generous and noble than the accumulation of riches: they must place their happiness in friendship, love, honor, glory, and the good of their country; and not in the indulgence of selfish and sordid propensities.

But enough of this. I have no intention to turn Utopian projector, unless I had power to carry my plans into execution.

Frank. Suppose you and I steal four or five hundred ragged dirty little savages from the suburbs of Philadelphia, and establish a republic in the wilderness. The parents will get rid of a troublesome burthen; and we, transporting idea! shall immortalize our names. *Piomingo* and *Fluent* will rank in after ages with *Moses*, *Lycurgus* and *Numa*.

Piomingo. Did I not tell you, *Frank*, that the children must be taken as soon as they are born: before they are twelve months old they have imbibed half the follies of their parents and contracted a thousand civilized vices.

Frank. Nay, then we may give up the scheme; for how should we manage five hundred infants squalling like devils; unless indeed, we could have them suckled by goats in a cave, or by wolves in the mountains?

Piomingo. *Frank*, if you will not walk, I must absolutely leave you. I came out with the intention of walking: instead of which I have been taking a lesson from you in this *Academy of Vice*.

Frank. I shall accompany you immediately. I wish

you had on your Muscogulgee apparel, that we might astonish the natives by the singularity of our appearance.

Piomingo. Come, let us go.

I am amazed, said Frank, as we came out of the house, how you came to take such a dislike to a tavern, which is of infinite importance in a civilized city. Without these amusements, which you affect to despise, how would the idlers while away the tedious hours of insipid existence? How could politicians meet to discuss the affairs of the nation without the conveniences a tavern affords? Animated by the deity who presides in these temples the patriot is enabled to discover his flame; the wise, to communicate instruction to the simple; and the brave, to fight the battles of his country. Pray, did you never hear that that *man of mind*, the celebrated Johnson, declared a tavern to be the *throne of earthly felicity*?

Piomingo. The *Mitretavern*, and *Turk's head*, I suppose, offered allurements superior to those of the place we have left: yet if a tavern be the greatest blessing of that civilized society, the moralist so much admired, we cannot be otherwise than amazed at the power of habit over the minds of the wisest of men. It is not, however, strange that a man, who has no endearing domestic connexions, should be pleased with the ease and freedom enjoyed at an inn, and the spirit of accommodation displayed at a house of public entertainment: such a man (although there may be many who call themselves his friends) will find himself as he advances in life, a kind of stranger on the earth, and will feel inclined to exclaim, with the amiable Shenstone,

Who'e'r has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

Frank. A savage life was the object of Johnson's unconquerable aversion.

Piomingo. Johnson was a lion in chains: his strong mind was fettered by invincible prejudices. If a favorite subject lay immediately before him, he would investigate it with vigor and accuracy, and lay open its various and

minute ramifications; but he could not, or *would not*, take an extensive view of the nature of things. His education had given his mind a determinate direction: and he was afraid to look to the right lest he should see *Gog*, or to the left lest he should see *Magog*. He took but one view of an object: if the first appearance left a disagreeable impression on his mind, he immediately pronounced an unfavorable opinion; and never could be induced to take a side view of the same object, lest he should be under the necessity of changing his sentiments. If any doctrine ran contrary to his prejudices, it was never favored with a critical examination, but was rejected with the same terror and abhorrence that a man would oppose the approaches of a rattlesnake which evinced an inclination to crawl into his bosom. If any one advanced, in his presence, a heterodox sentiment, the presumptuous offender was speedily silenced by coarse language in a thundering voice, and by bold sallies of wit, which, enforced by the terrors of his name, there were none who would venture to withstand. Such a man was certainly liable to mistakes: and if he fell into error, in error he would remain; for his sentence, once passed, was like the laws of the Medes and Persians—unchangeable. What were his violent denunciations against the Scots, against sectarians, against infidels, against the Americans, and finally, against the advocates for savage life, but bursts of passion dictated by inveterate prejudices?

The infidels, for aught I know to the contrary, might merit his resentment; the Scots, by their intrusion into places of honor and profit in England, might expose themselves to his fury; the sectarians, by their opposition to the *dogmata* of the church, might occasion ebullitions of his zeal; the Americans, by daring to rebel against his king, might provoke his loyal indignation; but the savages—how happened they to awaken his *sore displeasure*, or to merit the disgraceful appellation of *brutes*? It is probable that Johnson supposed no man to be perfectly civilized who did not live in London, fare sumptuously every day, and enjoy the pleasures of lite-

rary society. He appreciated very highly the pleasures of the table and other luxurious enjoyments, and seems to have preferred the gross gratifications of sense to the more refined delights of the imagination.

Frank. What is your opinion of Boswell's Life of Doctor Johnson?

Piomingo. I think it one of the most entertaining books in the English language. Every thing that relates to so great a man as Johnson must be highly interesting: and Boswell exposes to our view such an infinite variety of *little things* concerning this illustrious personage, that the most prying curiosity finds entertainment and gratification. He produces so much of Johnson's *sterling intelligence*, so many interesting literary conversations, interspersed with curious anecdotes, and the whole related in a manner so amusing, that we cannot read without receiving instruction and entertainment. Yet, after having pronounced this eulogy on the work, I must take the liberty to add, that the man who has formed his opinion of Johnson from reading the *Ramblers* and *Idlers* will find the character of the great moralist sink in his estimation in consequence of the perusal of Boswell's production.

Frank. Although I derived much pleasure from this performance, I have often wished that Johnson had been so fortunate as to have repulsed the advances of the creeping, insinuating, intriguing animal that afterwards became his biographer. The indefatigable sycophant, taking advantage of the intimacy he enjoyed, and proud of the ascendancy he had acquired over a mind so much superior to his own, pried into every corner, searched out every weakness and folly, and exposed the whole to the eyes of the world, without any regard to the character of his friend;—and though we are amused with the fruit of his labor, we hate and despise the creature who contributes to our entertainment.

Piomingo. Should not a faithful biographer relate every thing he knows concerning the man who is the subject of his history?

Frank. He should relate every circumstance of importance: but why should he detail those little weaknesses which are rather a disgrace to human nature than any blemish in the character of the individual?—What advantage can the world derive from being made acquainted with the lapses and follies of men eminent for their virtues and admired for their talents? Nay, I believe the consequence may prove extremely unfortunate: by lessening the veneration which was felt for the character of moral writers, it weakens the influence of their works upon society.

Piomingo. But does not Boswell discover great art in relating these trifles in a manner so agreeable as he has done?

Frank. Not so much art as you may suppose: he discovers a patient and laborious assiduity in having collected and preserved every *Johnsonic* particle whether clean or unclean. He discovers, in his own character, a superabundance of folly and vanity, and (which is not at all inconsistent with the foregoing qualities) a considerable portion of contemptible cunning. As for art in the arrangement of his materials, it was totally unnecessary: every thing that had any connexion with Johnson must afford entertainment to the public.

The notice that is taken of the most trifling actions of a man celebrated for his talents is thus pleasantly illustrated by an agreeable writer: “Did you see Mr. Pope?” “Yes.” “What was he doing?” “Picking his teeth.” Now, Piomingo, you and I might pick our teeth for a month before any one would observe it; but Johnson could not change his linen, squeeze an orange, or blow his nose, without Boswell’s making a memorandum of the occurrence for the information of posterity.

My tables—meet it is, I set it down.

Why should we be told that Johnson devoured his food with such voracity as to excite a perspiration in his face, and occasion the veins in his forehead to swell, to the great annoyance of his delicate associates? What benefit is the world to derive from this disgusting picture?

It may lessen the respect we felt for a man who was an honor to his country; and it may afford us a momentary amusement; but we hate Boswell for having noticed the circumstance. It was observed by Sir William Jones, that the best monument that could be raised to a literary man is a good edition of his works: and I will venture to add, that (whether we consider the fame of the author, or the good of society) the best life of Johnson would have been a splendid edition of all his works, except his political pamphlets. In corroboration of what I have said, it may be observed that Johnson, in order to display his powers in colloquial controversy, frequently advanced and supported opinions which he ventured not to inculcate in his writings.

Piomingo. Boswell, certainly, did not suppress the foibles of his hero; neither did he appear desirous of concealing his own.

Frank. A man is as much to blame for exposing his own failings unnecessarily as those of another. There are a great many disagreeable things in human nature which ought to be carefully concealed.

Piomingo. What! do you dislike a man who declares his thoughts openly and freely? do you plead for dissimulation and hypocrisy?

Frank. I am an enemy to every species of imposition; but I see no necessity for exposing disagreeable objects, when no good can result from this exposure, and when no evil can be the consequence of concealment. What a fool that man would be who should proclaim aloud his vain, wicked, or childish thoughts! Even your blunt and impudent men conceal ten times more than they make known to the world. Nay, it is a common saying, that the only difference between a wise man and a fool is, that the former exercises a sound discretion in this point; but the latter turns indiscriminately his thoughts into words.

Piomingo. This, like many other common sayings, is far from correct. The wise man and the fool are essentially different: the former perceives clearly, reasons

accurately, and judges soundly; but the latter is incapable of these things.

Frank. I mean not to enter the lists in defence of the saying; but I contend that, should the wisest man in existence give, without reservation, expression to his thoughts, he would soon be confined in a madhouse.

Piomingo. Whenever any thing is concealed, there is danger of imposition; because we may be led on by a pleasing exterior to form connexions with an object, in consequence of an erroneous estimate of its value, if we be not made acquainted with the internal, as well as the external, qualities.

Frank. And if we were acquainted with these internal qualities, you speak of, I am afraid that every object in existence would be odious in our sight. I express my opinions more freely than most men; and have the reputation of being "a plain blunt man" who "speaks right on"—so much so, that among my neighbors I am generally known by the appellation of *Honest Frank*; yet I have a thousand foolish thoughts and ridiculous notions, which I could not be bribed to make known.

Nature has been blamed for not having put a window in the breast of man that the secrets of his mind might be visible; but she has been unjustly blamed. Since she had resolved to build a receptacle for "all manner of creeping things," she acted wisely in concealing the place of her abominations. Could we enter into the recesses of the minds of the most virtuous men, it is probable that we should find so much selfishness, vanity, and folly, that we should both hate and despise those who are at present the object of our respect and veneration. Could we become acquainted with the secret thoughts of our most intimate friends, there is little doubt but our love and attachment would give place to hatred and indignation. If there be any truth in these surmises, a wise man should be content with externals, when the exterior is pleasing, and not endeavor to pry into those things which are judiciously concealed from his eyes. But a principle of curiosity still prompts us to examine, as far as we are

able, the secret workings of the mind, though the discoveries which we make are productive of consequences injurious to our happiness as individuals, and destructive of the regard we should feel for our species in general.

Piomingo. And did you ever ask yourself the reason *why* you were not inclined to disclose your thoughts? Is not this backwardness occasioned by a blind deference to the maxims and customs of the world? Is not this concealment rendered necessary by the vitious disposition of mankind? When you are in a crowd, you think it necessary to take care of your pockets; when robberies are frequent, you bolt and lock your doors that you may rest in security; and in civilized nations, you conceal your thoughts, because you are surrounded by men who wait to take advantage of your weaknesses, and who are ever ready to usurp a dominion over your mind and to become masters of your actions by bribing terrifying or otherwise managing your passions propensities and inclinations. It is not on account of the wickedness or folly of his own thoughts that a virtuous man thinks proper to conceal them, but because experience has made him acquainted with the malignant and ungenerous disposition of the world. And this evil disposition, which I have noticed, is not owing to any inherent depravity, but solely to a vitious education. What else could be expected among a people who are instructed, from their infancy, in the practice of deception; who are taught to wear the *semblance* of virtue merely for the purpose of concealing the *substance* of vice; who are taught to consider life as a struggle for preeminence, and who, being prohibited the use of open force, are under the necessity of having recourse to artifice and fraud?

This is not exaggeration. The multiplicity of your laws proclaims the corruption of your manners and your attachment to vitious pursuits. Laws are never enacted to punish crimes which there is no disposition in the community to commit. If laws, therefore, forbid the commission of vice, it would seem to follow that the principal part of education, in a civilized society, would consist

in teaching youth how to evade the *spirit* of the laws without transgressing the *letter*.

I know a person now, who has often boasted in my hearing of having disposed of a horse, not worth twenty dollars, to an ignorant traveller for one hundred and fifty. This man has never been known to practise robbery or theft, according to the legal definition of those terms; but he takes care to enjoy the advantages that flow from a perpetration of those crimes without incurring any of those dangers which environ the robber or the thief who answers the technical description of the law.

A man would be a fool indeed who would expose the secrets of his mind to *civilized sharpers*, who lie continually in wait to avail themselves of every favorable opportunity that fortune may throw in their way. Yet if society were so constituted that *man did not prey on man*, there would be no necessity for the cautious concealment you seem to recommend.

Frank. There may be some truth in your observations; but I am inclined to believe that men, with an education the most salutary that could be devised (by all the wisdom of all the philosophers, savage and civilized) would still find it necessary to conceal their feelings and their thoughts from each other. I have heard it said that truth was the cement of society; but, in my opinion, men are held together by the means of falsehood and illusion. Could they see each other, *as they are*, there would be nothing but mutual abhorrence and contention.

An ingenious writer has observed that "if our souls had not been united to material substances, they would still have been capable of knowledge, but it is probable they would have loved whatever they knew; whereas, in the present constitution of things, we scarcely love any thing but that of which we are ignorant." All our happiness consists in delusive appearances: we search into the nature of things with eagerness and curiosity; but the moment that any subject is thoroughly investigated, we are disgusted and unhappy. The sentient principle and reasoning powers seem to unfit us for the station in

which we are placed. They enable us to discover a thousand imperfections in ourselves, in others, and in the myriads of objects which surround us. They prompt us to enquire into the nature of our pleasures, and examine the foundation of our momentary happiness; but our delights and enjoyments will not bear to be analysed: the instant they are subjected to the scrutiny of reason, the vapors disappear; and we wonder how we came to be pleased. You have said that there is no such thing as inherent depravity; but if there be radical imperfection in our nature, where is the difference? We necessarily fall into error; and our minds become the seats of corruption and vice. When we look inward upon this magazine of faults, this workshop of iniquity, we are frightened at our own depravity, and endeavor carefully to conceal it from the world, and, as much as possible, from ourselves. All things are imperfect that fall within the circle of our observation: and if we be not deceived by our pride, we will acknowledge that man is imperfect as well as the rest. Has not nature dressed the surface of things with a profusion of embellishments, and placed in the centre her repository of poisons, her seeds of corruption and death? Is man an exception? Alas! he is not. How often, during our intercourse with the world, are we captivated by a pleasing exterior, and afterwards have occasion to exclaim,

O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!

Piomingo. But all men are not villains.

Frank. All men do not deserve the appellation of villains; but all have their faults follies and weaknesses, which they very properly and judiciously conceal. What tho' I be imposed on a dozen times in my life by specious deceivers—is it not much better so, than it would be if I were able to see, in every one's countenance, the turpitude and depravity of his mind?—I should find myself surrounded by monsters, and be obliged to seek a refuge among the rocks of the desert. I wish every man to hide his faults as ingeniously as possible. Though men have the hearts of devils, I desire them to wear

the faces of angels; because their faces fall continually under my inspection, but I have very little concern with their hearts.

Piomingo. If I were among devils, I should like to know it, that I might be on my guard against their wicked machinations. Would to God, that every face were, as it ought to be, a picture of the mind!

Frank. What species of armor would you use for your defence? How would you protect yourself on every side, at all times, and in all places? Must you be for ever uneasy? If a blind man were in a dungeon among serpents, and it were impossible to extricate him from his perilous situation, would it not be cruel to inform him of his danger? We are placed upon the earth, and necessarily connected with men; is it not much better that we should remain ignorant of the wickedness and malignity of our associates?

An agreeable face conceals a vitious mind in the same manner that dress hides the deformities and diseases of the body. When we walk in the streets and press through the market, every one we see makes a tolerable appearance; but were it not for dress which envelops the bodies of the multitude, we should be continually shocked with distorted shapes, "wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores." Let us therefore be thankful to the vestments which cover these deformities of the body; and let us be pleased with a smiling face that hides from our view the diseases of the mind.

I mentioned before, that our inquisitive disposition and our propensity to reason on every subject have an immediate tendency to render us unhappy. This opinion I will endeavor to illustrate by a sublime comparison, and then I shall have done: "If the sun breed magots" (why do you laugh? the language is Shakspeare's) "If the sun breed magots in a dead dog," these magots are unconscious of the filth and abomination in which they are immersed; they have no idea of any state superior to their own, nor of any happiness greater than that which they enjoy; consequently they cannot be miserable. But man

is cursed with the ability of perceiving his degraded situation; he is able to form ideas of perfection to which he can never attain; he feels an inclination to aspire; he despises the earth which gave him birth, and would ascend to the mansion of the gods; he would subject the universe to his empire, and partake of delights too sublime for his nature—in consequence of which, he is miserable. Upon the whole I conclude that such an animal as man should not have been endowed with perception so acute, and with desires so aspiring—*Diis aliter visum est.*

Piomingo. You and your furious instructor may prate about the wickedness of the heart as long as you please; but every one must admit that no one is wicked before the commencement of his existence. And as soon as he exists he becomes wax in the hands of society. His infant mind takes the color of surrounding objects: by education he is exalted to a god; by education he is converted to a devil; or, by education he is degraded to a brute.

By the customs and institutions of society, by the precepts and examples of seniors and guardians, he becomes initiated in wickedness; and, as advancement and prosperity in life depend upon the exercise of dissimulation and cunning, he conceals his vitious thoughts till they ripen into crimes. Were the mind first subjected to salutary impressions, were the circumstances which influence its earliest decisions favorable to the production of virtue, there would be no necessity for concealment; and the workshop of iniquity, which terrifies your mind, would never be erected.

You unfortunately attempted to enforce your sentiments by a reference to dress. Did it not occur to you that your civilized institutions have produced the diseases and deformities of the body as well as the errors and vices of the mind? Did you not reflect upon the pernicious consequences of continual labor and brutelike drudgery?—They have degraded the proudest work of nature to a beast of burden; they have extinguished the ethereal spark in his breast, and infused into his soul the malignity of a demon. Did you also forget to consider

the evils produced by intemperance, luxury and sloth? Alas! it is too true: You need clothing to hide your diseased, distorted bodies, and fig leaves to conceal your distempered minds. But savages can dispense with garments to shroud their straight and well turned limbs, and with deceitful smiles to veil their ingenuous hearts.

Frank. Well, I see we should never agree on this subject. If you be disposed to ramble farther, you may continue your excursion alone. It is a folly to walk without an object in summer; but the man who will leave a warm fire in the winter, unless compelled by necessity, and expose himself to the blasts of the north, must be wholly insane.

Piomingo. Your will is my guide;—but Frank, who was that other foreigner to whom you were disposed to direct my attention?

Frank. Ah, truly, I had totally forgotten. For some months past we have witnessed a prodigy: From the depths of the wilderness, *cautibus horrens*; from amid the howling wild beasts of the desert; from the bosom of one of those barbarous hords which infest our frontiers, there has issued—ye will not believe it, posterity!—there has issued a savage,—

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix!—

A savage, who presumes to instruct the illuminated, the wise, the polished, the civilized, inhabitants of these free sovereign and independent states, which are, I say, and of right ought to be, free sovereign and independent states,—who, (the savage I mean) not having the fear of God before his eyes, nor reverencing the majesty of the American people, but being moved thereto by the instigation of the devil, hath, daringly knowingly wickedly maliciously malignantly enviously feloniously insidiously burglariously barbarously savagely and of malice aforethought, presumed to instruct this *wonderful people*, this nation of kings, in the science of morals! Give ear, O heavens!—

Piomingo. What do you mean?

Frank. Do not, I beseech thee, do not interrupt me.—
Give ear, O heavens! hearken, O earth!—

Piomingo. What do you mean?

Frank. These are savage interruptions, Piomingo. You have ruined a sublime apostrophe; you have snapped asunder *the chain* of my ideas; you have extinguished my poetical enthusiasm; and now I must proceed to give you a dull prosaic detail of circumstances.

Piomingo. Be as prosaic as you please, but not tedious.

Frank. This savage, of whom I spake, having thrown aside his tomahawk, scalping knife, and rifle,—having divested himself of his wampum, breechclout, blanket, moccasins, and leggins—having laid aside his buck's tail and feathers, ear rings and nose jewels, half moons and bracelets, beads broches and gewgaws—having washed the paint from his visage and taken up the pen, produces a weekly philippic against the blessings and delights of a civilized life—but, as your barbarous countenance is a picture of your mind, that mind, I see, is considerably agitated. I fear it will not be safe to favor you with *my* opinions on the conduct of this savage; but I will, if you please, give you the sentiments of *others*.

Piomingo. Do so.

Frank. Well then, they say (by *they* you are to understand every body, any body, nobody; the wise, the foolish, the world, or any thing you choose) *they say*—but I forgot to premise (which would have been a very capital omission) I forgot to premise—

Piomingo. Frank! your parentheses distract me! By the *mingo of the skies*, if you proceed with your cursed involutions—

Frank. Enough, enough, Piomingo. Do not raise the warhoop, I entreat you. I shall proceed straight forward with my story.

They say, that this savage, having seen our flourishing cities and beautiful fields, having witnessed the state of our agriculture, commerce and manufactures, and all the pleasures that flow from our salutary institutions, and having contrasted these blessings with the miserable

enjoyments of the naked half starved, shivering Indians, he felt the same envious malignity in his breast which Satan is said to have felt when he contemplated the happiness and innocence of our parents in paradise; and he resolved, in imitation of the illustrious personage just mentioned, to disturb that felicity, which he and his brethren were not destined to enjoy.

Piomingo. What, to introduce Sin and Death among the happy and virtuous inhabitants of the civilized world? Would to God, that the arts and refinements, the vices and diseases, of the children of Europe had remained forever unknown to the savages you despise! Reverse the picture; and the representation will not be wholly destitute of truth. But proceed.

Frank. They say, that this savage resembles the fox in the fable; who, finding himself unfortunately destitute of a tail, endeavored to persuade the community of foxes that tails were a useless incumbrance. Now this savage being a barbarian probably indigent—

Piomingo. You may dispense with the application, and proceed with your intelligence.

Frank. They say, that your publication (for thou art the man) is a dull and insipid production; but that among a great deal of rubbish there may sometimes be found a sparkling idea. Now as they have always conceived it impossible for a savage to think, they find themselves wholly unable to account for the thoughts that are scattered through your writings. For a savage whose brain, or whose mind, is a *tabula rasa*—for a savage, whose brutal instinct merely enables him to ramble over mountains or creep through the thickets, to manage a canoe with adroitness or take off a scalp with dexterity—for such a one to think, reflect, compare, is altogether unaccountable!

Can he be fashioned on the social plan,
Or boast a lineage with the race of man?

These considerations have induced them to suppose that the account you have given of yourself is fictitious: some have even proceeded so far as to say you are civilized.

Piomingo. Who said that? My savage honesty of soul

no man shall dispute with impunity. I will immediately have recourse to the law. An action will certainly *lie*?

Frank. I think not.

Piomingo. So, it seems your laws deny me the privilege of avenging myself on my enemies, yet point out no other mode of redress. Is that liberty?

Frank. Let me consider; The words are not actionable *per se*. It may be *damnum*; but then would be *damnum absque injuria*. Prove special damage—action *per quod*. Provocation—tends to a breach—*contra pacem*. Libellous—let me see—not true—so much the worse. No hook to hang a quirk on. Headman and warrior of the Muscogulgee nation—*scandalum magnatum*. To say of a lord—Cro. Car. Cro. Jac. Tom. tit. quint. Eliz.

Piomingo. What is that?

Frank. Wisdom, Piomingo, profound wisdom; but as you are a barbarian, you cannot understand it.—It is said that you are an aristocrat.

Piomingo. So I am: who would not rather be governed by the *best* than by the *worst* of the community? But I am an enemy to hereditary aristocracy, and still more opposed to the aristocracy of wealth: I wish virtue, talents and wisdom to assume their proper place in society.

Frank. It is sometimes said, you are a democrat and leveller.

Piomingo. I am a friend to the people: may they “get wisdom and seek understanding.” May they learn to think for themselves, and no longer be swayed by the influence of the wealthy, or governed by the cunning of political intriguers.

Frank. They say you are an atheist and a deist.

Piomingo. Curious enough! I would not fall down to worship the golden image which civilized society has set up, though my disobedience should cast me in the furnace of adversity heated seven times as hot as ever I have found it.

Frank. They say you are a fool.

Piomingo. Folly, I believe is not peculiar to me;

—et mihi dulces

Ignoscent, si quid peccavero stultus, amici:

luque vicem, illorum patiar delicta libenter.

Frank. The profound and sagacious editor of a *political* and *literary* journal has treated your *Savage* with rudeness and severity; and, as you have taken no notice of this *caustic* and *witty* production, it is supposed that you are unable to answer it.

Piomingo. The Frenchman and his criticism are equally unworthy of attention.

Frank. Do you deal in proverbs?

Piomingo. Not much. Savage as I am, I bow to the opinion of lord Chesterfield concerning the use of *vulgar English proverbs*; but as I have in my possession a collection, I believe I will fill a few pages of the *Savage* with them occasionally: they are equal to the best of poor Richard's and excel the wisest apophthegms of Spain.

Frank. Very right: and sprinkle your pages hereafter with Greek. We always love what we do not understand. The hour of dinner approaches. May the *mingo* of the clouds protect you from evil!

Piomingo. May the *mammon* of *unrighteousness* be propitious to your prayers!

PRONUNCIATION: FROM CRITO.

DOCTOR JOHNSON, with his usual good sense, has remarked, that "most writers of English grammar have given long tables of words pronounced otherwise than they are written; and seem not sufficiently to have considered, that, of English, as of all living tongues, there is a double pronunciation: one cursory and colloquial; the other regular and solemn. The cursory pronunciation is always vague and uncertain, being made different, in different mouths, by negligence, unskilfulness, or affectation. The solemn pronunciation, though by no means immutable and permanent, is yet always less remote from the orthography, and less liable to capricious innovation. They have, however, generally formed their tables according to the cursory speech of those with whom they happen to converse, and, concluding that the whole nation combines to vitiate language in one manner, have often established the jargon of the

lowest of the people as the model of speech. For pronunciation, the best general rule is, to consider those as the most elegant speakers who deviate least from the written words."

Some have been inclined to dispute the justice of these observations; but, to me, they appear correct and judicious. There are so many capricious varieties in the current pronunciation of a living language, that an attempt to establish a uniform standard of orthoepy by any one man's ideas of propriety, must be regarded as a hopeless undertaking. One pronunciation prevails at the theatre; another is sanctioned by the gentlemen of the bar; and a third is favored by divines. The south and the north, the east and the west, have their respective peculiarities of sound: and all these unfortunate localities have their advocates and defenders. Among these conflicting claims, what better plan can we pursue than to lay it down as the golden rule in pronunciation, that *the most elegant speakers are those who deviate least from the written words.*

Multitudes of spelling books and grammars have appeared in the United States; and in the most, if not all of these, are exhibited long tables of words spelled in one manner, and directed to be pronounced in another. Sometimes a letter is said to be silent, when it might with the utmost propriety be sounded; again, we are gravely informed that one letter usurps the power of another, when we can see no reason why it is not content with its own. Some words, though they have long since become a part of our language, are said to be French: and we are obliged to torture our organs for the sake of producing an outlandish, guttural or nasal twang; which being found utterly impracticable, we generate a word which is neither English nor French, but a ridiculous fabrication of our own. What contemptible servility is this! Must there be a numerous class of words which the great body of the people, who understand no language but their own are utterly unable to pronounce? Why should *aid-de-camp*, *envelope*, *environs*, *connoisseur*,

instead of being pronounced agreeably to the powers of the letters in the English language, be converted into *ade-de-caeng, ongrelope, ongreerons, connossare*, which are neither French, English, nor *good high Dutch*?

It must be acknowledged, that since the appearance of orthoepical dictionaries, the solemn pronunciation, noticed by Johnson, has greatly declined: however solemn the style, however important the subject, the *polite* orator has adopted the flippant and cursory pronunciation; and minces and aspirates agreeably to the directions of Sheridan and Walker. How long will our lawyers, divines, and legislating orators, who boast so much of their independence, regulate their pronunciation according to the caprices of the vulgar, great and small, of the city of London? Our universities, colleges, and public speakers, should appoint agents to reside continually in the metropolis of the British empire for the purpose of transmitting without delay, to the wilds of America, the polite and fashionable modes of torturing words practised by gamblers, fops and fools at the head quarters of refinement and corruption.

Yet, notwithstanding the ridiculous affectation of our fashionable speakers, it may still be observed that when the emphasis is placed on a word the unaccented vowels receive a sound different from that which they have when the word is not emphatical: how is this variation to be noted by the modest orthoepist, who would regulate our pronunciation by that of the circle in which he has moved?

Mr. Walker appears to have been so sensible of the difficulties of the task he had undertaken, that he candidly acknowledges "the imperceptible glances of colloquial pronunciation are not to be caught and described by the pen;" but he pleases himself with the reflection, that, if "he cannot point out the precise sound of unaccented syllables, he may at least give those sounds which approach the nearest, and by this means become a little more useful than those who so liberally leave every thing to the ear and taste of the speaker." Now I should conceive that an erroneous guide is worse than no guide at

all: we may as well preserve our original errors as to discard them for the purpose of adopting others.

But even admitting the possibility of conveying to the eye those delicate tones and evanescent sounds which are perceptible by the ear, whom shall we take as our guide? There are not only many hundred incidental differences; but whole classes of words are subjected to the various rules of our standard writers. One author informs us that the final *y* in *wisely, justly, nobly, truly*, and all words of that description, has the sound of long *e*, as in *me*; others give it the sound of *a* in *face*; and others, again, acknowledge that it has an obscure sound of its own. We are told by some that the *e* in *me*, and the *i* in *mill*, have precisely the same sound; others contend that they are widely different. Doctor Ash informs us that the *e* in *the, hero, rebuild, adhesion, &c.* has a sound peculiar to itself; but quite distinct from the *e* in *thee, me, &c.* Others assert that this is the height of absurdity. But,

Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi:

While the leaders contend for superiority, we are led astray by their errors.

I know a young man who was particularly attentive to pronunciation: on every doubtful occasion, he had immediate recourse to the dictionary that happened to be in vogue; and having discovered an odd or curious pronunciation, he rejoiced exceedingly, and took care to introduce the word into every conversation. But by the time he had made himself perfectly familiar with his favorite sound, behold! another dictionary appeared, more fashionable, more orthodox, than the last; and infinitely superior to every other in existence. He now found it necessary to change a pronunciation which had become habitual, and learn anew the pronunciation of his fathers, or acquire, with no little pains, one totally different from both. He informed me that he changed the sound of the *o* in *bosom* four several times in compliance with the precepts of different orthoepists: and, at last, after having sailed round the world of changes, he found himself at the place whence he started. From his nurse he learned to say *bo-*

zum; from his schoolmaster, *buzzum*; from Sheridan, *boozum*, sounding the *oo* as *u* in *full*; from Walker, *boozum*, sounding the *oo* as in *too*; and, finally, a profound critic convinced him the first pronunciation was the best.

One great objection to most of our pronouncing dictionaries is the horrible manner in which they deform the orthography of the language. It is found to be a matter of no little difficulty to acquire the art of spelling with propriety. I do not believe that one person in a hundred can write twenty lines without misspelling some of the words. And if, before the appearance of pronouncing dictionaries, it was so hard to attain a competent knowledge of orthography, how much more difficult will it prove when we cannot open a dictionary without encountering those horrible clusters of consonants, which orthoepists have collected together for the sake of perpetuating sounds. Thus it has happened that these erudite productions have not only unsettled our pronunciation, but have given our language a barbarous appearance, and rendered it more difficult than ever for our children to become acquainted with orthography.

I would not have it thought that I am opposed to all dictionaries designed as helps in pronunciation: these may be useful in regulating the accentuation of words, and displaying the analogies of language. I will even admit that it may be desirable, in a work of this nature, to have some ingenious system of notation, for the purpose of showing the tone and quantity of the vowels; but I will boldly pronounce that the practice of deforming the orthography has been, and will continue to be, productive of consequences pernicious to the purity of language. I would rather, Piomingo, encounter a file of your countrymen among the Alleganian mountains, than be stared in the face by words so tremendous, so horrible, as *tshooturidzh*, *tshootelidzh*, *tshoonable*, *tshoomult*, *ungthoous*, *spirittshoous*, *nattshoorul*? Yet these *monstra vocabulorum horrenda* are not half as barbarous as some that may be found in Sheridan and Walker.—Would any one suppose these congregations of letters were designed to instruct

us in the pronunciation of *tutorage*, *tutelage*, *tunable*, *tumult*, *unctuous*, *spirituous*, *natural*? Yet such is the fact. We have, in the established orthography, strange assemblages of words; but this is perplexing error, and rendering confusion still more grievously confounded.

It is but justice to take notice of the many and highly valuable philological remarks with which Mr. Walker has enriched his dictionary, and the judicious rules he has given for determining the place of the accent; but I hope the pronunciation of the people of the United States will never be regulated by his authority. I shall hereafter take opportunities to point out what I conceive to be errors into which he has fallen, partly from his mistaken notions of analogy, and partly from his servile deference to the fashionable corrupters of language in the city of London.

Mr. Webster has displayed more learning and ingenuity in his works than any other American philologist; but he appears resolutely determined to maintain all the New England peculiarities of speech. We might permit him to say *danger*, *stranger*, *angel*, &c. because in these he is favored by analogy; but we can never allow the true pronunciation of *propitiate*, *annunciate*, *associate*, *officiate*, &c. to be *propishate*, *annunshate*, *assoshate* *offishate*, &c. These words may, for any thing I know to the contrary, be shortened in this manner by that gentleman's friends in Connecticut; but I have never heard them so pronounced by any well educated American. I have always supposed that in the words, *christian*, *bastion*, *mixtion*, *fustian*, &c. the *i* had exactly the sound of *y*; but Mr. Webster informs us that these words are to be pronounced, *chrischun*, *baschun*, *mixchun*, *fuschun*, &c.

I have not had an opportunity of paying much attention to this author's dictionary; but I am confident that his spellingbook, which has a very extensive circulation, has contributed greatly to vitiate the pronunciation of the youth of the United States. It is much to be regretted that he is so tenacious of his errors, as otherwise we might calculate on his labors being very beneficial to his country.

SATIRE.

Does there not appear to be some impropriety in the conduct of an author who informs us, in the titlepage of his book, that he has written a satirical poem? Would he not act more judiciously by selecting some plain and inoffensive title and allowing his *satire* to be discovered by the reader? The word *satire* in English conveys a very different idea from the *satira* of the Romans: which was merely the name of a miscellaneous composition in verse. When an author boldly and dexterously lashes the vices of the world, he is accounted a *satirist*; when he uses ingenious ridicule as the means of making men ashamed of their follies, he is said to be *satirical*; when in a strain of delicate irony he laughs at the errors of his species, the productions of his pen are justly denominated *satires*;—but we can hardly suppose that verses, merely because they are ill natured, merely because they declare war against the vices and follies of men, are entitled to the appellation of *satire*.

“What is this you appear to have been reading? A satirical poem. Well I must give it a perusal. Doubtless I shall find a great display of imagination and genius, since the writer was so confident of the merit and pungency of his remarks as to think them worthy of the epithet *satirical*. Yes every line will sparkle with the scintillations of wit, and every sentence be pointed with the sting of an epigram. However, it seems a little singular for an author to have a label in his forehead with this inscription, “I am a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy:” he should leave that, methinks, to be said by another. What was the character which a Roman satirist gave of his predecessor?

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

—But here the titlepage appears as a rod suspended *in terrorem*, not to deter us from evil, but to frighten us from reading the book. The author is too generous to attack us unawares: *he wears hay on his horn*. Keep at a dis-

tance, ye timorous! as for me, I will venture to approach him; 'and if I perish, I perish.' "

We read several minutes very attentively, and then continued our observations. "The danger was rather imaginary than real. The author might have been as modest as Horace, and given his *satires* the name of *sermones*.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?

But here are notes! Ah, these will point out the latent beauties of the work; these will elucidate what is obscure, and explain the mysterious allusions of the author. But why should a poem that was published yesterday be burthened to day with explanatory notes? In perusing the works of the ancients we may sometimes derive advantage from the labors of the scholiast; but the manners and customs of the world have not, since this work made its appearance, undergone any changes of consequence. Why then should our attention be diverted from the poem itself to the lucubrations of a commentator? Any one who is desirous of displaying his erudition in this way has nothing else to do than publish a new edition of Shakspeare *enriched with additional annotations*. It is true, that it will not be easy to find any word of the original to which he may append observations of his own; but this should not operate as a discouragement on the mind of the commentator: for it must be a consolatory reflection to him, that there may be such a thing as *a note on a note*, a wheel within a wheel; and that five hundred notes may yet be written concerning *old Vice with his dagger of lath*.

But these notes (may I believe it?) were written by the author of the poem! Lame poetry indeed, that must hobble on crutches of prose! Has it not been an axiom as old as criticism itself that a poem should be complete? that it should have a beginning a middle and an end? that there should be nothing deficient or redundant?

The notes may be learned, ingenious, profound; "but this was no place for these things." Every poem, we are told, should be

No man should make allusions in a poem, which cannot be understood without explanatory notes; or write verses which he finds it necessary to piece out with patches of prose. Must not a poem be very imperfect which stands in need of the *scholia* of the author, before it makes its appearance in the world? Was he afraid that we would not feel the weight of his poetical remarks, and has therefore enforced them by observations in prose? Was it in pity to our ignorance that he has subjoined these explanatory remarks? What would the ancients have said to this plan of an author's furnishing notes for his own composition?"

"You appear," said my friend, "to have formed an erroneous opinion of the nature of the work. The notes are not to be considered as mere appendages to the poem: far from it—they are an integral, and indeed the principal, part of the composition. The verses may be considered as a cement which consolidates the discordant matter of the notes in a beautiful and harmonious *whole*. The poem may be considered as the spine with which the various bones of the animal are connected. The lines may—but I do not remember any thing else which would assist me in my illustrations. Did you never hear of a statue composed of different materials—ivory and gold?"

"I have heard of iron mixed with miry clay: I have heard of the following supposition,

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:—

I have heard of centaurs;—but this literary monster bears resemblance to nothing in the regions of fancy, unless it be the Scylla of the poets, or Milton's Sin, who

———seemed a woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hellhounds neverceasing barked
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal.——

What do you think of the similitude? Were it not for the 'woman to the waist and fair,' and the 'mortal sting,' I would say it was an excellent likeness."

“Search the poets,” said my friend, “no longer for an archetype: you will find nothing like it ‘in heaven above or in earth beneath.’

Satira tota nostra est, was the boast of Quintilian: and we with the utmost propriety may assert that this new species of composition is wholly our own. The ancients would have derided the idea, of a man’s writing notes explanatory of his own composition, as the height of literary absurdity; but we

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ—

we have opened a new way to the temple of fame. And you must acknowledge that the scheme is attended with many advantages.

In the first place, it may be observed that notes add greatly to the dignity of a poem: a work must be important that attracts the attention of a commentator. But if these annotations be left to be written by posterity, we are denied the happiness of participating in the honors conferred on our book; and who knows whether our *addlepatèd* descendents may think the work worthy of a *clavis* or a commentary.

Again: Every poet is desirous of producing a volume; and this, I assure you, is a matter of considerable difficulty, admitting the verses to be tolerable. But agreeably to this new plan, nothing more is necessary than to write a few jingling lines, and attach a sufficiency of matter, in the form of notes, to swell out the book to a respectable size. ‘O that mine adversary had written a book!’ was the exclamation of Job when he reflected on the evils he had suffered through the injustice of men. Were Job now alive, he would think of some heavier curse for his enemies. The moderns have made so many improvements in book making and other manufactures; they have adopted so many labor saving schemes, that the production of a book is no longer a matter of difficulty.

Thirdly: In writing notes, a man has it in his power, with very little trouble, to make a great display of his reading and erudition. He brings forth the lumber from his literary wareroom, and astonishes the world with

the depth of his researches. There is nothing however antiquated, puerile, or ridiculous, but may find a place in *the farrago of his book*.

Fourthly: The attention of the reader being continually diverted from the verses which give a name to the performance, he will be apt to overlook those blemishes which a more critical examination would undoubtedly have exposed.

Fifthly: In this species of composition, an author may not only acquire celebrity as a poet; but he may exhibit his talents as a writer of prose: he may acquire renown as a critic and philosopher.

Sixthly: Who has not heard of the obscurity of Pindar and Persius? Had these poets explained their obscurities in a series of notes, every note would have been a treasure to posterity. If it be admitted that a commentator should understand the subject of his remarks, permit me to ask, who can be able to enter so fully into the meaning of a writer, as the writer himself?

Seventhly: May not an author of genius think it necessary to incase his poetical gems in substantial prose of his own to prevent their being eaten up by 'the commentating zeal' of succeeding annotators?

Lastly: Although I have asserted that this lame poetry, leaning on crutches of prose, is a modern invention, yet I have no doubt that the first idea of this species of writing was taken from the satire of the Romans; or rather, that it may boast the same origin with the *musa pedestris* of Horace. Now this satire was said to be derived from *satira, cibi genus ex variis rebus conditum*, Anglice, a HASH. But the Romans always supposed that this literary repast, however multifarious its ingredients, must be served up in one poetical dish; whereas the moderns prefer bringing it to the public table in two half dishes; which practice, every one must acknowledge, adds greatly to the variety of the entertainment."

THOUGHTS.

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

WE cannot pretend to say what passes in the minds of civilized men; but a savage, if there be nothing to call forth the energies of his soul, sinks into a state of torpid existence, in which, although he is sensible of the evils of mortality, he feels no inclination to partake of those enjoyments which awaken the desires, and call forth the exertions of the inhabitants of the earth.

He is unable, of himself, to shake off this stupor of the faculties: it requires some unusual occurrence on the earth, some strange appearance in the heavens, or some violent commotion in the elements, to give a spring to the mind and break up the gloomy enchantment.

Heavy black clouds rising in the west, and the loud rushing of winds in the mountains, the sudden rise of rivers and the noise of many waters, cannot revivify the mind; but they lull it to a state of pleasing repose and banish those feverish dreams which accompany this restless sleep, this inertness of soul. But when vivid flashes of lightning are suddenly followed by claps of thunder, "louder and louder still"—when he feels the rocking of an earthquake; when the foundations of the world are shaken—then, *he is startled into life*, and enjoys the pleasures of existence.

This disease of the mind has sometimes been relieved, though not permanently cured, by a total eclipse of the sun, the conflagration of a city, or the sight of two armies rushing to battle. Any thing is preferable to this painful *inertia*: better to be "chased as the chaff of the mountain before the wind, or the down of the thistle before the whirlwind!"

But nature pursues her calm unvarying round: she effects her sublime purposes with infinite ease, and seldom finds it necessary to have recourse to those stupendous exertions which excite the fears, awaken the wonder, and elevate the feelings of men. Her unceasing operations are continued from eternity to eternity; and cannot be interrupted by the repinings of a fool or the ravings of a

maniac. She is never in haste: she never employs more force than is necessary for the completion of her designs. It is only when she meets with opposition from the chaotic tendency of things, or the stubborn *inertia* of matter, that she arrays herself in terrors and rises up in majesty to confound the opposers of her power.

It is little, therefore, that man, whose duration is for a moment, can expect to behold of the magnificent commotions of the universe, yet, of such infinite importance is he in his own estimation, that he would have nature turn actress and go through her principal parts merely to soothe his chagrin and dissipate the vapors that have risen into his brain. And when he experiences any uneasiness in his contemptible microcosm (which is said to be governed by laws in direct opposition to the laws of the universe) his heart swells, with rebellious indignation, against the eternal establishment of things; he looks down upon the earth with contempt and abhorrence; he looks upward with an air of defiance; and, in a moment of disappointed ambition, this redoubtable Sampson would take hold of the pillars of heaven and bury himself in the ruins of the universe!

Proud insect! thy rage proves the truth of the proverb, *Inest et formicæ bilis*: thy pleasures and thy pains, thy sorrows and thy joys, thy hatred and thy love, thy existence and thy nonexistence, are of equal importance, in the empire of nature, with the troubles experienced by an ant in rolling her burthen.

Who talks of the dignity of human nature? Man himself! He is the lord of nature: the earth was created for his use, and heavens for his amusement. Comets appear predicting revolutions in kingdoms, and armies are marshalled in the skies portending the destruction of cities.

We have extracted the following parable from the third book of Iddo, the Seer.

"In those days there stood an anthill in the valley of Hobah. And it came to pass, that on the first day of the week, in the sixth month, and on the sixth day of the month, the inhabitants of the anthill assembled together

to hold a solemn feast in the presence of their god. The ants desisted from their labors, and having purified themselves according to the law of their fathers, they prepared to celebrate, with joy and gladness of heart, the anniversary which was kept in honor of the day when their empire was established in the valley of Hobah.— But, lo! at the time of offering up the morning sacrifice, a whirlwind passed over the plain; and after the whirlwind, there were thunderings; and after the thunderings, there was an earthquake. And the ants were sore afraid, and prayed with a loud voice, and cast ashes on their heads, saying, Wo unto us, what have we done, that the anger of our god is kindled against us?

Then, stood off Basha the son of Bama in the midst of the congregation, and spake unto the multitude, saying, Give ear, O ye pismires, to the words of my mouth, and lay up my counsels, in your hearts. Ye know that I have given my days to study, and my nights to contemplation; that I have observed the rising and the setting of the sun, and the various appearances of the moon; that I have discovered the nature of the firmament, and considered the course of the stars. Therefore, O ye citizens of Hobah, and inhabitants of the anthill attend to the dictates of wisdom. When your fathers settled in this valley they were a little band, miserable and poor; but now ye are become as the stars of heaven, which cannot be numbered. But ye have waxed proud and have forgotten the precepts of the law. Know ye not that our fathers have told us that we should push our burthens before us, and not drag them after us according to the manner of the heathen? Yet notwithstanding this, O ye ants, I have seen you turn your hinder parts to the temple of our god, as ye ascended this holy mountain which was given to our fathers; therefore the heavens are troubled; therefore the sun has hidden his face; and the earth is shaken from her centre.

While he yet spake there came a wild beast from the forest of Lebanon, and trod down the hillock”——

But we not only expect that the heavens should be disturbed by the revolutions of empires, we expect

that the births and deaths and little misfortunes of mortals should be preceded by terrestrial portents and celestial prodigies. This disposition in human nature is finely ridiculed by Shakspeare.

Glendower. Sit, cousin Percy; sit good cousin Hotspur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale; and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hotspur. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitted, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity!——

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that, at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is the man who does not think with Glendower, that he is not on "the roll of common men?" We can all readily admit that at the birth of *common men*, it would be a preposterous thing for the "front of heaven to be full of fiery shapes" or for the earth to tremble; but at *our own nativity*, we admit, there might be some few signs in heaven, some little commotions on earth, to *mark us extraordinary*.

Who does not suppose that the order of nature might be interrupted to give him intimation of evils that may befall him? Who would not suppose a squadron of angels honorably employed in watching his motions and directing his steps? Who does not think himself worthy of

being the *peculiar favorite* of heaven? Who does not conceive himself able to change the unchangeable mind by his prayers.

But whither have we wandered? We have followed the train of our capricious thoughts and lost sight of the object we meant to pursue. It is true that we discarded method, in the beginning, and proposed to make an excursion through the fields of imagination; yet, it will probably be expected that we should preserve some order in our wanderings and not be continually changing our course in pursuit of every meteor that flits through the regions of fancy.

We intended to have taken a more extensive ramble: and we now see objects at a distance which we would willingly chase for a while, and then desert them for others: but as we are apprehensive that our readers would not choose to follow us in our fantastic flight from one corner of the world to another, we shall hasten to put an end to our excursion.

SAVAGE CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have lately received a number of letters from our Muscogulgee friends, which afford us very little satisfaction.

The government of the United States has been assiduously attentive to the business of introducing the arts and *improvements* of civilized life among the tribes which compose our now declining but once potent confederacy. The arms of the warrior are exchanged for the ax and the ho, the hammer and the shuttle. They no longer climb the proud mountains, or traverse the desert: no—they toil with the spade, and sweat at the anvil! Lands are appropriated; fields are marked out, and permanent buildings are erected. A monopolizing avaricious accumulating spirit has appeared; sordiness meanness selfishness are triumphant; freedom and virtue have vanished forever.

Personal merit, love of country, and a thirst for glory, have been superseded by a swarm of civilized virtues: creeping caution, cringing servility specious deception,

sly prudence, and squinteyed cunning. The line and the rule, *the lock and the key* have made their appearance—have made their appearance among Indians!—Shades of our fathers! spirits of heroes! look not down on your degenerate children!

Do some of our readers wish to observe that christianity will be introduced among the heathen; and that the loss of a savage freedom will be amply compensated by the glad tidings of salvation being published in our land?

Yes: ye will make us such christians as ye yourselves are. Pretended disciples of Jesus! shall we gain by the change?

We have likewise received a series of letters from a Cherokee warrior: some of which we will venture to lay before the public.

In order to enable the reader to understand some allusions that are made in these letters, it will be necessary to observe that many years ago, our warriors took a number of Cherokee prisoners; among whom was a boy, who has since acquired the name of Chotahowee. We were at liberty to determine the fate of one captive: and we made choice of Chotahowee; who honored us ever after with the appellation of father.

Chotahowee can express himself in English indifferently well: these letters were dictated by him in that language, and written by a citizen of the United States who frequents the Indian towns for the purposes of trade.

In preparing these letters for the press, we have been solicitous to retain, whenever it was possible, the words of our correspondent; and where we have found it necessary to discard his expressions and substitute others, we have been particularly careful to preserve the meaning of the sentence.

In many instances it was altogether impossible to present to our civilized readers, at the same time, the original words and the meaning intended to be conveyed by them: the allusions to savage manners customs and opinions; the extravagant metaphors, wild similitudes, and abrupt apostrophes, would have been wholly unintelligible.

We had some thoughts, at first, of civilizing the lan-

guage of our friend; but we soon found that it could not be done without destroying that natural simplicity which is its greatest recommendation. And we have consequently endeavored to pursue that *golden mean* (every good is denominated *golden* among christians) which is so highly recommended by poets, philosophers and critics.

We shall make no apology for the sentiments of our friend: our readers are in the practice of expressing their own opinions freely, and, consequently, will never be so inconsistent as to deny that privilege to others which they claim for themselves. They find fault with our rudeness and barbarity; we blame the deceitful appearances they exhibit:

— et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

We shall probably be blamed by posterity for not attaching some explanatory notes to the obscure and curious passages that may be found in these letters; but we will frankly declare that we thought it right to leave many ambiguous expressions merely for the purpose of exercising the ingenuity of our contemporaries and affording employment to critics, commentators, and book-makers, not yet in existence.

The clerical gentleman to whom our correspondent has given the appellation of *Blackcoat* must be highly pleased with Chotahowee and Piomingo for taking notice of his apostolical labors. His thoughts, we apprehend, are not wholly engrossed by preparing the Indians for the world which is to come: if we be not misinformed, he intends to establish a little Jesuitical empire in the Cherokee nation.

LETTER I.

From Chotahowee, a warrior of the Cherokee nation, to Piomingo, a headman and warrior of the Muscogulgee confederacy.

Father! I have prevailed upon Oseii John, a beloved white warrior, to put this speech upon paper and convey it to you.

Father! You have forgotten your friends and your country; Chotahowee is no longer remembered: shall I also be forgetful of you?—When the sun shall forget to rise, when the wind shall forget to blow, when the Ten-

nessee shall cease to flow from the mountains; then, will Chotahowee be forgetful of his friend; then, will he cease to remember Piomingo.

Father! I was painted black: I was bound to the stake; the fuel was prepared; and the flames were ready to devour me. I had made myself strong to suffer; but, you put forth your hand and preserved me. I became your son. I was happy. But the man of the sorrowful spirit came among us; he turned away your face from your friends, from your country, and from your son Chotahowee. You gave your ear to the wicked *talks* that were written in his books; and forgot *the beloved speech* of your fathers. I wept when I saw that your rifle became rusty, that your bow remained unstrung, and that your arrows continued to sleep in your quiver; I wept when I saw that your thoughts became deep; and your face became strange to your son Chotahowee.

Father! When the man of the sorrowful spirit died, I was glad: I said Piomingo will no longer give his ear to the cursed talks that are written in the books; he will attend in the council, preside at the feasts, and listen to the beloved songs of his fathers. But the man of the sorrowful spirit had poisoned your mind; your countenance was sad; you departed in the night; and we knew not whither you had gone.

Father! I continued a long time with the Muscogulgee warriors; I procured a name by my abilities in hunting; and was honored with a crown for my success in war. After which, I departed, and came into the country of the Cherokees, to the beloved town Chota, where I was born.

Father, lend me your ear! About sixty or seventy moons ago, there came among us *a man dressed in black, with a book full of talks*. He spoke to the people at first with a very smooth tongue, and said he had brought them *good news* from the great spirit who rides in the storm, and who thunders in the clouds that pass over our heads.

As we are always pleased to hear good news, and were not without hopes that he would make us some

presents, we assembled at the townhouse to receive his talk and deliver our answer.

But the man dressed in black with the *book of talks in his hand*, would not come into the townhouse: he said his good news were not for the chiefs and warriors only, but for all the beloved people belonging to the nation. He went into the public square, and mounted on a bench; but it was not sufficiently high to enable him to overlook the assembly. And he therefore desired some more elevated place on which he might stand. I sent my two friends, Bloody Bear and Red Jacket, to bring an empty hogshead from my house, which I conceived would answer the purpose of the man dressed in black.

As soon as the Cherokees of Chota got a sight of the hogshead they concluded that *Blackcoat* had brought them some rum; and, consequently, they flocked in from every direction.

Blackcoat having ascended the hogshead with his *book of talks* in his hand, he told us many wonderful things which, he informed us, might be found in his book. He said the Great Spirit made the earth and the sun and the moon and the stars; and all *very good*. He made a man and woman out of clay: and he put them in a garden, and gave them a talk; but the man and the woman forgot the beloved talk, and gave ear to wicked spirits who led them astray. The Great Spirit was very angry, and drove away the man and the woman from the garden. After this men became very numerous and covered the earth. They became wicked, and learned the crooked ways of the spirit that is cursed. The Great Spirit sent beloved men, who gave them good talks; but they turned away their faces and persisted in evil. The Good Spirit sent a great and beloved chief, who did many wonderful things; who died, and was buried, and rose from the dead.

Father, attend to my words! Blackcoat made a speech very long and very curious; but we could not understand it. He told us of a place he called hell, full of fire and brimstone, which burns for ever and ever; and of a place

he called heaven, a very fine place;—but his talk was crooked: and we could not believe it.

When the young men discovered that the hogshead was empty, they arose and went away; and when the chiefs perceived that Blackcoat had brought them no presents, they turned away their ears from his talk.—However, we sat still and waited the conclusion of his speech. Then the headman of Chota arose and said,

“Brother Blackcoat! we take you by the hand. You have come a great distance to bring us good news. Your talk is very good: and we thank you. We have prepared you a lodging to which you may retire.”

Father, farewell. May the Master of our life preserve you from danger. May he keep you from learning the *crooked words* of the *smoothtongued* people, among whom you dwell.

CHOTAHOWEE.

THE STATEHOUSE YARD.

Do NOT expect, reader, that we are going to give an account of the proceedings in the Statehouse yard. No: we merely mean to inform you of some of those savage meditations which were occasioned by this assemblage of the people.

We sometimes walk in search of amusement, but, for the most part, are so unfortunate as to return without having found it. There is such a lamentable paucity of unexpected incidents—such a universal sameness reigns throughout the city—that the mind becomes torpid for want of *stimuli* to keep it in motion: It is therefore our practice, if, in our perambulations, our ears be saluted by any species of uproar or noise, immediately to repair to the spot, hoping that some novel appearances, odd associations, or spirited oppositions, will be exhibited, which may contribute to our entertainment.

Well: we were moving up Chesnut street, apparently buried in contemplation, but, in reality, not thinking at all, when we were startled by the shouting of many voices in the public square.

We found a crowd, noisy and restless as the waves of

the ocean, surrounding an elevated platform, on which several men were stationed: one of whom *appeared* to be reading certain resolutions, to which he *seemed* occasionally to require the assent of the multitude.

The man on the platform appeared to address himself to us as well as to the others: but as we could not hear the purport of the resolutions, we neither expressed our dissent nor approbation. We endeavored to approach the scaffold, in order to understand the nature of the subject which occupied the attention of the people. We unfortunately succeeded too well in our undertaking: we advanced so far into the crowd that we found it almost impossible to return; which we were much more anxious to do than we had been, a few moments before, to proceed. The sovereign people paid no more respect to a Muscogulgee chief than they did to each other. We were jostled, without ceremony, first to one side and then to the other; again we were wedged up immovably, and found it impossible to advance or recede. "Gentlemen, let me pass—Do be so obliging as to permit me to pass!" But we might as well have spoken to the wind, and addressed our solicitations to the tempest. Yet these people call themselves civilized!—"Yes, yes, you may talk of your sovereignty and independence as much as you please: I should feel myself much more independent if I were out of the crowd." We prayed to the gods; but, as prayers alone are generally unavailing, we did not neglect to make use of our personal exertions; and after being shoved pushed squeezed and bruised for the space of fifty minutes, we found ourself breathing and exhausted in the outer skirts of the assembly. We then very devoutly exclaimed, "Thank God"—but we were rather too hasty in making our acknowledgments; for a brawny fellow, in the act of huzzaing, dashed his hat in our face.

We are remarkably mild and inoffensive; we have an abundant portion of the "milk of human kindness" in our composition; in our intercourse with the world, we "bear our faculties as meekly" as though we were not a headman and warrior of a great and independent nation; we

are harmless as a "sucking dove;" it is almost impossible to irritate or offend us;—but this insult was so sudden, so unexpected, so violent, that it elicited a few scintillations of anger.

We turned round in a rage upon the aggressor; but discovering no marks of *respectability* about him, our indignation was converted into pity and contempt. "Friend!" said we, "why art thou so outrageously patriotic? What has thy country done for thee? Does she give thee food to keep thee from starving, or raiment to protect thee from cold?"

The man muttered something which we did not perfectly understand; but as he did not mean to offend us, as he appeared to be rather unworthy of our notice, as he was a robust roughlooking dog, and, as we have heard, that in civilized countries, "the better part of valor is discretion," we, influenced by all these considerations, determined to take no further notice of the patriot.

Having extricated ourselves from this difficulty, we were careful to keep at a cautious distance, lest we should be carried once more into the dangerous vortex. During the time that we buffeted the popular waves, our attention was wholly employed in warding off danger and striving to provide for our personal safety; and, now, when we found leisure for reflection, we could not recollect any thing we had heard, save the words, honor, independence, dignity, sovereignty, war: these had indeed made an impression on our brain that was not completely erased; but these were fully sufficient to afford us a subject for contemplation.

Well then,

Honor is the subject of our story.

What is honor? What is national honor? Why do these people talk continually of their dignity honor and independence? Does it arise from a secret consciousness that they are destitute of dignity, that their honor is tarnished, that their independence has vanished forever?

Captain Bluster boasts much of his honor, his courage, and his power; his conversation is full of swords, pistols,

blood, murder, havoc, and destruction; yet no one regards the vaporings of Bluster: his threats pass by as the "idle wind" which is not regarded.—*Captain Bluster will not fight.*

Shall people who continually boast of their warlike abilities, who continually threaten to overwhelm their opponents with war and devastation, yet cautiously refrain from carrying their menaces into execution, be entitled to credit?

Miss Tabitha Testy has made so many *false steps* in her journey through life—has stumbled so often—has fallen so repeatedly—that her moral vesture is at last so begrimed and soiled that it is impossible to tell what may have been its original color; but Tabitha asserts with the most unblushing confidence that it still is white as the snow which is driven by the northwind along the tops of the mountains. "What, do you presume to cast any aspersions on the spotless purity and unsullied whiteness of my *character*? Do you dare to insinuate any thing contrary to the dignity of my *character*?—I would have you to know that my *character* is not to be impeached with impunity! My *character*, founded on the rocks of innocence and integrity, bids defiance to the puny assaults of slander and the impotent attacks of envious malignity! My *character* is clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners!" So saying, Tabitha walks so erectly, moves with so much dignity, that one would be diverted with her petulance, if the neverceasing repetition of the word *character* did not fatigue and disgust us.

Somebody. Why, savage, what do you mean? Would you compare the people of the United States to Captain Bluster, or Miss Tabitha Testy?

Savage. Why not? It has long been the practice to compare great things with small, for the sake of illustration.

Somebody. Are we not a free sovereign and independent nation? Is not that an established incontrovertible fact?

Savage. If it be so, why do you think it necessary to make so many assertions on the subject?

Somebody. Because we have been treated as though we were slaves; we have been contemned insulted abused, for a series of years; all which we have borne with unexampled patience; shall we not complain of these grievances? shall we not speak of our slighted honor, violated dignity, and outraged independence?

Savage. Does a man really courageous boast of his spirit? Will a man of honor talk forever of his refined feelings, correct principles, and elevated sentiments? *Complain!* shall a *highminded* nation complain? If this be the way that you seek for redress, you deserve the contempt you experience. *Complain!* no wonder you are treated as slaves. You defend your sovereignty independence and honor by *complaint!* do you?

A savage nation manages the business differently: Our warriors in a hunting excursion were insulted and robbed by a party of Chickasaws. We sent, and *demand*ed immediate restitution of the property, and punishment of the malefactors. Our *demand* was disregarded. What did we? *complain?* No! by the souls of our fathers, no! we burnished our arms, and took vengeance on our enemies; we taught the robbers, *by our deeds*, to respect the dignity honor sovereignty and independence of our nation. *Complain!*

The sons of Alknomak will never complain.

Somebody. The sons of Alknomak are savages; we are a civilized nation. They are barbarous pagans; we are polished christians. Therefore, their conduct can never seriously be proposed as an example for us. Their contests are on too small a scale to bear any resemblance to ours. What comparison can be drawn between the petty squabbles of naked hords, and the mighty battles of conflicting empires?

Our love of peace, our love of justice, our humanity, have been the causes of our forbearance. We are not cowards, O thou ill natured savage! we are not cowards.

Savage. An avaricious luxurious money-worshipping nation must necessarily be cowardly.—Permit a savage, an *American* savage, to give it as his opinion that your

courage is noise; your honor—air; your independence—nominal; your virtue—extinct. Your fathers, indeed, possessed courage; but your fathers were not so highly civilized as their *patriotic* descendents. Yes, your fathers were courageous: who has not heard of Bunkershill, Saratoga, Guilford, Eutaw, and Yorktown?—but your fathers were virtuous, patriotic, just: when these heroes pledged their fortunes, lives, and *sacred honor*, it sounded as a voice from on high; but you!—far hence, ye profane! Approach not the temple of honor? Wealth is the god of your idolatry! Ye have but one motive to action—money. Speak rather of things ye are able to understand: of the establishment of banks, of the price of stocks, of policies of insurance, of ledgers, hales, hampers, counters, the art of *shaving notes*, and the science of *calculation*.

Your fathers were independent: one of them proudly declared, when tempted by a bribe, that the wealth of Great Britain could not induce him to forfeit his honor; but you!—your avaricious desires, your luxurious wants, your commercial speculating degrading pursuits, have reduced you to slavery, so low, so contemptible, that you would sell your country and your posterity to George, Napoleon, or the Devil, in order to gratify your sordid propensities.

Has Britain insulted and maltreated you ever since you were a nation? Did she hold your frontier posts many years in open defiance to positive stipulations?—Has she captured your vessels, impressed your seamen, murdered your citizens, attacked your frigates, and insulted your government? Well: what have you done in the mean time? You have uttered piteous and whining complaints, and sometimes indulged yourselves in idle threats, and boasted of your sovereignty independence and valor! Is this the way to be respected among the nations of the earth? If a private man should act in this manner, would he not be universally and justly despised? would not his name be covered with obloquy, and his person insulted wherever it should appear? would such a one talk of his courage, his honor, his dignity? would he lay claim to the character of a gentleman?

Somebody. We wish, if possible, to avoid the horrors of war. We would rather submit to many indignities than bring upon humanity the afflictions of war.

Savage. I am not ignorant of the calamities usually occasioned by war. But when a nation becomes the slave of avaricious desires, nothing but some mighty commotion can save her. Any thing which could divert your attention from your present pursuits,—an earthquake, famine, war, pestilence, would be a national blessing. Any thing that would destroy the canker of avarice—any thing that would mow down the rank weeds of luxury—any thing that would give virtue an opportunity to flourish—any thing that would present an object for honorable emulation, would be a national blessing. When a patient labors under a painful and dreadful disease, any change is desirable—even death itself.

We tremble at the evils of war, because they are rather uncommon; but we pass over unnoticed the evils of peace. War prevents the human race from sinking into the lowest state of degeneracy and corruption. War, by interrupting the progress of civilization, prevents the extinction of virtue, and keeps alive the holy fire of honor, friendship and patriotism. Has it not been proved that refinement and luxury increase, with unwearied assiduity, the vices and miseries of man? and may it not be demonstrated that they would eventually destroy the human family from the face of the earth? One thousand years of calm uninterrupted peace would nearly depopulate the globe.

Somebody. You are fond of paradoxes: how can war, which destroys men by thousands, operate as the means of their preservation?

Savage. In the same manner that amputation of a limb may prevent the mortification of the whole body, and save the life of a man who is wounded. The stroke of lightning that kills one may preserve the life of a million; and the earthquake which destroys a city may save a continent from desolation. War, by arresting the progress of those arts which brutalize the human family, may stretch out the period of its existence; but the time must

come when men shall be no more: and their extinction will be occasioned by the progress of civilization.

Somebody. Whatever you may say, I cannot conceive that it is your serious opinion, that civilization is really an evil.

Savage. What is civilization? It would be difficult to give a satisfactory definition of the term; but what I mean by the expression may be easily understood. I use it as a general term to signify the progress of society from the simplicity of nature to the corrupt and factitious refinements of art. Were it possible for all mankind to partake of its unnatural enjoyments, it would still be an evil; as it multiplies the miseries even of the superior ranks of society: but the fact is, its pleasures are confined to *the few*, while it renders *the many* poor miserable and wicked.

It is true, that when humanity becomes extremely degenerated, nature generally produces a fermentation which purifies the mass of society, and throws off the dregs of corruption. Men, in a luxurious age, are preserved from total annihilation by some barbarous convulsion, some *savage* agitation, some tremendous commotion, which startles into life the palsied energies of nature. But still something is lost: men never appear to regain the elevation from which they have fallen. Where is the northern hive which formerly emitted swarms of haughty and restless barbarians? Where are the empires of Asia, the kingdoms of Africa, and the millions of America?—They are no more!

LETTER II.

From Chotahowee, a warrior of the Cherokee nation, to Piomingo, a headman and warrior of the Muscogulgee confederacy.

Father! Many of our Cherokees are mad: Blackcoat has taken away their senses. They neither plant corn in the fields nor hunt for the deer in the mountains; but spend their time in singing shouting and weeping. When they pray, they fall down on their knees or lie prostrate in the dust. They hold up their hands and turn up the whites of their eyes, whining and begging for mercy. Will not the

Great Spirit despise them for their meanness? Again they leap on their feet and dance furiously, clapping their hands and singing, "Glory, Jesus! glory! glory! glory!" What are our powwows and war dances? Nothing: they are calm and tranquil when compared with these christian amusements. They say all this uproar is occasioned by the presence of a good spirit in their assemblies. Would a good spirit make people mad? would he take away the senses of men?

They sing songs of praise, and call the *Master of our breath* great, good, holy, wise, just, merciful: will not the Great Spirit be displeased with their flattery? The great OWEA can hear the thoughts of their hearts as well as the words of their mouths: will he not be angry at their deceit, fatigued with their noise, and turn away his face from their folly?

Father! We have had no rain for two moons: no black clouds rise up in the west; nor cool breeze passes over our land. The springs are become dry in the heads of the valleys; the earth is laid open with drought; and the corn that was green droops down and is withered. Our prophets, our priests, and holy men, wander over the hills muttering prayers to the spirits of the air: they repeat their sacred charms in the morning, and powwow at the close of the day. But all in vain: they cannot awaken a breeze on the river, or call up a cloud in the sky.

We are no longer the beloved people that we were. OWEA has forsaken us; and we are no longer the objects of his fatherly care: when he returns again to look for the Cherokees, they will not be found. Once we were a powerful nation: our warriors were terrible; our hunters returned loaded with game; and our prophets brought us rain at the proper season. But now a strange people have crossed the great water, and spread over our country. —They have seized upon our land; they have cut down our woods; they have driven away our buffaloes and deer. They have chased us from mountain to mountain, and from river to river. They have surrounded us with their cities and fields, until they have left us no place to which

we can fly. They have made us as wicked and as base as themselves: our old men are fools; our warriors are cowards; and our young men are drunkards. Our war dances are neglected; our sacred songs are despised; and our holy feasts are forgotten.

Father! Have you read *the holy book* of which the christians are so proud? Do, I beseech you, take out some of the *talks* and send them to me. Does it not give directions how to make gunpowder, iron and rum? Does it not teach how to lie, and to steal, and to swear, and to cheat the poor Indians out of their land?

Blackcoat affirms that *the book* teaches truth peace honesty kindness; but this cannot be the case, or we should not find white men to be such liars and villains as they are.

Father! How do you live amid the smoke and noise and stink of a crowded city? Come to us, and taste the sweet breeze of the forest: we will range together over hills, and lie down to sleep by the fountains. Is not the buffalo superior to the ox? is not the fleet buck more lovely than the goat? and is not the wild Indian of the mountain ten thousand times more noble than the tame man of the town? Piomingo! come away. How can you be contented among the little creamcolored raccoonfooted maulfisted bandylegged bigbellied stoopshouldered hunchbacked wrynecked thick lipped woolly haired bleareyed doubletongued people of the town? May my knife become rusty if I do not pay back your white friends a few compliments in return for those they bestow upon us! Shall they call us savages, heathens, barbarians, coppercolored brutes, without receiving a few appropriate appellations in return? They call themselves civilized! Why? because they are crammed together in cities, labor like brutes, and burthen their bodies with unnecessary clothes? If we dwell in smoky huts, we do not, like them, live surrounded by filth and inhale the thick odor of corruption. We do not eat poisonous food to make ourselves sick, and then eat poisonous physic to make ourselves well. We do not wear the yoke of sla-

very nor groan beneath the lash of oppression. We do not live, like white men and fishes, by devouring each other.

Father, attend! I made a journey last year to the city of Washington in company with several headmen and warriors of the Cherokee nation; and I made it my business to pay particular attention to the appearances and pursuits of the creamcolored people. I was, at first, much amazed at the deformity of their shapes and the hideous cast of their countenances; but I, at last, came to this conclusion: that incessant labor and the continual practice of deceit had deformed their persons and impressed on their faces that mixture of stupidity and malignity which may be discovered by any attentive observer. Their unceasing efforts to impose on each other has totally destroyed all the original dignity, candor and simplicity of their nature, and produced a strange composition of folly, imbecility and cunning. They hate each other, with the most virulent hatred, yet they are mutually dependent: no man can live a day, scarcely an hour, without receiving assistance from his fellows.—Place one of these civilized men in the desert, and he would be as helpless as a child. Indeed they exhibit in their conduct all the properties of childhood but innocence: they are made miserable by the most trifling occurrences; and they are diverted by the most insignificant toys. The least pain imaginable occasions them to utter the most piteous lamentations; and they are convulsed with idiot laughter when there is nothing to excite the merriment of a man. Wherever we came the inhabitants discovered symptoms of childish curiosity; our persons excited their awkward astonishment; and our dress was the object of surprise and admiration. Their ignorance is amazing: they appear to have no knowledge of any thing without the bounds of the village they inhabit. Upon our arrival at a tavern, some rustic booby would be sure to proclaim the wonderful intelligence; and in less than five minutes we would be surrounded by thirty or forty natives who would regard

us with open eyes, gaping mouths, and the idiot stare of mental imbecility. They appear to have no idea of politeness: for if they had, they certainly would not treat strangers with such glaring indecorum. But they are not satisfied with gazing: if they meet with the smallest encouragement, they will proceed to handle our arms, ornaments and the different parts of our dress.— Luckily, they are as cowardly as they are insolent: for if one of us chanced to put his hand to his belt or to take hold of his rifle, the whole troop would start back with as much precipitation as a man would do at the hiss of a viper or the generous defiance of the rattlesnake.

When a white man arrives at one of our villages, he is received with attention and respect. He is invited into the nearest hut, and receives the *food of friendship* and the *calumut of peace*. We supply his wants, anticipate his desires, and vie with each other in extending to the stranger the duties of hospitality. When we have offered all those refreshments which his situation requires, we make no inquiries relative to his business, but spread a couch for the weary traveller and invite him to repose. He is not distressed by a multitude of impertinent questions, “who are you? whence do you come? whither are you going? to what nation do you belong? what is your business? and where did you lodge last night?” He is not incommoded by a crowd of insolent loungers pressing around him to examine his person, his dress, his arms, and accoutrements. When he has slept off his fatigue, he may walk out and examine the village: wherever he goes he will receive the *salutation of love* and the offerings of friendship: every house is open, and every hand is stretched out to receive him. He sees no fences or walls as impediments to his progress, or bolts or locks which refuse him admittance.

Piomingo! Mark the contrast!

When a Cherokee enters any town or village in the United States, he is instantly surrounded by a troop of ignorant, insolent and malignant boys exclaiming, “An Indian! an Indian! there goes an Indian! Indian, what’s

your name? Will you shoot us, Indian?" The poor Indian distressed with this brutal uproar and *savage* persecution, endeavors to take refuge in the first house he can find; but admittance is sternly refused, and he is rudely thrust away from the threshold. He goes from door to door, but no one is found disposed to *show kindness to the stranger*, to present the cup of refreshment to his lips, or spread the couch of repose. The Indian sits down to rest on a stone *in the street*; and he takes out his knife to terrify the ignorant and cowardly rabble who torment him. At last some one, in whom civilization has not totally extinguished humanity, approaches, and points out a tavern to which the Indian may repair. Here he gains admittance; for the devil (Blackcoat has given us a description of the devil) would gain admittance if he came *properly recommended*; but if it be ascertained that the Indian wants the proper recommendation—*money*—he is hurried with precipitation from the only place that offers *entertainment*. But even the tavern affords no refuge from his persecutors: he is still insulted by stupid gazers, who distress him with their questions and devour him with their eyes as though he had fallen from the moon. If he walk out for recreation, he is not allowed to enter this man's garden or that man's orchard. He is continually in danger of trespassing on one fellow's cornfield or the orchard of another. He must not pluck a flower that courts acquaintance with his nose, or stretch out his hand for an apple that hangs over the wall. He may not make free with a turnip or a melon in the field: and is hardly permitted to cut a stick from a hedge.

Father! You are wise. Tell me, I pray, which people are civilized,—the red or the white?

Father! I send you a very long talk, and I could make it much longer; but I begin to be afraid that your patience will be exhausted.

Piomingo! May some kind spirit be your patron and your guide, and preserve you from the clutches of that horrible devil, of which Blackcoat has given us, as he says, a faithful description!

Farewell.

CHOTAHOWEE.

From this letter it appears that savages when passing through civilized countries are not so unobservant as is generally supposed. It would be strange if they should. Shall they whose senses are kept in a state of vigilant activity; whose welfare and life depend on their personal exertions; and who must, in consequence become remarkably attentive to passing occurrences—shall they immediately lose their habits of observation as soon as they enter the territories of a polished nation?

The natural and unavoidable effects of civilization are to deprive men of *personal* importance, and to make them mutually dependent on each other. The whole society is possessed of strength if it can be brought to act consentaneously; but the parts taken separately are contemptibly weak and inefficient. Men, in a civilized state, are not allowed to exhibit any characteristical appearances of individuality: all distinguishing prominencies disappear in consequence of the continual *attrition* of one man against another. In such a state we can do nothing but what will interfere with the actions and concerns of others: in fact, we have no longer the liberty to act as individuals, but as members of the community.

Whatever inclination a man may retain to promote his own particular interest, he finds himself utterly incapable of effecting his purposes without the assistance of others: consequently he must resign all hopes of independence, and consent to become a member of the great body politic.

Now we are informed, by poets, philosophers, historians and various other descriptions of persons, that every *body* must be possessed of several *members*: there are head feet arms thighs legs and various other organs, all forming component parts of the same individual body. Some fill *honorable*, and others *dishonorable* situations. Some aspire upward to the heavens; while others are pressed downward upon the earth. There may sometimes, at first, be a struggle whether an incipient part shall be a hand or a foot, an arm or a leg, a nose or a tail, enter into the composition of the brain or form a portion

of the buttock; but when a member has performed, for any length of time, the duties of one situation, it becomes altogether unfit to undertake those of another. If we assign to the toes the function of fingers, something may possibly be done; but it will certainly be very awkwardly performed. Should we attempt to walk on our hands, some small progress may be made; but what will be the consequence? The afflictions of the degraded members will be too dreadful to be borne; and, the whole body will suffer inconceivable hardship in consequence of the unnatural and inverted situation of the parts. *High* things are, not unfrequently, made *low*, and *low* things *exalted*; the *first* may sometimes become *last*, and the *last* be made *first*; but whenever this happens in civilized society, the convulsion is tremendous, and the strength of the body politic is destroyed.

This story is trite, Piomingo: who has not heard of the rebellion of the members against the sovereignty of the belly?

It is old, we readily acknowledge: but our readers will be so good as to excuse us, when they consider the difficulty of producing any thing new: and indeed we have heard it reported that "there is nothing new under the sun;" all, therefore, that can be expected of us is, that we should arrange old things in such a manner as to give the appearance of *novelty* to our production. We do not pretend to *create*: all our merit consists in new associations. We do not, however, at present, mean to make the same use of this apologue, that was made of it formerly.

What then?

Give us your attention, and you will probably discover the scope we have in view.

In the first place, we would have you observe that every member acquires a habitual aptitude to perform those offices in which it has been long and constantly employed, and becomes totally unqualified for engaging in those which have been assigned to other parts of the body. The foot becomes suited

—the dust to tread;

the tongue to speak; the eye to watch; and the hand to grasp. So it is in civilized society: the lower ranks become excellent drudges; and the higher become qualified to direct the operations of their slaves. The man long employed in public speaking delivers his sentiments with fluency; and he who finds leisure and inclination to improve the faculties of his mind is enabled to make many and important discoveries. The sailor can manage a ship; and the soldier can handle his arms with dexterity. One man can furnish the foot with a shoe; another can accommodate the body with a coat. One man can fashion the iron on an anvil; another can form clay into bricks; and another can build stones into a wall. Some handle the plane and the saw; others turn up the earth with the plough; and others fell the trees of the forest. All these become properly qualified to fill the place they happen to occupy in society; but become, at the same time, altogether incapable of performing the duties of any other situation. Were they satisfied with their station, and were the order of society never disturbed, all might be well; but that is not the case:

Optat ephippia hos piger, optat arare caballus:

But the plough is too heavy for the Arabian courser; and the ox is too sluggish to go under the saddle, to follow the hounds and second the ardor of the huntsman.

It is unnecessary to proceed with this enumeration: As civilization progresses employments are more and more divided; and the operations of an individual are circumscribed and contracted. Personal importance is continually diminished; and men become more and more disqualified for every situation but that which they fill in society. Mind becomes less and less necessary to direct them in their pursuits; and they approach nearer and nearer to the nature of machines.

It has been a standing complaint against comparisons that they will not *go on all fours*: though we see, at one glance, many points of resemblance, we afterwards find others that are by no means sufficiently similar to an-

swer the purpose of illustration. We have run a parallel between the body of an animal and civilized society: and, although we have found a striking likeness in many particulars, there are others that do not exhibit similitude. The hand, the eye, the foot, appear to be designed by nature for the place they occupy in the animal machine; but in a polished community, thousands and tens of thousands are degraded by the progress of *refinement* to a state of brutality, whom nature designed to be men.

Dr. Franklin, or somebody else, has given us the complaint of the Left Hand. The Left Hand gives an account of the neglect she had experienced from those who had the charge of her education, and of the unjust partiality which had been shown to her sister. Just, but unavailing, was her remonstrance: the Left Hand is still suffered to grow up in ignorance; while the Right (to whom nature has not been more bountiful than to herself) boasts proudly of her *cunning* and address. Such is the fate of men: probably one in a thousand has the opportunity of cultivating his faculties and exercising, in their due proportions, the powers of his body and his mind, while the nine hundred ninety and nine are compelled, by the absurd and unjust institutions of society, to confine all their exertions to a point, and suffer the other capabilities of their nature to lie dormant or become totally extinct.

Well, Piomingo, so it ought to be: there must be men of different kinds, suited to the various grades of society; and their education should be such as best qualifies them for the station they are destined to occupy in the community.

My friend, such is not our opinion: we believe that those regulations are cruel and unjust which debilitate the body and cramp the exertions of the mind. Can that system of society be proper for man, which prevents the development of his powers! Are those regulations well suited to direct the conduct of a rational being which confine the energies of his mind to the making of a hob-

nail or manufacturing the head of a pin? Can a being possessed of reasoning powers, and who seems to have been designed by nature to vary his conduct according to circumstances, be properly employed in performing a few mechanical motions, which, becoming habitual, are continued without the trouble of thought or the necessity of reflection? Can a being endowed with *mind* be designed to stand as a *statue* in a *niche* of the great building of society, without the power of altering its situation or changing its position? Would not the constitution of society be infinitely preferable, if it exerted the powers, called forth the latent endowments, and added importance to the individual? Is it enough that a person should become a necessary member of that greatest of monsters, a civilized community, without any regard being paid to his dignity as a *man*—to his perfection as a *rational being*?

May not the great body politic suffer a dislocation of its parts? May not a thousand accidents occasion a dissolution of this unnaturally constructed machine? And if this should happen, the disjointed parts are mere *inutile lignum*, totally unfit for any valuable purpose, but exactly calculated to produce anarchy, horror, destruction.

From the foregoing observations we infer that those who fill the lower ranks of civilized society, however necessary in their places, are less important, as *individuals*, than savages; and we also infer that savages are better qualified to make judicious observations on passing occurrences than are those who compose the mass of the *enlightened* population of the United States.

In a savage state every man depends upon himself: he erects his own hut, manufactures his own dress, and provides for his household the necessary subsistence. His pursuits are various, and well calculated to give strength and pliancy to his limbs, and acuteness of observation to his mind.

In such a state, no man is compelled by circumstances to become the *foot* or *tail*, the drudge or slave, of the community. He becomes important and valuable as an individual; and is qualified to give himself protection

and support, though every other man in the universe were annihilated.

We sometimes hear savages described as timid and miserable beings, trembling on account of the roaring of the waters, shuddering at the violence of the storm, and struck with horror at the voice of the thunder. They are represented as the slaves of imaginary gods, and the victims of visionary dangers. They are said to fly before the beasts of the desert, and to quake at a rustling among the leaves! Such are the opinions of philosophers; who reside in cities, who write concerning savages they never have seen, and who stigmatize every nation, whose manners they do not understand, with the name of *barbarians*. But where are the reasons on which they are founded? Is the man, who has been long accustomed to contemplate the raging of the waters, easily terrified by the dashing of the waves? Shall he, who has often experienced the utmost fury of the storm, be frightened at the approach of a cloud, shudder at the flashes of lightning, or tremble at the rolling of the thunder? Shall he who has become acquainted with his own powers, and has been taught to depend on his personal exertions, shrink at the approach of the panther or dread the howling of wolves in the wilderness? Shall he who has been taught to meet every danger with courage, and to suffer every evil with fortitude—shall he shrink from the conflict of war? No: it is civilization makes cowards. Men long accustomed to lean on each other are terrified the moment they lose this support. The least derangement in the political machine drives them out of their places, and discovers their weakness and personal insignificance. Shall they who have never learned to depend on themselves face danger with courage, or discover resolution when surrounded with unusual occurrences?

Our friend Chotahowee observes in one of his letters (which we have thought proper to suppress) that, in his travels through the United States, wherever he found a man alone, that man was civil, quiet and timid;

but where he found an assemblage of men, they never failed to be noisy, tumultuous and insolent.

We, savages, delight in society: but we associate as *men*, free sovereign and independent. We are not bound together by the iron bands of necessity, and deprived of the dignity of our nature. Our friendships are the result of inclination, and not combinations for the propagation of vice. As every one depends on himself, we have no motive to impose on each other.

Savage society, if considered as a *body*, has no *members* condemned to drudgery and disgrace, no "vessels created for dishonor," no *left hand* uneducated and neglected, no *broad flat foot* condemned to trudge under the weight of an overgrown, corrupt and luxurious *belly*. No: like Milton's spirits,

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense.—

Any man, who will travel over this continent and attentively observe the inhabitants, will see enough to corroborate our remarks: he will find that the laborious inhabitants of populous cities, though expert in their several professions, are unfit for any other employment but that which they pursue. He will perceive that those who labor in the country in the vicinity of cities are rather more intelligent than the drudges of the city: the sphere of their operations is considerably enlarged, and, consequently, their individual importance is increased. When the observer removes to the frontier settlements, he will find man still higher advanced in the scale of intellectual importance. He not only attends to the common business of his farm, and prepares subsistence for his family; but he transacts an infinite variety of business: he makes his instruments of husbandry; he is frequently his own tailor, shoemaker, blacksmith and carpenter: his employments are ever varied; and the powers of his mind are exerted in proportion to the multiplicity of his operations. Must not such a man be infinitely superior to one who is continually employed in

throwing a shuttle, threading a needle, beating an anvil, or even driving a quill over parchment?

But if you wish to have a still more favorable specimen of human nature, you must take a jaunt to the wilderness: you must study the languages and customs of savages—but do not condemn before you understand.

STORY TELLING.

It requires a considerable portion of ingenuity to tell a story in such a manner as to produce the desired effect on the auditors. Many excellent stories have been murdered by unskilful narrators, who bring forward the different parts at improper times, introduce extraneous matter, dwell on trivial incidents, and sometimes omit the most important circumstances.

A man, by long practice, may no doubt improve his talent for this species of narration; but we are inclined to believe that, unless nature have given him a genius for the employment, he will never excel as a teller of stories.

In all tales of a comic description, the narrator should be careful to place the ludicrous incidents in a conspicuous situation, and to exhibit advantageously *the point* on which the humor of the story may depend. For want of attention to these circumstances, a jest intrinsically good, instead of receiving the plaudits and exciting the laughter of the hearers, has frequently been answered by yawning and derision.

But it may also be observed that much depends on the countenance and gestures, as well as on the words, of the speaker: We heard A. give an account of a laughable occurrence, which had lately taken place. A. was rewarded by reiterated peals of laughter: every one pronounced it *an excellent thing*. Shortly after, we heard the same story told by B. in nearly the same words; but no mirth was occasioned by a detail of circumstances, which had lately excited such high merriment and commanded such unbounded applause. We were at first dis-

posed to account for these dissimilar effects, by reflecting that the tale, at the time it was told by B., did not possess the same novelty that it did when first delivered by A. But having an opportunity, in the course of a few weeks, to hear A. tell the same story another time, we were as highly delighted as at first: nay, we thought the detail more amusing than ever.

What were the qualifications of A. which enabled him so far to exceed B. in telling a ludicrous story?—A hooked nose, a peaked chin, and a bushy pair of eyebrows! Let no one, whose countenance is pleasing and whose face is symmetrically formed, aspire to excellence as a retailer of jests.

But all stories are not of a diverting nature. To many we listen out of mere complaisance to the speaker; and to many we attend for the sake of a little sober information we are desirous to obtain. In the delivery of these, any one may succeed who is capable of giving a clear and succinct narrative of the principal occurrences, omitting all superfluous explanations, and the tedious detail of impertinent circumstances. Few, however, are the number who are possessed of the qualifications we have mentioned. It is as easy to find an epic poet capable of producing a poem that will fix the attention and awaken the passions, as to find a man who can tell a simple story, without introducing unnatural episodes and interlarding it with absurd and unnecessary explanations.

Dick Gabble, when about to ride into the country, declared his intention of being in town again on the evening of the same day. He did not, however, return till a late hour on the day following. As there had been a considerable fall of rain, we unfortunately happened to enquire if that had been the cause of his detention; and, in consequence, were obliged to listen to the following elegant but tedious reply.

Detained by the rain! no: I believe not, my boy. I'm neither sugar nor salt: the rain can't melt me. When I set out with a determined resolution, d'ye see! I'm not to be stopped, by wind or tide, d'ye see? I'm the fellow to dash through thick and thin—rain, hail, snow,

fire, or water: all alike to me, sir. Damnation! d'ye suppose I care for the rain! If it was to rain brickbats, pitchforks, hell fire, and milstones, it would'nt stop me. I rode sixty-eight miles the coldest day we had last winter: a hell of a cold day! Don't you remember it? It was on Monday, I think—no, Tuesday—let me see: On Sunday the snow fell: that great snow, you remember; On Monday I rode to Downingstown; on Tuesday to Lancaster; and on Wednesday——yes, yes, it was on Wednesday, I am certain of the fact now: it *was* on Wednesday.

Well, sir, on Wednesday morning, it blew and snowed and hailed and froze like the devil. I opened the door and looked out—by G—I was frightened. “Damnation,” says I to the landlord, “Mr. Touchpenny! look here, Mr. Touchpenny! What sort of weather's this we have got? Hell's broke loose, Mr. Touchpenny!”

However, sir, I ordered out my horse, d'ye see? “What!” said Mr. Touchpenny, “are you mad, Mr. Gabble? you would'nt think of riding such a day as this, Mr. Gabble?” “Yes,” says I, “I'll go,” says I, “by G—,” says I, “damn me if I don't,” says I. “Lord bless my soul, Mr. Gabble!” says old mother Touchpenny, “would you leave a good convenient house, Mr. Gabble? and a warm fireside, Mr. Gabble? and every thing comfortable, Mr. Gabble? and go for to think for to go out such a day as this, Mr. Gabble? such a dreadful day Mr. Gabble! My dear child, you can't think of such a thing! You'll be froze up alive. I should not be able to sleep for a week, if you were to leave my house such a day as this, Mr. Gabble. You can't be in earnest, Mr. Gabble?” “I have said the word,” says I, “madam,” says I; “and my word's as good as my bond,” says I. “I'll go,” says I, “if ten thousand devils were to rise,” says I, “and spurt the blue blazes of hell in my face,” says I, “Tom! fetch out my horse.” “Bless my stars, Mr. Gabble!” says Mrs. Touchpenny, “you are the strangest man, Mr. Gabble, that ever I saw in my born days, Mr. Gabble.—But, my dear child, you shall not

stir—I insist upon it—till you have taken a mouthful of something to keep the cold from your stomach. You shall have a cup of warm coffee in a moment, Mr. Gable. Molly, fetch in breakfast.”

I took the old lady’s advice. I guzzled a few dishes of coffee, devoured a few pounds of beef steaks, punished half a dozen of eggs, and was off like a thunder gust.

Well, sir, d’ye see sir? before sundown sir, and that very same day sir, I was at home in Philadelphia sir—mark that sir!

“At home!”

At home, by G—!

By this time, as our readers will readily believe, we repented of having asked the imprudent question, above mentioned. We, therefore, endeavored to move off, merely saying, as we started, “Dick, you are a man of resolution. Good bye.” But our manœuvre was unsuccessful: as soon as he perceived our intention of decamping, he seized us by the arm, saying, “Stop, sir, I have not yet told you how I was detained yesterday—a damned good thing—make you laugh like the devil.”

“True sir, I had forgotten: please to proceed.”

Well sir, so it was sir, yesterday morning. I set off: you saw me set off. A very pleasant morning—high spirits. Always am—always am in high spirits—take the world easy—laugh and grow fat. It’s the best way—a’nt it Piomingo? Damn me if I don’t think it is. Nothing troubles me, hardly: I was a little fretted, to be sure, when I lost that race on the Hummingbird—five hundred dollars at one slap—a damned hard stroke that, Piomingo. A few such swings as that would fetch Jack—damme if ’twouldn’t d’ye see? Well, upon my soul, I never could understand that business perfectly. I still think that the Hummingbird can beat old Turf’s mare—by the Lord I do. I’ll bet the same money over again—have every thing fair—have good judges, you see, and every thing fair and above board, you see: I’ll bet the same sum over again—the very same race—by G—I will.

“But all this is nothing to the purpose, Mr. Gable; you have not answered my question.”

Yes, yes, I'll tell you how it was: It's a good thing, a very good thing, Piomingo. I started off in the morning, you know I did, quite briskly—went over the hills in a *jiffy*--no occasion for whip or spur to my black filly. She's as good a piece of horse flesh as ever was *foal*ded—I'll be *tee-totally* damned if she an't. She's a *blooded* thing too—one of Bonaparte's best foals—out of colonel Sport's Flycatcher—descended in a right line from the prince of Wale's Arabian mare, Camilla, and the celebrated Childers.

"Doubtless, the line of her ancestry may be traced back to one of the prophet Mahommed's best breeders. But come to the point Dicky: do come to the point."

Yes sir, I rode like a whirlwind—was up at the Buck in less than no time—had my my mare put up and fed—always see to my horse. A man that don't take care of his horse should be damned. That's my motion; what do you say, Piomingo?

"What, damned?"

Yes, damned. I'd build a hell myself to damn him in. What! not take care of his horse! a savage! a Turk! an infidel!—I'd send him howling to the north corner of hell; by the god of war I would. I, for my part sir, upon my honor sir, would rather suffer myself than allow my horse to want that that's good and comfortable. It's my nature sir, my compassionate disposition. If it's a weakness, I can't help it: It's natural to me.

"I have no doubt of your humanity; but I beseech thee Dick, dispense with these collateral circumstances, and proceed with your story."

Yes sir, O yes: certainly I shall proceed rapidly. I shall be done in a few minutes. Having disposed of my horse sir, I proceeded immediately to business, *and-a and-a* and had every thing concluded in a very little time. Well sir, just as I was preparing to return home, who should come in but Bob Jockey. You know Bob?

"No."

Damn it, you must know him, if you were ever in that neighborhood: he's a stoopshouldered, thickset,

crosslooking little devil—has little gray eyes, Roman nose, and a hell of a big mouth. He married old Stump's daughter—a cursed old miser, that Stump. If you were to see him, you would think he wasn't worth a cent—looks like a beggar—lives like a hog—damned old brute—rich though—rich as a Jew—wish he was in Abraham's bosom, and I had the cash. When Bob Jockey nabbed Peggy Stump, he thought he had made a speck, d'ye see?—thought to finger some of the old man's *ready*. But let old Stump alone for that: he'll take care of number one, d'ye see? Bob got a wife: and that's all. She's a sweet girl though—loves to be squeezed damnably—used to squeeze her myself—kissed her before ever Bob did—shouldn't mind it now if I had an opportunity. Old Stump had seven daughters—fine girls—slippery jades some of them—all married but one—she's the oldest—wrinkled as a witch—cross as damnation—knows she must lead apes in hell—fond of cats *now*—cats fond of her too—birds of a feather—Zounds! how I used to romp with these girls—can tell you a damned good story about one of them: One day —

“O curse the story,” cried we, quite exhausted, “will you never have done with old Stump and his daughters? But Dick, my dear fellow, you must excuse me at present. Some other time I will hear the rest of your adventures: this evening I am particularly engaged.” But Gabble seized us by the breast of our coat and swore bitterly we should not move till he had finished his story.

The gods themselves, some ancient writer observes, are subject to necessity: and a savage,

— magna si licet componere parvis —

who resides in a civilized country, must learn to dissemble his feelings, and wear a smile on his countenance while anguish preys on his heart. We saw the necessity of yielding to circumstances, but could not forbear exclaiming in the words of Horace when persecuted by an impudent babbler in the streets of Rome:

Hucine solem
Tam nigrum surrexe mihi!

But we reflected on a saying of Socrates, when tormented by the humors of his termagant wife: "We all have our respective misfortunes; and he is a happy man who can complain of none greater than this." Having thus sagaciously subdued our rising emotions, we requested little Gable to finish the recital of his adventures.

So sir, as I was preparing to come away, Bob Jockey made his appearance. Not having seen each other for some months, we conversed a few minutes on various matters. He told me that a mad dog had bitten several of his cattle, and ——

"Never mind the mad dog. If you wander so often from the track, you never will arrive at the end of your journey."

Faith sir, the story about the dog is a very curious story, and ought to be universally known; but I'll pass it over for the present. Well sir, Bob called for a glass of brandy and water, and asked me to drink, you see. I complied; for I like to be social and friendly: don't you, Piomingo?

"Yes. Proceed."

When he had finished the glass, I called for another—I couldn't be worse than a bad fellow, you see—no, no, that would never do; one good turn deserves another. Dick Gabble will pay his part wherever he goes. I hate a sneaking, sponging devil: don't you, Piomingo?

"Certainly. Proceed."

Well sir, we had three or four glasses—I don't exactly remember how many though—probably half a dozen—say half a dozen glasses. Let me see—first we had one, then I had another, and ——

"Never mind: say half a dozen."

Very well sir: we'll say half a dozen. And so sir, by this time you see sir, we grew pretty warm, you see; and Bob began to brag of his horses. Bob has some little knowledge of horse flesh—not much though—knows enough to be roguish—would be a damned rogue if he could. "There's my little horse at the gate," says Bob, says he, "he can beat any thing, for a quarter, in the thir-

teen United States of Pennsylvania, carry weight for size, I'll be *dec-doubly* damned if he can't." "I'll run you," says I, "a quarter, my black filly against your horse, for five dollars, not if you will, but if you dare," says I. "Done," says he, "you carry a hundred weight to a catch." "A catch, upon each," says I, "smack my hand if you dare." "Done," says he, "by G—," says he,—"pony down your dust—fetch out your mare." "Done," says I, "hell to the flincher." Out to the race ground—every thing ready—judges appointed—go—"The black filly had the start," says one.—"The horse gains," says another—"Ten dollars on the horse," says Tom Stubbs; "say *done*, and it's a bet."—"Done," says Bill Grubb, "If I don't win I'll be damned. 'She handles her feet *ducently*,' says Paddy O'Blather.—'Two to one on the mare,' says young Dobbins, "two to one on the mare. I'll give you two hundred dollars for the black filly, Gabble—Gad she's foremost—let's go and see how it is.' 'Judges, how is the race?' 'The filly came out first.' 'How much?' 'A length.' 'She had the start,' says Bob. 'Only a neck,' says I; 'but let the judges determine; we have nothing to say in the business,' says I. That's my way, Piomingo: I'm fair and above board with every thing. I practise none of your sneaking quirks and tricks: I'm above it, you see.

'Well, what said the judges?'

They gave it in my favor. O, I won it sleek enough, but what do you think? When I went to the man who held the stakes, 'give me the money,' says I. 'He shan't,' says Bob; 'I didn't lose it,' says he, 'I'll have it, by G—,' says I. 'Damned if you shall,' says he. 'Didn't the judges give it in my favor!' says I. 'They were partial,' says he. 'You're a damned rascal,' says I. 'You're a damned liar,' says he. Smack I took him, between the lug and the horn, as Julius did the bull—down he fell—and I upon him, 'The damned rascal, to give me the lie! By G— sir, no man shall give me the lie with impunity. I didn't care the hundredth part of a damn for the money, but when a fellow goes to jockey

me, d'ye see?—and gives me the lie to boot, d'ye see? I'd fight sir, by the god of war, I'd fight for the thousandth part of a cent, I would. My name's Dick Gabble I'm not ashamed of my name. I may be whipped; but I can't be cowed—can't can't—damn me, it's impossible: there's no such thing in nature. I'm but a little fellow; but I wouldn't turn tail to never a man that broke the bread of life, I wouldn't: not I.

'Did you flog him?'

No: they parted us—I'd have kicked him like damnation, if they had'nt parted us—did give him a damned black eye—didn't hurt me at all—didn't get a scratch—takes a damned smart fellow to scratch me. I tell you.

'You are an active little dog, I dare say.'

That I am—am indeed—got a strong arm, I tell you. Then, I have such springs—Gad! I'm as quick as lightning. A fellow has need to have all his eyes about him when he's got me to deal with. you see; if he has'nt I'll be damned.

'Then you are spirited also.'

True blue, by G—! I'd fight the devil and all his imps.—Roar thunder, blaze hell, blow damnation! here I am, Dick Gabble for ever!

'You knocked him down the first stroke, did you?'

Yes, yes, I did; damme if I didn't, sir; like a shot, sir. Hold here, Piomingo, I'll show you how I took him the first clip.

'There is no necessity for an example, I understand it perfectly. What! do you mean to strike me?'

Just give you a light touch, Piomingo, to show you how I took him—won't hurt you—damn it, don't be afraid—won't hurt you—'pon my honor—wont, 'pon my soul—wouldn't hurt you for the world. Just so.

'Hands off, you puppy! hands off!'

Beg your pardon, sir—no offence, no offence—meant no harm—damned if I did, you see.

'Well, what next?'

Why sir, I'll tell you how it was sir: We agreed to

leave the whole affair to a reference: and what do you think was the award?

‘I cannot tell.’

Why sir, they awarded that every man should have his own money; that each of us should pay a dollar for something to drink; and that we should shake hands, d’ye see, and be friends. ’Twas hard—damned hard; but I never bear malice. I’m the best tempered creature in the world: indeed, I’m too good natured: I suffer myself to be imposed upon: it’s my weakness: I can’t help it: it’s natural to me. So sir, you see sir, we repaired to the house sir, and drank like Cesars. Shall I tell you the truth, sir?

“If you please.”

Well sir, the fact is this, sir: I got drunk, sir—dead drunk—they carried me to bed: and there I lay till this morning. When I got up I felt quite poorly I assure you sir, damned sort of good-for-nothing like, I don’t know how you call it—head aches yet. So sir, you perceive that I have endeavored to explain to you the manner in which I was detained: which I hope I have done to your satisfaction.

“Fully.”

Yes sir, I was detained quite unexpectedly; but I have got home at last.

“Thank God!”

I say thank God too: I’m very glad to be at home indeed.

“You give thanks for one thing, and I for another: you—because you have completed your journey; and I—because your story is ended.”

You should thank *me* for that. But zounds, how I spend my time: I have a hundred things to do this very evening—indeed I have—upon my word, sir. Next time I see you, I’ll explain the business more fully—give you several other interesting particulars.

So having said, little Dickey strutted off with an air of infinite importance. The everlasting babbler might have answered our question in the following words: “I

got drunk, and could not return until I became sober.'

What think ye, gentle readers, of the civilized Gabble? shall we apologize for introducing such a character to your notice? or will you apologize for having such a character among you? Dick Gabble is no creation of ours: perhaps we should make an apology to him, for *omitting a multitude of his oaths*.

SCANDAL.

*Ille mæxæ succus loliginis, hæc est
Æruga nesci.*

SCANDAL is generally spoken of as if she were a female. We cannot give any information concerning her sex; but we have as often seen her in male, as in female attire.

We lately fell into company with a number of gentlemen, with some of whom we had the honor of being acquainted; or, to speak more correctly, some of whom had the honor of being acquainted with us.

Robert Steady, Frank Fluent, George Toper, Charles Lavish, Jack Flash, Will Braggart, and Timon Crabtree, were the only persons present of whom we had any previous knowledge; but there were several others, with whose names we became acquainted during the course of the evening: Peter Poison, Simon Specious, Samuel Pliant, and Ralph Penniless.

We all formed but one company, and were seated very closely together; but, if our conjectures be not erroneous, it was the pleasing warmth of a fire, and not the attraction of love or brotherly kindness that brought us into contact. Winter calls men together, and compels them to be social; when it is probable if they were at liberty to consult their own inclinations, they would prefer being separate. Men become more polished and civilized in the winter than they are in the summer: for, being forced into company, their mutual dependence is increased, and their asperities are rubbed off by the continual *friction* they find it necessary to suffer. Every one assumes the character in which he wishes to appear,

and sedulously endeavors to hide the natural bent of his disposition: nature is banished with violence: and affectation is the order of the day.

Among those whom chance had brought together on the present occasion, there was one who attracted a considerable share of our attention. He was about five feet six inches high, well formed; and his features were rather delicate than otherwise. He was extremely complaisant to those with whom he conversed; and his visage exhibited continually a sickly simpering smile; which was not however sufficient to conceal the characters of malevolence and envy which were written in his countenance. His words were smooth as oil: they dropped from his lips as "honey from the green oak," yet we could not help suspecting that the *poison of asps was under his tongue*. Frank Fluent, who sat near us, perceiving who it was that excited our observation, whispered in our ear "that is Peter Poison, of Bohon Upas Grove, esq."

The conversation, as is usual in mixed companies, was of a desultory nature: One subject was scarcely introduced till it was supplanted by another. Sometimes we paid the strictest attention to the speaker; and sometimes we interrupted him with observations of our own. Sometimes, in the ardor of disputation, we all spoke at once, and again awed by the *importance* of the personage who was delivering his sentiments, we listened, with silent submission, to the wisdom that flowed from his lips. When we say *all*, we would be understood to except Simon Crabtree; who continued silent, gnawing the head of his cane and viewing the company with alternate emotions of contempt and indignation. Sometimes he smiled;

but smiled in such a sort

As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit,

That could be moved to smile at any thing.

When Mr. Steady (whose easy manners and elegant habiliments indicated the enjoyment of luxury and the possession of wealth) thought proper to make an observation,

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant:

with greedy ears, open mouths, and upraised eyelids, we devoured the sweet intelligence as the Israelites devoured the quails in the wilderness, or the manna that was sent down from heaven. When he smiled, we smiled; when he attempted to be witty, we were all convulsed with immoderate laughter; and, when he expressed his surprise at any circumstance, *Good God!* burst simultaneously from the lips of every one in the assembly. When he addresseed himself particularly to any individual, the delighted mortal discovered his felicity by his *fidgeting* embarrassment, and by the awkward complacency which spread itself over his countenance.

There was a young fellow present who seemed to have formed a high estimate of his colloquial powers, as he frequently evinced an anxiety to join in the conversation; but, alas! his coat had suffered by the ravages of time, and his shirt looked out at the elbows. His waistcoat was threadbare; his linen was none of the cleanest; and his boots appeared never to have formed an acquaintance with blacking: his whole appearance proclaimed, what we are all solicitous to conceal—*want*. How should such a man make a judicious observation? The thing was impossible. Yet he was not to be discouraged by all these disqualifying circumstances; but continued to take advantage of every pause in the conversation by endeavoring to edge in a word of his own. For a long time, we paid not the slightest attention to his remarks; but some of us, at last, provoked at his intrusive perseverance, turned round and regarded him with a stare of supercilious amazement.

After some time had been spent in this manner, Mr. Steady, observing that he had some business that required his attention, rose up and took his leave of the company. He was scarcely gone when Mr. Poison introduced the following conversation:

Poison. It may be observed of Mr. Steady, that he never suffers pleasure to interfere with his business. He is a cheerful companion; his countenance is pleasing and

his manners agreeable. I have known him ever since he was a boy, and I feel for him sentiments of the sincerest and most durable friendship: *yet*, I cannot but wonder how it happens that he should suppose himself qualified to engage in the discussion of political or philosophical subjects. He may indeed occasionally make a judicious observation; *but* he never was known to deduce any logical inferences, or to connect together a series of causes and effects. His opinions, as well as his estate have descended to him by inheritance; and it is probable they will be transmitted in the same manner to his son, without their having suffered any waste or derangement in their passage through the mind of their present possessor.

If man be correctly defined a reasoning animal, Mr. Steady must no longer lay claim to the appellation: for he never reasons. It must, however, be acknowledged that if he never conquer, he is never overcome in disputation: and although he fails of producing conviction in the minds of others, he always preserves his own opinions inviolate.

Pliant. Your observations are just, Mr. Poison. Steady's mind is so well fortified by prejudice, that he laughs at the clearest axioms with all their host of unavoidable consequences; he despises the tropes and figures of rhetoric, and bids defiance to all the syllogistic artillery of the schools.

Poison. True, Mr. Pliant: there he has the advantage of us: our opinions must be supported by reason, otherwise they fall; but this gentleman's upper works are impregnable, absolutely impregnable.

Specious. Notwithstanding his intellectual weakness, his conduct appears to be regulated by the strictest rules of propriety; and he is universally allowed to be just and honorable in his dealings. Alas! what is reason? It is rather a meteor that leads us astray, than a "lamp to direct our feet through the wilderness of life!" A man can do as well without it.

Poison. I do believe, at least I hope, that Mr. Steady

is perfectly honest; *but*, a man can hardly be so correct in his conduct, but that there will be some whisperings to his disadvantage. I should be sorry to give credence to any story that might be circulated to the injury of Mr. Steady's reputation; *but* it has been intimated to me, in the way of confidence, that there was some little under-hand work in the settlement of old John Rich's estate. Mr. Steady, you know, was sole executor: I hope the orphans had no cause of complaint, *though* there appears to be some mystery in the transaction. Indeed, I had all the particulars of the affair from a person who had every opportunity of being acquainted with the circumstances. I am not at liberty to mention the particulars; and I am by no means disposed to promote the circulation of any story that might have a tendency to sully the fair fame of my friend.

Crabtree. When Mr. Steady were present, gentlemen, you servilely received his sentiments as emanations from the oracle of truth: you praised the acuteness of his perception, the correctness of his reasoning, the solidity of his judgment, and the brilliancy of his wit: but the moment he is gone, you pronounce him a fool: and not satisfied with that, you endeavor to blacken his character. How inconsistent such procedure! how dastardly such conduct!

Poison. If you allude to me, Mr. Crabtree, I cannot do otherwise than express my surprise at what you have said. Mr. Steady, as I said before, is my particular friend and I was merely expressing my regret that the censorious world, you understand me, should cast aspersions of this nature —

Crabtree. Yes, I understand you very well: conscious of your own depravity, you enviously endeavor to disparage every thing that has the appearance of excellence.

Poison. Mr. Crabtree, do you mean to insult me?

Crabtree. Yes.

Poison. You wrong me, indeed you do; so far from contributing to injure the fame of Mr. Steady, I would

willingly defend his character from the attacks of malevolence.

Crabtree. If you be his friend, let him alone; the snail, wherever it crawls, leaves a portion of its slime.

Poison. Pray, why should you, Mr. Crabtree, who profess to hate all the world, undertake the defence of Mr. Steady?

Crabtree. It is not respect for *him*, but detestation of *you*, which occasions my displeasure. Yes, I hate all the world, but particularly sycophants and slanderers.

Poison. Do you hate yourself?

Crabtree. Yes.

Poison. Why?

Crabtree. Because I am a man: because I bear the same shape with such a poisonous reptile as you.

Poison. Rail away, Mr. Crabtree, your snarling makes no impression upon me.

Crabtree. No? well then I will try to make an impression with my cane.

So saying, he raised his knotty cudgel, and was proceeding to lay it across the shoulders of the delicate Poison; who exclaimed with a loud voice, "I am a justice of the peace: strike me if you dare!" when the company interfered and prevented the perpetration of mischief.

We could perceive, by their countenances, that Charles Lavish, George Topper, Jack Flash, and Will Braggart, were much dissatisfied with our conduct in quelling the disturbance; from which they had promised themselves considerable entertainment: being disappointed in their expectation, they thought proper to leave the company and look for amusement in some other quarter.

Frank Fluent, willingly to see if the late rebuff had effected a reformation in Poison, thought proper to renew the conversation.

Frank. Are you acquainted with Lavish, Mr. Poison?

Poison. I have known him from a child. He once owned a very pretty property; *but* he has ruined himself

by his folly and extravagance. Five years ago, he was a man of substance; *but*, by his gambling and dissipation, he has reduced himself to beggary.

Frank. He owns, I think, several houses in the city at present.

Poison. There are several houses which may sometimes be called his; *but* they are mortgaged for more than they are worth. At present he owns nothing, less than nothing: he has contracted debts which he can never repay.

Frank. What think you of Toper?

Poison. Ah, poor George! it makes me melancholy to think on the race he has run! Would you believe it, Mr. Fluent? This man, a few years ago, was respected by every one who knew him. He was well educated, possessed uncommon abilities, and was every way qualified to make a figure in life; *but* now he is a confirmed drunkard, scarcely recovering from one fit of intoxication before he plunges into another. Is it not a great pity, gentlemen?

Pliant. A great pity indeed, Mr. Poison.

Specious. A very great pity.

Crabtree. Damn your pity! Wretches! how dare you pity a man so much superior to yourselves?

Poison. I am really sorry for Toper's misfortune: he is an enemy to nobody but himself. There, too, are Jack Flash and Will Braggart: the first is a handsome fellow; *but* he bears his whole fortune on his back: and the second is an agreeable companion; *but* an intolerable liar: he never, unless it were by accident, told a word of truth in his life.

Crabtree. Mr. Poison, I am going away in order to give you an opportunity of scattering a little more of your venom.

As soon as Poison perceived that Crabtree had actually departed, he proceeded as follows: "I cannot conceive why Crabtree should make me the particular object of his enmity; *but* it is, probably, because he knows it is in my power to mention some circumstances which are not generally known.

Specious. You allude to the affair a—— that made some little noise some time ago a—— you know what I mean.

Poison. Yes, yes, (*nodding, and winking, and smiling,*) I believe I do: I heard the whole story immediately after the transaction took place.

Pliant. Ah! there was some whispering.

Poison. It was an ugly affair; but I hope that nothing I have said will be mentioned again. Possibly it was not as bad as it was represented: I should be sorry, however, that any one had it in his power to circulate such a story concerning me. As to Crabtree's rude and unmannerly observations, I treat them with contempt.

Pliant. He is a brute.

Specious. He is not fit to live in a civilized country.

Having wearied themselves with winks, nods, hints, smiles, shrugs, knowing looks, and a variety of crooked insinuations, Messieurs Specious and Pliant took a ceremonious leave, expressing the highest degree of friendship and respect for Mr. Poison; who, on his part, gave them a pressing invitation to visit him at Bohon Upas Grove, assuring them that not only he himself, but Mrs. Poison and all the family would be delighted at such an occurrence; and think themselves honored in contributing to the amusement of gentlemen so dearly beloved and so highly respected.

Frank. These gentlemen, who have just left you, are, it seems your particular friends, Mr. Poison.

Poison. Yes: we have long been in habits of intimacy. Specious is a fine man, a very fine man indeed; *but* smooth water is deep: he would have no objections to practise a little roguery, if it could be done snugly in a corner. As to Pliant, he is a good sort of a man; *but* the creature has no opinion of his own: he will accede to every thing you say. Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening.

Frank. Poison is gone; the whole company has dispersed; and we have done wisely in keeping our posts until the time of his departure. Had we gone away sooner, we should have suffered from the lash of his malevolent tongue: he would have passed some slight commen-

dations on Piomingo and Frank: and then would have followed his malignant and poisonous *But*: he never was known to bestow praise on any one save for the purpose of introducing slander.

Hic niger est: Hunc, tu Romane, caveto.

PEACE.

"How long," said a pious religionist, "shall the earth be afflicted by war? How long shall man rise up against man, and cover the fair fields of creation with carnage and destruction? When shall the olive of peace extend its branches over the earth, and the sons of men seek repose under its widespreading shade? When shall the time come in which "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more!"

I have seen burned cities, desolated fields, and impoverished families: I have heard the groans of the father when deprived of his son, the support of his age: I have witnessed the despair of the mother, when bereaved of the delight of her eyes and the joy of her life: I have heard the frantic cries of the widow, and have seen the tears of the orphan: I have beheld the decrepit soldier oppressed with age and covered with wounds, begging a wretched support at the doors of the opulent:—"This is thy work, O war! these are thy fruits, O ambition!"

What then, we demanded, is peace?

"Peace," said our friend, "is the absence of war: Where there is no contention, no strife, no opposition, there is peace. Peace is love: it is harmony: it is rest. I cannot tell you what it is; but it is no less excellent on account of my inability to define it. A modern poet has written a beautiful hymn to peace: shall I read it?"

Do so.

"Hail, holy peace, from thy sublime abode,
Mid-circling saints that grace the throne of God!
Before his arm, around our embryo earth,
Stretched the dim void and gave to nature birth,

Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
 Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue,
 Veiled in the splendors of his beamful mind,
 In bless'd repose thy placid form reclined,
 Lived in his life, his inward sapience caught,
 And traced and toned his universe of thought.
 Borne through the expanse with his creating voice,
 Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
 Led forth the systems on their bright career,
 Shaped all their curves and fashioned every sphere,
 Spaced out their suns, and round each radiant goal,
 Orb over orb, compelled their train to roll,
 Bade heaven's own harmony their force combine,
 Taught all their hosts symphonious strains to join,
 Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
 Their joys to angels, and to men their praise.

Is not this very fine?"

Ay, very fine; but it will not enable us to form an idea of peace. Here is a great show of words; but the mind is fatigued and distressed when it endeavors to discover the meaning that is intended to be conveyed. Did peace recline, in blessed repose, veiled in the splendors of the beamful mind of God? did it live in his life, catch his inward sapience, trace and tone his universe of thought?—Subject this tinsel to the chemical scrutiny of reason, and, what have we?—*Fumum ex fulgore*. Did peace bid the unfolding worlds rejoice, lead forth their systems, shape their curves, fashion their spheres, space out their suns, and compel their train, orb over orb, to roll? These were more properly the operations of *war*, the triumphs of the creator over chaos. There is no such thing as peace in nature: Atom is at war with atom; planets contend with planets; suns dispute with suns for the empire of comets; and system exerts its influence in opposition to system. Man comes into life *fighting*, and continues to contend with every thing round him till the last moment of his existence. What is peace?

"When one nation ceases to carry on against another those operations which are known by the name of war, that cessation is the commencement of peace, which consists in the absence of these operations."

Peace, then, is nothing: and it is not wonderful that we should find it difficult to give a satisfactory definition

of a nonentity. Every thing in nature is known by its qualities, by the influence it exerts over other beings, by the war it maintains with surrounding objects. Were there peace in nature, we never should be able to acquire any knowledge of the existence of things: the universe would consist of a multitude of isolated beings un-influencing and uninfluenced, unknowing and unknown.

“Let us lay aside these metaphysical subtilities which are only calculated to perplex the mind and lead it into labyrinths of error: let us use words agreeably to their usual acceptation, unless we mean to speak a language wholly different from that of the rest of the world.”

War then is the beating of drums, the roaring of canons, the clashing of swords, the storming of forts, the burning of towns, the shouts of the victors, the despair of the vanquished, and the groans of the dying.

“Yes: such are the horrid operations of war. Men exist for a moment: and that moment, alas, is employed in destroying each other! The mad tyrants of the world lead forth their armies to destruction, and sacrifice thousands after thousands to their restless ambition. Is not war a dreadful thing?”

Certainly, very dreadful: War is a tremendous volcano which desolates the fields with rivers of fire, and overwhelms the cities with oceans of lava; but do not the ashes of this volcano fertilize the earth? Does not the central heat hasten the progress of vegetation? Do not trees bloom and fruit ripen round the base of the burning mountain? In war, every death opens the way for a life; wounds and diseases afford employment for surgeons and physicians; the meagerness of the half-starved soldier clothes the bones of the commissary with flesh; the wants and distresses of the troops heap the table of the contractor with luxuries, and cause his cup to overflow.—While the belligerents are contending for empire, neutral nations take advantage of their necessities, and grow rich by their calamities. Traders, sventurers, speculators, hyenas, wolves, vultures, scent the blood from afar, and hasten to gorge themselves with the carnage. The

cultivator of the earth, whose fields are situated at a distance from the scene of contention and consequently escape the ravages of war, rejoices that the produce of his labor commands a price corresponding to his avaricious desires, and devoutly thanks God for the providential occurrence. The merchant pathetically laments over the sufferings of afflicted humanity, but in the mean time supplies the contending parties with the *pabulum* of war and with the instruments of destruction, and thus enables them to continue the contest. Privateers range the seas, as wolves do the desert, in search of their prey: they plunder the defenceless of every nation that fall in their way; they turn their arms against their country, and rise into consequence by the ruin of their friends.

When autumnal storms drive the frequent ships on the *barbarous* coast of some *civilized* nation, the lawless inhabitants rush forward, destroy the poor mariner while struggling with the waves, seize greedily on the plunder, and praise God as piously for the blessing of *a good wrecking season*, as does the farmer for the exuberance of a plentiful harvest. When a house is in flames in the midst of some *polished* city, the *civilized* thieves of the vicinity, taking advantage of the confusion, appropriate to themselves the property of the suffering owner, and, no doubt, lift up their hearts in thankfulness to the *bountiful giver of all good* for his fatherly kindness.

“Horrible!”

Why that exclamation?

————— Mutato nomine de te

Fabula narratur:

Thou art the man! O child of civilization! thou art the man! When a nation is shipwrecked; when she is torn by intestine confusion; when the frame of society is disorganized; when the whirlwind of popular commotion has torn her to pieces: when the flames of civil discord rage through her interior: then, the neighboring nations say one to another, “Let us go up to war against our sister; behold, hath not the Lord delivered her into our hands?” The suffering nation sees herself surrounded by devourers: some menace her with open violence;

others mock her calamity with insidious professions of friendship; take all advantage of her necessities, and endeavor to aggrandize themselves by her destruction. The plunderers proceed gradually to bring about her ruin: they seize her garrisons, rob her treasury, dispense with her laws, usurp the power of legislation, and, finally, enslave her citizens, partition her territory, and blot out her name from under heaven.

These, my benevolent friend, are a few of the many advantages that flow from those horrible contentions you affect to pursue with execrations. You may continue to express your disapprobation; but, in the mean time, do not fail *prudently* to turn these events to your personal emolument. When Lisbon was shattered by an earthquake, men were seen darting through the ruins with torches in their hands and setting fire to those buildings that had resisted the violence of the shocks, in order that they might be enabled to plunder amid the flames.

"These were monsters, not men."

They were men, and therefore monsters. But, my good sir, how does it happen that your detestation of war has risen to such an amazing height within the course of a few years? Do we not remember the time when you not only dwelt with complacency on the successes of a certain belligerent nation, but recounted with delight the thousands slain, the battles won, and the kingdoms conquered, by your favorite hero? Have you not raised him above the Cæsars and Alexanders of the earth, and bound his brows with the wreath of immortality? Did you not, moreover, celebrate his virtues as well as his military achievements? Tell me candidly, what has occasioned this change in your sentiments? What has made war your aversion, and sunk, in your estimation, the character of heroes?

"I have reflected coolly on the barbarities practised in war, and on the sanguinary career of a conqueror and a hero: and, as I am advancing in years, indeed am drawing near the end of my pilgrimage, my soul stands ghast with horror when I think of those atrocities which

formerly made very little impression on my mind."

Very well said. You therefore insinuate that you become more humane and benevolent as you grow old: a circumstance rather uncommon! We, on the contrary, every year we dwell among civilized men, find *ourselves* more and more hardened in our errors and more and more insensible to the cries of the afflicted: should we not be so fortunate as to die before long, we shall become as a wicked as a christian.

Since you have given us what you deem a sufficient reason for your sudden abhorrence of war, we will endeavor to believe you; but we must acknowledge that we had previously accounted for it in a different manner. We had supposed that not only your former admiration of heroic deeds, but your present sympathetic sufferings, were occasioned by the state of your pecuniary concerns.

Several years ago, the old world was, as well as it now is, the scene of contending armies; but then you rejoiced in the prosperity of American commerce; which was nourished by the blood, and flourished through the misfortunes of suffering Europe. If our memory be not treacherous, we heard you declare that they might, if they would let us alone, fight as long as they pleased: "By so doing," said you with a smile of exultation, "they will open a good market for our beef and our flour." But, as the belligerents, by their late restrictions and regulations, have nearly annihilated neutral commerce, we had uncharitably conjectured that you had been led to conclude that a general peace would be more favorable, than war, to commercial enterprise and *enlightened* speculation; and in consequence of these considerations, we supposed that you began to experience certain sympathetic sensations, and to mourn over the afflictions of your unfortunate fellow men.

"I am sorry that you should have supposed me to be swayed by such unworthy motives: but you have as yet mentioned no good that results from war: all those con-

sequences, of which you have taken notice, are evils of the most serious nature."

Think of the French revolution: think, as long as you please, of the rapine, cruelty, and murder, which it occasioned: but at the same time do not fail to observe the godlike virtues, heroism, honor, friendship, contempt of death and of danger, which it awakened; a thousand years of calm corrupting peace would not have called into life so much active and energetic virtue. It is only in great convulsions and revolutions that the mind of man, having freed itself from the grasp of avarice, and shaken off the yoke of contracted sordid and grovelling passion, discovers something transcendently great and imposing: we are ready to cry out, as did a people of old, "The gods have come down in the likeness of men!"

"Those virtues made the nation a poor compensation for the crimes and atrocities of the sanguinary conflict: these faint twinkling stars only rendered visible the gloom and horrors of the revolutionary night. Did France derive any positive good from this ferocious struggle?"

What good does a patient, borne down to the grave by a painful or loathsome disease, receive from the efficacy of a powerful medicine, or from the bold but skilful operations of the surgeon? France was sick: the superior extremities of her body were weak, bloated, corrupt, and incapable of being applied to any valuable purpose. Her hands were no longer able to supply her voracious jaws and her insatiable stomach with the necessary sustenance; and her feet moved heavily beneath a burthen they no longer had the ability to support. The poison of civilization had pervaded every part of her system; the whole mass of her blood was corrupted, and moved aluggishly through her veins; *there was no soundness in her flesh: there was no rest in her bones: her whole head was sick, and her whole heart faint.* But nature understood the disease of her child, and administered the only efficacious remedy: it threw the agonized patient into the most horrible convulsions: unskilful ob-

servers were ready to declare that the hour of her final dissolution was at hand. These struggles, however, were only the prelude to renewed youth and renovated strength: She arose and *shook herself*: she went forth *like a giant refreshed with wine*, and astonished the nations with the grandeur of her achievements. She will now go on rejoicing in her strength till she become again civilized and corrupted; till the superior parts of her body become too heavy to be borne by the inferior: then, she must again have recourse to the revolutionary medicine, or perish.

“What are the evils attendant on peace?”

We have frequently mentioned some of the evils of civilized life: and peace is the nurse of civilization. Under her fostering care those arts flourish which enable man to impose upon man. We have already said, *there is no peace*: but we now add, that the deceitful calm, to which you have given the name of peace, is *concealed war*.

When Pallas has laid aside her spear, her helmet and terrific shield, she smiles, and calls herself Minerva: she becomes the patroness of science, presides at the loom, and cultivates the olive! Her nature, however, is always the same; only she is much more dangerous in her pacific robes, than when she brandishes the gleamy spear and presents her snaky egis to the terrified children of men. She teaches men how to fight in ambush, and carry on their operations in the dark. She instructs her ingenious disciples how to practise the arts of deception, to lull their opponents into a fatal security, and to gain their purposes by the exhibition of false appearances. She throws round the shoulders of the sly plotting villain the snowwhite mantle of piety and religion. She covers intrigue and cunning with the semblance of truth and simplicity; and she veils the face of hatred and malignity with the smiles of innocence and love. She seduces the unwary, from the path of rectitude, by deceitful lures and specious courtesy; and she strews with flowers the road that leads to destruction. She mixes

poisons in a golden cup, and sweetens the draught with Hyblean honey. She is a sorceress.

LETTER III.

From Chotahowee, a warrior of the Cherokee nation, to Pimingo, a headman and warrior of the Muscogulgee confederacy.

FATHER! My beloved friend Dr. Calomel, who resides in our town, writes down this talk. May it reach you in safety!

Father! Have you learned to love your enemies and hate your friends?

Have you learned to chatter like a jay about nothing? Do you tell every one you meet that it is *a beautiful day*, and then listen to some intelligence equally interesting? Every time you encounter an acquaintance, do you say, *How d'ye do?* or *How do you stand it this morning?* Do you ask every one you see *what news there is stirring*, and then proceed, without waiting for an answer, to communicate some important observation of your own?

Do you sit several hours at dinner and slander your neighbors who are absent, and speak *smooth things* to those who are present? Do you understand cookery more perfectly than the oldest of our squaws? Can you tell how much cream, how much butter, how much pepper, how much salt, how much vinegar, and how much of an infinite number of ingredients, for which we Indians have no name, must enter into the composition of a single civilized dish? Do you begin to carry before you a mountain of guts, and to pant when you walk up a hill? Do you begin to have a comfortable variety of fevers, gout, consumptions, chachexies, apoplexies, and rheumatisms? Do you begin *to catch cold*? Father! inform me, I beseech you, in your next letter, whether or not you begin to catch cold. Do you have what Doctor Calomel calls nervous diseases? Are you occasionally troubled with imaginary distempers? Is your nose sometimes converted into edible cheese, or your posteriors into frangible glass? Do you sometimes suppose you are the chieftain of heaven, and able to regulate the motions of

the stars? Have you sometimes *the accursed disease* which your civilized friends long since made common in our villages?

Do you read the *holy book* and keep the *holy day*? Do you tell the *Great Spirit* how to govern the world? Do you tease the *Great Mingo of heaven* with your songs and your psalms and your neverending prayers; with your kneeling and standing, your sobbing and crying, your shouting and howling, your cringing and wheedling?

Father! Have you made yourself acquainted with the civilized oaths? can you curse like a gentleman? can you swear like a christian? can you say *God eternally damn your soul to hell*, without feeling any savage hesitation, at making use of an expression so impious and profane, or at uttering a curse so malignant and horrible? I had long known that christians made use of these execrations; but I had no idea of the meaning until Blackcoat gave us some interesting information concerning the God of the christians, favored us with an accurate topographical description of hell, and instructed us in the nature of eternal damnation. Piomingo! What shall we say? Do these white christians believe their own *holy talk*? If they do, they are the most wicked, the most malevolent, demons that ever the Great Spirit permitted to exist! if they do not, why should they send their missionaries to propagate errors among the children of nature?

Father! If you can answer all the questions, I have asked, in the affirmative, I shall pronounce you in a fair way to be civilized, and advise you to return no more to the hills of the Cherokees or the clear streams of the Muscogulgees.

Father! I have often admired the importance of the subjects which are discussed by these enlightened and polished whites in their accidental occurrences and social assemblies. In the first place, they take particular care to enquire into the state of each others health: "My dear sir, how do you do? How do you *feel* this morning? I hope you are well" Piomingo! Why do they ask these preposterous questions? Do they feel any solicitude for

the health and prosperity of their friends and acquaintances?—No such thing, they would send each other to the devil in a moment if it were in their power. Do they wish to render each other unhappy by bringing to their respective recollections the frailties, pains, diseases, and infirmities of the body? Do they wish to damp the general joy by calling up ideas of death and the grave?

In the second place, they proceed to inform each other seriously and formally concerning the nature of the weather, the temperature of the air, the course of the wind, and the changes of the moon. “Well,” says one, “this is a pleasant morning: the rain we had yesterday was extremely refreshing: and this warm sun, following the rain, will promote vegetation with rapidity.” If it be summer, we hear, “A very warm day this! is it not sir? My God! ’tis excessive hot: it makes me perspire like the devil!” Here I must remark that these polished beings are very apt to hook God and the devil into the same sentence: why they do so, I cannot tell, unless it be merely to embellish their discourse. Father! I speak English fluently; but I never could exactly discover when to introduce *God*, or when to have recourse to the *devil*, in my conversation: indeed, sometimes I am ready to conclude that those names are used without the least discrimination: thus, “Good God! how it rains!” and “It rains like the devil!” seem to convey the same idea precisely. If two friends encounter each other in the street in December or January, after the customary interrogations and responses concerning the health of themselves and their families, after having coughed and complained of a *cold*, and having given a circumstantial detail of the manner in which this cold was unfortunately caught; after having whined about an aking head, a poor appetite, a sick stomach, a miserable digestion, a weakness of the back, a sore shin, a crick in the neck, a pain in the hip, &c. &c. they proceed, “A cold day, sir.” “Yes sir, quite cold.” “It blows confoundedly.” “Yes sir, a blustery day: a blustery day indeed sir.” “Quite a deep snow this.” “Yes sir, quite a—quite a snowy day, sir: this is what I

call winter." Piomingo! What is their purpose (if they have any purpose at all) in relating these circumstances which must necessarily be as well known to one as to the other? Does it arise from habitual garrulity, or from an itching propensity to hear themselves talk? Each one hastens to be delivered of the important intelligence, lest his friend should begin, and consequently deprive him of the pleasure of exercising the organs of speech. Were not the whites an intelligent people, I should certainly suppose they were reduced, by the paucity of their ideas, to the deplorable necessity of talking nonsense or continuing silent.

In the third place, they enquire for *news*; but, for the most part, they are much more anxious to circulate some story of their own, than to listen to the curious anecdotes that may have been gathered by others.

Father! In my next letter I shall give you some account of the progress made by Blackcoat in christianizing the Cherokee *women*, and send you a talk which he held with our chiefs and warriors, at which the high priest of the nation was present.

Piomingo! May the God of our fathers give you prosperous days and peaceful nights! May your life be long, and your death tranquil! and may you at last find repose in the islands of bliss created by the author of our life for the everlasting abode of the souls of heroes and the spirits of the just!

Farewell.

CHOTAHOWEE.

Chotahowee has taken notice of the insipidity and frivolity of common conversation; but he has not, perhaps, been able to discover the reason why the confabulations of civilized men are generally so dull and uninteresting.

In our remarks on a former letter, we proved that civilization fits men to fill a place in society, but renders them altogether unable to vary their conduct according to circumstances: and we now take the liberty to add that a man is not well qualified to discourse on any subject which he does not understand. Hence it happens,

that when a number of those polished individuals meet together, every one feels a strong propensity to speak of his own trade profession or employment.

The farmer would willingly inform you that the season was favorable or unfavorable to the growth of corn, or the culture of tobacco; that the caterpillars had committed ravages on his fruit trees; that his wheat was mildewed; that his rye was blighted; and that his sheep were dying with the rot.

The grazier—(We acknowledge that the business of a grazier is not of sufficient consequence to entitle him to particular notice in this place; but as he belongs to a *respectable* class of men in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and as we have often been compelled, by the cruel and malignant fates, to sit with “sad civility” and listen to tedious *bucolic* disquisitions, we think proper to say a few words on this subject.) The grazier can descant ingeniously on the different breeds of cattle; and on the “art and mystery” of fattening a bullock. He can tell exactly how much grass an ox must graze, and how much corn he must devour, in order to *fill up his points*, or clothe his frame with a specified quantity of flesh. He can not only tell, while the beast is yet alive, how much it will weigh when slaughtered; but he can discover, with surprising sagacity, what a quadruped, now poor, will weigh when properly and sufficiently fed. He can tell, from the food and attention bestowed on the animal, whether it will *die well* or *ill*; whether it will rise above, or fall below, an estimate formed from appearances agreeably to the strict rules of art. He discovers uncommon acuteness in distinguishing a New England bullock from a Virginia steer or a Tennessee heifer. He knows that the Louisiana cattle have long horns, and that they are unable to stand the rigors of our winter. Finally, his conversation is replete with information concerning the manner of striking a bargain with a butcher, or carrying on a negotiation with a drover.

The soldier loves to talk of battles, sieges, long fatiguing marches, and other military achievements. He boasts,

with pride and pleasure, of the wonders he has performed, and exhibits his stumps and scars as testimonials of his veracity. He speaks

————— of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and fields;
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery.——

The sailor would talk of long and dangerous voyages, of barbarous coasts, of dreadful storms, of naval engagements, of floating ice, of desert isles, of dangerous rocks and sands, interposing occasionally encomiums on his own courage and dexterity, and rendering the whole nearly unintelligible by his nautical phrases and peculiar modes of expression.

The several artificers delight to expatiate on the ingenious productions of their hands, on the tools they employ, and on *the craft* which produces their wealth.

Nothing is sufficiently important to be discussed by the merchant but the interests of commerce; the state of the market, the risk incurred, the probable profits, and the rate of insurance. If he grow rich by trade, lawful or unlawful, then his country, of course, is in a prosperous situation: and if he make an unfortunate voyage, the nation is pronounced to be on the brink of destruction!

They, who belong to those professions which are honored with the appellation of *learned*, have frequently some acquaintance with general literature, and are consequently better qualified, than the persons already mentioned, to join in rational conversation; but it unfortunately happens that literary subjects can rarely be discussed unless we mean to exclude the greater part of every mixed company from taking a share in the colloquial entertainment. It must, however, be admitted that lawyers, physicians and divines, as well as farmers, mechanics, merchants, soldiers and sailors, have their favorite subjects of discussion, and are enabled, by the course of their studies, to *shine* more resplendently in *those parts* which they have frequently *rehearsed*, and which have become familiar to their minds, than in

those which are more generally interesting to mankind.

The lawyer is ever ready to *join issue* with those who dispute the infallibility of the *lex scripta aut non scripta*: he can praise those venerable regulations sanctified by time and confirmed by experience—the accumulated wisdom of ages! If you oppose reason to any of his axioms, he immediately *demurs*, and objects to the *competence* or *credibility* of your witness: for the competency and credibility of a witness are far from being the same in the eye of the law. He informs you that the law is superior to, nay, that it is, itself, the perfection of reason: *lex est summa ratio*. He can talk wisely of *rights*, whether appertaining to *persons* or *things*: and he can tell what remedy is afforded by the law, when these rights are violated by any *tortious* offender. But if the injuries be insignificant, (such as assailing a gentleman with abusive and insolent language, insulting the unfortunate, outraging the feelings of the sensitive, ridiculing the poor, aged, and infirm) there is no redress: *de minimis non curat lex*. He knows how to *bar an entail*, and how to *confess lease entry and ouster*. He knows the difference between *de jure* and *de facto*, and discovers vast erudition when the nature of *a chose in action* is the subject of investigation. He can tell when a man may bring *detinue*, and when recourse must be had to *trover and conversion*. He knows the difference between *corporeal* and *incorporeal hereditaments*, and points out, with astonishing precision, the distinction between an *executory devise* and a *contingent remainder*.

The physician—(But before we proceed any farther, we take the liberty to observe that there is no character we so much love and admire as that of an amiable humane and intelligent physician, who, without medical bigotry or professional arrogance, devotes his time and talents to the duties of his profession; who studiously and tenderly endeavors to remove or alleviate the sufferings of the body, and soothes with benevolent attentions the anguish of the mind; who, like the good Samaritan, pours wine and oil into the wounds of the unfortunate

traveller, while the proud priest and hypocritical Levite pass by on the other side. Such a man resembles one who was greater than the good Samaritan: he resembles the beneficent founder of christianity; of whom it is said, *that he went about doing good.*) The physician discusses with pleasure those subjects which affect the minds of other men with consternation and horror: he relates the story of having been *in at a death*, with the same composure and satisfaction, that another will give an account of the occurrences of a ball, or the joyful festivity of a wedding. He talks with the utmost composure of emaciated limbs stretched out on the bed of despair, of the heavy hazy eyes, the pallid countenance, the cold moist forehead, the dry cough, the parched tongue, the rattling throat, and the convulsive struggle of dissolution. And should the unfortunate mortal, in performing this last scene in the serio-comical drama of life, exhibit any little peculiarities or whimsical weaknesses, he becomes a subject of ridicule to the philosophic physician, for not dying according to the established regulations of the stage. The physician, moreover, delights to inquire whether the human frame be subject to many diseases, or to one only; whether a complaint be founded in a constitutional predisposition, or induced by extraneous causes; whether the yellow fever be propagated by a subtile contagion emanating from the bodies of the diseased, or engendered by pestiferous *miasmata* arising from decayed vegetables or putrefying animal substances: and in these cases it may often be observed, that the support and establishment of a favorite theory are objects of much greater importance than the preservation of life.

The divine—(Did the divine observe the precepts and follow the example of his *meek and lowly* Master, he would, whatever we might think of his faith, call forth our love and command our veneration: how, then, does it happen, that as soon as we hear the name of a clergyman mentioned, we immediately associate with the man qualities of bigotry, arrogance and spiritual

pride? How does it happen, that they, whose business it is to inculcate benevolence, charity, humility and patience, should be characterized, wherever they are known, by a proud, overbearing, intolerant disposition? We have looked into nature for the cause: and we think we have found it?—We have known a negro in a southern state to value himself on the riches and grandeur of his master, and to look down, with infinite contempt, on the slave of a less opulent planter. And (*paulo majora canamus*) the ambassadors and ministers of foreign nations expect to be honored according to the power, opulence and splendor of the princes by whom they are deputed: how then shall we show our respect for the ministers plenipotentiary from the court of “heaven star-paved?” How shall we receive the ambassadors of the Most High? What shall be done to the man whom the Lord of Hosts delighteth to honor?) The divine knows where his own “great strength lieth,” consequently endeavors, in every conversation to mix, with the ephemeral concerns of this world, the everlasting joys or sorrows of another, and to call away our thoughts from the business of this life and fix them on the *dark futurities* of the world which is to come.

It will readily be admitted, that men are better qualified to talk of things that relate immediately to their own professions and employments in life than on any other subject: and, as the pursuits of civilized men are almost infinite in number, it follows that no subject of conversation can be introduced which will be interesting and familiar to the whole of the company.

Should a farmer attempt to engross the attention of an assembly by giving an account of the management of his affairs, he would subject himself to ridicule; should an artificer entertain us with any thing relating to his trade, his conversation would be said to *smell of the shop*; should a soldier or a sailor attempt to communicate his exploits and adventures, an attentive observer would perceive a sneer of contempt, or a smile of incredulity, playing on the countenances of the auditors; and

should any one dare to introduce literary subjects in the presence of illiterate men) who compose the most wealthy, and consequently the most *respectable*, portion of society) he would be branded with the appellation of *pedant*. What then must be done?

It is reported of Sir Robert Walpole, that he would always introduce lewd or obscene subjects of conversation at his table. Being asked the reason of this conduct, he replied, "That is a subject in which all can join." Decency forbids the present polished generation to have recourse to sir Robert's expedient, and therefore they are necessitated to talk of the state of their health, the temperature of the air, or something else equally frivolous.

The savages of America are remarkable for their taciturnity: they esteem it the height of absurdity and madness to speak, when no valuable purpose can be answered by speaking. But if any subject of conversation be introduced, it is always interesting to all: it relates to the business of the chase, to the operations of war, or to the public concerns of the nation.

PRONUNCIATION: FROM CRITO.

THERE is a great propensity among the vulgar, in Pennsylvania, to give the sound of *oo* to the diphthongal *u*: thus, instead of *blue lure lute luminous due duty nuisance nudity numerous supine supreme tutor tumor tune tube*, &c. we hear *bloo loor loot loominous doo dooty noosance noodity noomerous soopine soopreme toootor toomor toon toob*; and this anomalous pronunciation is not only tolerated, but defended by many of our American wordmongers. Their orthoepical canons would be unworthy of attention, did not every year witness the emission of some five or six spellingbooks under the auspices of eminent booksellers: these *productions of genius* meet with a ready sale, and are dispersed over the continent to confirm old errors and propagate new ones. Any man is supposed to be qualified to write *books for children*: and it seems to be altogether forgotten that these children may one day become men; and that errors planted in childhood are not easily eradicated. Nothing more is necessary than to make a collection of words, invent new rules for the division of syllables, give tables of words

the same in sound but different in spelling and signification, and of words spelled in one manner and pronounced in another, not forgetting to add a *compendious system of English grammar*; and the business is done. Recommendations of sapient schoolmasters are easily procured; nor is it difficult to find booksellers sufficiently intelligent to discover that *the thing may sell*. These are trifles, I acknowledge; but

———— hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala.

If literary men be honorably employed in correcting a vitious pronunciation, certainly it must be commendable to take notice of those who contribute to the existence of error.

Sometimes, however, we are too headstrong to be led away by an *American* philologist; but if an *English* author issue his mandates, who will refuse an immediate acquiescence? Well then, Sheridan has informed us that we should not say *toon toob tootor*, nor yet *tune tube tutor*, but *choon choob chootor*: and thousands in America have made themselves ridiculous by following Sheridan.

This orthoepist was long supposed to be an infallible guide: and any one, some years ago, who, in this wilderness of ours, should have had the presumption to oppose his own ideas of propriety to the *dicta* of Sheridan would have exposed himself to ridicule and contempt.

But Walker has appeared and convicted his predecessor of innumerable errors. Must we revolt from Sheridan and transfer our allegiance to Walker? Certainly: Sheridan was an Irishman: he was not born within the sound

Of merry merry Bow Church bells;

he had not *snuffed up* the smoke of the British metropolis for a sufficient length of time; nor had his ear acquired refinement from the harmony of *London cries* or the musical voice of the *cockneys*. But Mr. Walker—who will dissent from the opinion of a man who was “born within a few miles of the capital”; and who has “resided in the capital almost the whole of his life;” who “understands the tune of the language to which the ear of a native is set;” and who feels that “vernacular instinct” which prevents the possibility of error? What! shall one bred in the wilds of America, who never saw the white cliffs of Albion, or breathed the sweet air of *The Capital*; who understands not the tune of the language, nor feels that infallible *vernacular instinct*, set up his opinion in opposition to that of Mr. Walker?

I have no desire to detract from this gentleman’s merits; but I have promised to point out certain errors into which I conceive he has fallen, and to show that the English pronunciation, taking Walker as the standard, is, in many instances, less analogical than the American.

Mr. Walker is so fond of aspirations, as he calls them, that he says *pitch-e-ous* rather than *piteous*, *petch-u-lant* rather than *petulant*, *plench-e-ous* rather than *plenteous*, &c. This is not only contrary to general usage in the United States but contrary to the analogies of the language. And this eminent orthoepist is betrayed into repeated inconsistencies, by his attempts to establish the coincidence of his theory with the polite usage of the British metropolis.

Mr. Walker has laid it down as a rule, that whenever *t* precedes *u*, and the accent immediately follows it, then *t* preserves its simple sound; but when the accent precedes the *t*, then the *t* is sounded like *ch*: consequently, he will not agree to say *choon choob chooter choomult choonic*, &c. with Mr. Sheridan instead of *tune tube tutor tumult tunic*, &c. nevertheless, he insists upon *nachure misforchune forchune*, *virchue ligachure signachure forseitchure*, &c. instead of *nature misfortune fortune virtue ligature signature forfeiture*, &c.

This monstrous pronunciation may prevail in Britain, and it may likewise sometimes be heard in New England, as we find it is countenanced by Webster; but I will venture to affirm that it is not the pronunciation of the well educated natives of the middle and southern states. And it introduces such horrible irregularity into the language I am surprised that it should be advocated by any one who makes pretensions to literature. That it is not universal, even in England, appears from Scott's pronouncing dictionary, and from the writings of several other orthoepists.

He remarks in one place, that "if we analyse the *u* we shall find it commence with the squeezed sound of *e*, equivalent to the consonant *y*. This produces the small hiss before taken notice of, and which may be observed in the pronunciation of *nature*, and borders so closely on *natshure*, that it is no wonder Mr. Sheridan adopted this latter mode of spelling the word to express its sound." Now if this sentence have any signification, it must mean that the true pronunciation of *nature* *adventure*, &c. is *nate yure advent-yure*, &c.; yet we are directed to say *nachure adventure*, &c. We would desire to inquire of Mr. Walker, if it be possible to retain the diphthongal sound of the *u* when the *t* is sounded as *ch*: does not the *u* in that case, degenerate into *oo*?

Again: Mr. Walker lays it down as a rule, that "when *i* is succeeded by *r* and another consonant, not in a final syllable, it has exactly the sound of *e* in *vermin vernal*, &c." Therefore if we choose to follow Mr. Walker, we must no longer say *virtue virgin firkin mirthful*, but *vertue vergin ferkin, merthful*. We are also directed to say *merr merdle mermidon*, &c. instead of *myrrh, myrtle, myrmidon*, &c. And we

must no longer indulge ourselves in saying *mirth birth gird girt skirt whirl girl*; but be particular to pronounce these words thus, *merth, berth, &c.* Shall we leave the analogical sound of the *i* and the *y* which is habitual to us, and learn the anomalous and barbarous pronunciation of Britain? Who ever heard the word *vertue* in the United States unless among the lowest of the vulgar? who would dare to say *vergin* in any genteel company on this side of the Atlantic? who, that has any ideas of propriety, is heard to say *gerl* instead of *girl*?

SUNDAY.

WE awoke. The morning had considerably advanced; and the sun sent his cheerful beams through our window. We raised our head, rubbed our eyes, cast a glance of recognition upon the rusty furniture of our narrow disorderly apartment, and determined to arise. But indolence prevailed: we laid our head again upon the pillow, and sunk into a state of sweet insensibility. We, indeed, still continued so much awake as to be conscious of existence; but we had fallen so far under the dominion of sleep as to free us from the cares and anxieties of life. O enchanting slumber! sweet relaxation of body and mind! How delightful it is to lay aside hopes and fears and solitudes, to pass the boundaries of life, and to wander on the borders of nonexistence! We were roused from our slumber by the sound of the bells: they seemed to give a general invitation to the drowsy inhabitants of the city to go up to the house of prayer, and return thanks to the Author of Nature for blessings already received and solicit a continuance of his favor. For a moment the illusions of a warm imagination prevailed over the cold and disagreeable deductions of reason: we said to ourself, "Shall we go up to Mount Zion and worship with the christians? Are we not all children of the same common father? Why then may we not join together in public adoration and prayer?" But short was the empire of feeling: we thought of a vain proud avaricious intriguing hypocritical multitude, who assemble for the purpose of imposing on each other by a specious affectation of piety and a variety of religious grimaces. The

reflection was painful. The bells continued their invitation; but we heard them no longer: we thought of the errors and miseries of man; we thought of his vices and follies; we thought of the madness of his hopes, the folly of his fears, and the ridiculous nature of his ambition; we thought of death. But, some how or other, our mind was uncommonly ingenious in getting rid of these sorrowful cogitations. The mental depression we had experienced was succeeded by a soothing tranquility: and sleep, a second time, began to creep over our senses, when we were startled by the sound of a well known voice in the adjoining apartment inquiring for Piomingo: "What," continued the voice, "in bed, do you say? unparalleled laziness!" The sound was familiar to our ears; and without much difficulty we recognised the tones of the intelligent but talkative Frank. We knew that our visitant was not extremely ceremonious; and therefore, we were not surprised when he bolted into our chamber, exclaiming, "Thou indolent savage! thou intolerable sluggard! how canst thou dream away existence in sloth and torpidity, whilst nature arrayed in her gayest attire invites thee to life and enjoyment?"

Piomingo. Pretendest thou to be civilized, thou daring intruder? Why shouldest thou presumptuously break into the sanctum sanctorum of the temple of indolence, and thus outrageously interrupt my repose!

Frank. The object, I have in view, is the promotion of thy happiness: I wish to effect thy reformation: and the end being good, I shall find no difficulty in justifying the means.

Piomingo. I like not thy philosophy. Besides, how canst thou suppose thyself capable of reforming a man whom fifty years have confirmed in his errors: I am surprised at thy vanity! Thou canst only make a few commonplace observations: all which I have heard a thousand times before.

Frank. Truth is not less true, because it has been frequently repeated.

Piomingo. But it is much less forcible on that account,

I assure thee. I have been told, even from infancy, of the impropriety of matutinal indulgence: yet thou seest that all these admonitions have had no influence on my conduct: how then canst thou imagine that *truth*, as thou callest it, when delivered by a christian, should have a more powerful effect than when proceeding from the mouth of the sage Oconimico, or from the lips of a prince and warrior, my venerable grandfather, Paya Mataha? Besides, is not this Sunday? a day of rest? a day set apart for the express purpose of relaxation and repose? I insist upon it, that I am warranted not only by your scriptures, but by divine example, in resting from my labors on this sabbath of the Lord. Do I not keep it holy? Do I profane it with any "manner of work?" Indeed I should be well satisfied if there were two Sundays in every week: I find this day the most agreeable portion of my time. When I walk out, I am pleased to see the people neatly attired, moving in every direction in search of recreation and amusement. I rejoice to see the odious shops shut up, and to find that the bustle of business is suspended for a moment. I rejoice, because my ears are no longer pained by the clinking of the hammer or the grating of the saw, overpowered by the clamor of fools, or stunned by the rumbling of drays. How cruel was the conduct of the French republicans when they sacrilegiously abolished the festivals of the church, and, instead of the *seventh*, allowed only the *tenth*, part of time to religion, amusement and rest! Was this done, that time might be properly decimated? or was it designed to promote industry and labor? The slavery of man, in every civilized nation, is already intolerable: and cruel is the legislator who would quench the still *smoking flax*, or bruise, with a heavy hand, the *reed that is broken*!

Frank. Thou hast already, I find, been long enough among us to learn the practice, too common with christians, of wresting the scriptures in support of thy opinions, and molding them ingeniously to answer thy purpose. On this day, we are informed by divines, "we

should not think our own thoughts or speak our own words," but devote ourselves entirely to religious duties: to singing and reading, to humiliation and prayer.

Piomingo. I understand thee not. If this day be the legitimate successor of the Jewish sabbath, then is it a day of rest; and I am justified in seeking repose. If it be a festival instituted in honor of Christ's resurrection, then it should be celebrated by moderate indulgences, cheerful amusements, and innocent hilarity. Away with your long faces and downcast looks, ye moping and sorrowful christians! do ye mourn because your savior has risen from the dead?

Frank. *Piomingo!* A New England puritan or Scotch presbyterian, if possessed of the power, would burn thee for heresy. They suppose *sabbath-breaking* to be one of those *crying sins*, which not only insure the damnation of the offender, but call down the vengeance of heaven upon the nation in general. They walk with sad sobriety straight forward, or sit like statues of despair without looking to the right hand or to the left. Should any one inadvertently make use of a thoughtless expression, or suffer a rebellious smile to rise in his countenance, his *tender conscience* immediately is alarmed, and he *seeks the Lord* with tears and lamentations, and entreats him to forgive the *corruptness* and perverseness of a miserable sinner.

Piomingo. And do they suppose that the Lord will be delighted with their crocodile tears and face of despair? or do they expect to deceive him by their whining complaints and cringing servility? Can God be pleased with men

————— so faint, so spiritless
So dull, so dead in look, so wo-begone?

Frank. Tell me: how do you, savages, worship the divinity?

Piomingo. We worship the great and good spirit with singing and dancing, feasting, playing on musical instruments, and *making ourselves merry* in his presence: we suppose that he delights to look down on the happiness of his children.

Frank. But, do you never endeavor to avert his displeasure by fasting and prayer? Do you never try to atone for your sins by voluntary penances, or by extraordinary exertions of virtue?

Piomingo. Never: we do not suppose it possible that he should become the minister of evil, or direct his vengeance against the creatures of his power.

Frank. What then is the design of your fasts, prayers, purifications, charms, oblations, &c. of which I have frequently heard?

Piomingo. These are designed to propitiate, conciliate, or influence, a multitude of inferior spirits, whose dispositions are supposed to be as changeable and capricious as our own.

Frank. Travellers, therefore, report truly, when they assert that you worship the devil?

Piomingo. They assert a falsehood: we worship no being that any way resembles the devil of the christians. But we believe that numerous spirits exist on the earth, in the waters, and in the regions of the air, who are neither wholly benevolent nor wholly malignant in their nature: these we endeavor to propitiate, when offended, by abstinence and prayer; these we conciliate by offerings; and these we sometimes coerce by our charms and incantations. We have been taught to believe that the operations of nature are carried on by an infinite number of beings resembling men in many particulars, but greatly superior in power. Some of these reside in deep valleys, among rocks, or in caverns of the earth: they preside over minerals, regulate the movement of subterraneous waters, kindle volcanoes, and excite, when displeased, convulsions and earthquakes; others feed bubbling fountains, preside over lakes, direct the wandering rivulet, impel the *majestic march* of rivers, and occasion the ebbing and flowing of the sea. Some raise the mountain mists; and others awake the exhalations of the valley. Some skim, in dark nights, over the surface of the stream, and terrify the Indian, in his solitary canoe, with their mournful exclamations; others are

heard to groan in the oaks of the forest, to moan in the thickest recesses of the canebrake, and whisper in the winds that rush through the tops of the pines. Sometimes the benighted wanderer in the desert sees a cheerful fire on the side of a hill, in the head of a valley, or afar off on the plain amid the towering trees of the forest: he rejoices in hopes of reaching the camp of the hunter: but the deceitful fiend shifts its situation, and flits with its lambent light over dreary swamps and desolate marshes; and having led the unfortunate vagrant for many a weary mile, through briery dells and thickets of thorn, amid craggy rocks, and over the trunks of fallen trees; having cast him down the dangerous precipice, thrown him into the yawning pit, or conducted him into the middle of the quaking morass, it extinguishes the deceitful flame; and a laugh of triumphant malignity is heard through the gloom of the night! Some of these airy beings are supposed to waken the sun from his nightly repose, and strew the courts of his palace with roses; others wait his approach in the chambers of the west, and conduct him to the depths of the ocean. Some watch over the nascent herbage, and feed the green maize with salutary juices; others ride on the wings of the ravaging storm, and add fury to the turbulent winds. Some scatter thick fogs, and unveil the face of the sun; others roll together black clouds, and pour down torrents of rain.

Frank. How do you know when these spirits are offended?

Piomingo. When the fountains are dried; when the winds are forbidden to blow; when the earth is burned by the heat of the sun; when the corn is blighted; when armies of flies, locusts and caterpillars devour the green herbage, and eat up the verdure of the trees; when the deer have forsaken their haunts, and the buffaloes no longer are found in the forest; when the gun of the warrior misses its aim, and the fire has forsaken his flint; when the widowed dove complains at the door of the hut, or the nightly whippertwill takes his station on the roof of the cottage; when myriads of buzzards assemble in

our villages; when dogs raise, at midnight, the howl of lamentation; when the fishes are found dead in the stream; finally, when the beloved people are afflicted with new and terrible diseases: then know we that the gods are offended.

Frank. In that case, what course do you pursue?

Piomingo. We inquire into the conduct of our nation; we endeavor to discover if any one have offended against the *beloved speech* received from our fathers; and, if it appear that any Indian has neglected the accustomed ceremonies, has departed from our ancient simplicity of manners, has been guilty of an action unbecoming a beloved red man and a warrior, that man is subjected to punishment; he is forbidden to appear, for a limited time, in the council, and is excluded from those solemn dances and feasts which were instituted in honor of the divinity. If his crime be very great, he is banished. Should it, however, appear upon inquiry that no offence can be imputed to individuals or to the people collectively, we are apt to direct our resentment against our prophets and priests: and they, sometimes, answer with their lives for having suffered the nation to incur the displeasure of the gods, by their own negligence in performing their religious duties.

Frank. In what manner do you appease those ill-natured divinities when they have, by incontestable signs, evinced the existence of their anger?

Piomingo. "The eye sees not itself:" Although thou mayest be unable to perceive the follies and absurdities of thy countrymen, thou wouldest, no doubt, be sufficiently clear-sighted to discern the errors of Indians; and thou wouldest probably feel inclined to show thy superiority by laughing at our ridiculous modes of expiation.

Frank. Have you consecrated places, vestments, instruments, pictures, or images?

Piomingo. Some tribes represent invisible beings by the means of pictures and images; but this is rather uncommon with American savages. We have a house set apart for holy purposes: in which are kept certain religious sym-

hols; and in which the new fire is kindled at the commencement of every year. Our high priest has a dress consecrated for solemn occasions. Many places are said to be under the protection of spirits, and consequently are supposed to be sanctified by their presence. Mountains, rocks, cataracts, rivers, springs and valleys, are frequently objects of great veneration: and this veneration is occasioned either by some traditionary story, or by the uncommon appearances exhibited at these places. When we approach these sacred objects, we adore the invisible beings who are supposed to be present, and solicit their favor and protection. But it may not be amiss to remark, that, although the American Indians reverence the gods, they never practise any of those abject grovelling acts of devotion, which are so customary in civilized nations: they never feel that *self abasement* that *prostration of soul*, which is so much recommended by christian writers. In the midst of a tremendous thunder storm, when the heavens appeared to menace the earth with destruction, I have seen the savages rush out of their tents, and discharge their rifles at the cloud in token of defiance. When their reasons for this absurd conduct were demanded, they replied in the following manner: "Why should he dart his lightning at our heads, and endeavor to frighten us with the voice of his thunder? We are beloved men and terrible warriors: we cannot be intimidated." "But," said some one, "are you not afraid to offend the *mingo of the thunder*?" "No," they replied: "why should we fear him? Let him afflict us with pain, and torment us with diseases—we know how to suffer! Let him blast us with his lightning, or strike us dead with his thunder; death we despise!"

Frank. Absurd conduct indeed! But what could we expect from savages, pagans, heathens, idolaters? from men who worship an innumerable multitude of malignant or capricious deities? from men who adore caverns, rocks, mountains, winds, and clouds? from men who represent invisible beings by statues of wood or images of clay? from men who people the universe with imaginary gods, and endeavor to control the operations of nature by childish and ridiculous charms?

Piomingo. If these things be absurd, they are not peculiar to us. All nations, of which we have any knowledge, have believed in the existence of beings superior to man, by whatever name they may have been known, angels, genii, spirits, gods. The delightful mythology of the Greeks cheered the face of nature with a charming variety of immortals, and diffused animation through every part of the universe; and your great epic poet, when delivering the traditionary belief of the Jews, as well as christians, has said or sung,

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works beho'd
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole or responsive to each other's note,
Singing their great Creator? —

It must indeed be acknowledged that men, as soon as they begin *to think* that they understand the operations of nature, endeavor to account for the various phenomena without calling in the aid of these numerous intelligences: They would rather venerate a blind mysterious unintelligible something, to which they have given the name of *attraction*; they would rather attribute the movements and revolutions of things to the *necessity* of their nature, or to the agency of a fluid, than believe in the existence of intelligent causes. Well: what shall we infer from this?—Nothing but uncertainty, darkness, and error. The same philosophy which has annihilated the nereids and naiads, the oreads, and dryads; which has wrested the thunderbolt from Jupiter, and the trident from Neptune,—that same philosophy has *attempted* to destroy our hopes of immortality, and dispense with all intelligence in the government of the universe.

The philosophers have certainly made discoveries; but they are melancholy discoveries. They have become possessed of a *little knowledge*: knowledge enough to show the fallacy of those delightful illusions which embellished existence: knowledge enough to show that nothing can be known, and to overwhelm us with doubts

and despair. They have shed a *little light* on the operations of nature: light enough to enable us to discover the darkness and terrors of our situation; light enough to dissipate the blooming creations of fancy, and all the high-wrought pictures of a fervid imagination: light enough to enable us to cast a glance of horror through the desolate regions that surround us! I am sick of your knowledge and your light, of your philosophical investigations and metaphysical disquisitions, of your mathematical demonstrations and theological contentions, of your astronomical discoveries and *analytical wonders*. I hate your telescope; and, *your microscope I despise*. I would gladly, were it possible, obliterate every trace of your unsatisfactory knowledge, and bury myself, where, and where only, happiness can be found—in the lowly vale of contented ignorancel

You laugh at our folly because we direct our prayers to inferior spirits rather than to the supreme and all-governing intelligence. What would you say, should I assert that your practice is more ridiculous than ours! We may hope to conciliate the favor, avert the displeasure, or determine the decisions, of inferior spirits; who are subjected to passions, and governed by dispositions, similar to our own: but who can influence the will or sway the mind of an unchangeable God? We may lay open our thoughts to deities, who are supposed to be ignorant of what passes in our minds; and we may convince them, by reasoning, of the justice of our cause: but who can enlighten the understanding of Omniscience, or direct Wisdom how to form a judgment on the subject proposed.

You may smile at our images of clay: but here, also, we can make, for ourselves, a tolerable apology: and our conduct, when contrasted with that of your religious enthusiasts, will not appear so laughable as you seem to imagine. We do not worship the wood or clay, of which the statue is composed; but the deity who is supposed, to sanctify it by his presence. We do not adore the cavern, the rock, the fountain, the cataract, the wind, or

the cloud; but the spirits who have taken up their residence there. Does not every one who worships an invisible being, form, in his mind, an image of the being he adores? Why then may we not assist him in his conceptions by visible representations? Is it to be expected that his ideal image will be a more *correct likeness* than the production of our statuary, however rude it may appear to the eye of a connoisseur? May he not as well take the resemblance of his god from the hands of our ingenious artificer as worship the monstrous creation of his own distempered and agitated mind?

Our attempts to control the operations of nature by charms and incantations may appear ridiculous to the philosophic few in civilized nations: but this weakness cannot appear surprising in us, when it may be safely asserted that nineteen twentieths of the most *enlightened* nation on earth believe in the efficacy of charms as whimsical and childish as ours. We are not more superstitious, in this particular, than were the ancients:

Carmine diisuperi placantur, carmine manes,

“By charms,” says another poet, “the moon can be brought down from heaven: by charms Circe changed the companions of Ulysses into swine: and the cunning serpent is destroyed by charms.”

Frank. You have, I understand, among you, many customs and ceremonies, which you religiously observe, although you are unable to give any rational account of their origin or signification,

Piomingo. Well: is it not better that unmeaning ceremonies, should occupy our time, and that our religion should consist of a round of external observances, than that we should be continually gasping for heavenly inspirations, waiting for the illapses of the divinity, or swelling with imaginary *afflatus*; until, having deceived ourselves as well as others, we be driven to madness by the illusions of a distempered imagination?

Besides, every innocent custom, how frivolous soever it may appear, should be carefully observed. Every innovation in national manners opens a door for the en-

trance of vice, and shakes the foundations of virtue. Virtue has been often compared to a plant: and, if I may be allowed to poetize a little, I would consider it for a moment, as a beautiful but tender exotic transferred from the mild and benignant climate of heaven to the bleak and ungenial region of the earth; where it must be protected by the sheltering walls of salutary prejudices, or it will perish.

Every innovation in national manners is dangerous because it lessens our veneration for the wise institutions of our fathers; it lessens the respect we should feel for ourselves as members of a particular community; it destroys nationality; it breaks down the barrier which the wisdom of our ancestors has raised between us and the other nations of the earth; it cuts away the dikes which have defended us for ages from the tempestuous waves which agitate the world: until, finally, we are overwhelmed by an ocean of vices.

Frank. It is true, those sages, who have acquired immortality by the establishment of nations, appear to have thought it necessary to institute national customs and regulations, and to instil local prejudices into the minds of the people, who were the objects of their care; but their plans were defective and erroneous, because they were not calculated for extensive empires, and because they had a tendency to originate and perpetuate national antipathies and wars.

Piomingo. It is easy to find fault; but it would be difficult to show how they could have acted more judiciously than they did. They were not so vain as to suppose themselves capable of regenerating and reforming the world, but wisely directed their exertions to the promotion of the felicity of their countrymen. If a man endeavor to overturn a mountain, his labor will be lost; but if he exert himself to remove a stone or a piece of timber out of his way, he will probably be successful.

One of those venerable legislators found himself in a situation which enabled him to influence the decisions of an inconsiderable people, whose happiness he was anxious to secure. To them he issued his commands:

and, in order that they might make a suitable impression on their minds he called in the assistance of heaven. The precepts inculcated were delivered as the oracles of God: and the transgressor not only suffered the punishment announced by the law, but trembled at incurring the displeasure of the divinity. The virtuous citizen was not only rewarded by the applauses of his country and distinguished by honorary marks of her favor; but he also felt happy in the idea of having secured the favor and protection of heaven.

The wise lawgiver saw the necessity of raising an insurmountable barrier between his political children and the other nations of the earth. How can he preserve his favorites from contamination? shall he build a wall of adamant that cannot be scaled? shall he surround them with mountains, whose impassable summits ascend to the heavens? shall he call around them the waves of some restless and tempestuous ocean? or shall he hide them in the midst of an inhospitable desert? These things exceed his abilities; but he may, by judicious regulations, render the objects of his care and the neighboring nations reciprocally odious to each other.

It may be observed that these ancient lawgivers thought salutary prejudices and an unvarying system of manners necessary for the prosperity of virtue; but modern philosophers endeavor to eradicate all prejudices, whether beneficial in their effects or otherwise: they are in quest of *truth*; but they ought to reflect that *truth*, enough to answer their purpose, *will never be found*. Should they even follow Nature to her hiding place and ravish the *master secret* from her bosom; would the discovery be productive of happiness to man?

Every one now appears desirous to promote the intercourse of nations. Were all nations equally vicious, were society every where equally corrupt; were all laws and constitutions of government, equally well calculated to promote the felicity of man, were all customs, opinions, and pursuits, equally conducive to the practice of virtue; then, indeed, a philosopher might be well pleased

to see nations supply each others' wants, reciprocate offices of friendship, and maintain a continual intercourse; then, he need not be apprehensive of promoting civilization at the expense of virtue and happiness: but, if the laws, constitutions, customs, prejudices, manners, pursuits, of one people, be more desirable than those of another, what will be the consequence of association? All the advantages which the virtuous nation derived from its local institutions will gradually lessen, and finally disappear.

Ancient lawgivers studied the nature of man, and formed his mind to virtue and glory; but the founders of modern republics think *mind* altogether unworthy of their attention: they take no measures to prevent the existence of vice, but suppose they have fulfilled their duty, when they inflict punishment on the vicious.

What wouldest thou think of a physician, to whom some prince had committed the care of the health of his subjects, who, instead of recommending temperance and exercise, and using every means in his power to prevent the existence of disease; instead of watching the approaches of destemper, and administering, in good time, the necessary remedy; should encourage the objects of his care in every species of excess, and pay no attention whatever to the causes or progress of indisposition; but when the patient should become absolutely incurable would order his head to be taken off by an attendant?—Such is the conduct of modern legislators: they never attempt to form the mind; to give a salutary direction to its energies; to implant the seeds of honor, patriotism, friendship, heroism; to awaken in the breast a love of glory, and stir up the sparks of noble ambition. No: they permit every species of vice to flourish until it have taken such deep root in society, that it cannot be extirpated. What then? The sapient legislators assemble and make a *law* against this destructive vice: and in obedience to this law, the sword of justice is sent forth to destroy those members of the community who are most deeply infected with the prevailing distemper: a distemper which, if the government had done its duty, would

never have existed. Another vice becomes universal; and another law is made against the vicious. Crimes are multiplied, and laws are multiplied also; until men lose the idea of *right* and *wrong* in that of *lawful* and *unlawful*: and however base, perfidious and unjust their conduct may be, they account themselves "good men and true" if they do not incur the penalty of the law.

It is amusing to hear those, who thrive by the vices and follies of others, and fatten on the corruptions of society, boast of their civilization and adduce the multiplicity of their laws as a proof of their refinement. Whereas, in truth, the multiplicity of their laws proves nothing but the multiplicity of their crimes.

Frank. Is it not true, that savages have but few laws, and that civilized nations have many? And does not this arise from multifarious businesses and diversified relations on the one hand, and from sameness of life and restricted intercourse on the other?

Piomingo. It is true, that savages have few laws, because they are governed by a system of manners—because they are virtuous: and it is also true, that polished nations have many laws, because their manners are corrupted—because they are vitious. However highly polished a nation might be, however various the relations that might subsist among the individuals composing the same, if men were just, there would be no necessity for laws—there would be no laws. Yet we hear the wisest among you boasting of your multiplied statutes: as well might the captive be proud of his chains, or the slave of the whip suspended over his shoulders! But we are also told that your laws are just: and of that you are vain: were the laws unjust, something might be inferred, from that circumstance, in your favor; but as they are just, you must be unjust. *Thou shalt not steal*, was a very just law: but it proves there were thieves among the Jews.

Frank. Dost thou suppose that the founders of the American republic should have imitated the conduct of those sages of antiquity to whom thou hast alluded?

Piomingo. As far as it might have been practicable, they

tions as would have had a tendency to give a national character to the people of the United States. They should have instituted a grand national system of education, and breathed the spirit of virtuous republicanism into the rising generation. They should have instituted schools, gymnasias, games, festivals. They should have made it their primary concern to raise citizens for the only republic on earth. They should have considered the youth of both sexes as belonging to the nation, and have taken care that the offspring of the indigent should not be brutalized by drudgery, nor that of the opulent ruined by indulgence. They should have distinguished excellence by honorary rewards and desirable privileges, and have rendered indolence, avarice, and selfishness, contemptible. Indeed, any institution, which would have created nationality, would have been attended with an infinity of advantages.

But nothing of this nature was attempted: they legislated concerning exports and imports, offices and salaries. They thought nothing worth their attention but the acquisition and protection of property—the ways and means of getting rich, and the sweets of luxurious enjoyment. No plan of education has been formed: no grand national work has been undertaken; no glorious enterprise has been achieved; nothing daring and magnanimous has been attempted, which might give the citizens a high opinion of their country, of their government, of themselves; nothing has been thought of which might divert the attention of the citizens from their avaricious pursuits; nothing has been imagined which might share the respect which is now paid solely to riches; no—the image of no new God has been set up, which might divide, with Mammon, the adorations of the good people of the United States! What will be the fate of a commonwealth governed by such grovelling sordid statesmen, such intriguing low politicians? It will become a nation of mercantile adventurers, brokers, shopkeepers, pedlers, usurers, and unprincipled speculators. A mercenary spirit will pervade every part of the community: it will influence the actions of the governing and the governed, of the opulent and the indigent, of the wise and the foolish. Sunk in luxurious indolence or

groaning under the weight of oppression, cowardly, weak, divided, effeminate, base, the nation will become a prey to the first daring usurper or ambitious invader.

Frank. We wander from the subject, Piomingo. Plato taught his disciples in the shades of the academy; Epicures inquired after the *sovereign good* in the delicious recesses of a garden; Zeno instructed his followers in a portico; Aristotle was the father of the *walkers*; and thou I suppose, meanest to institute a sect of sleeping philosophers, and give lessons, in thy bed, on indolence of body and tranquility of mind. Thou wilt place the *summum bonum* in a torpor of the faculties. Wilt thou rise voluntarily? or shall I exert a little salutary force, and compel thee to obey my commands? If existence be desirable, why should we cast away the blessing? A man might as well be dead as continually asleep.

Piomingo. (*stretching and yawning*) Mere existence is by no means desirable: therefore, when I see no prospect of pleasure, I grow weary of life, and resorted to that species of temporary death which is vulgarly called sleep. Dead! (*yawning*) I should like very much to be dead.

Frank. Die then: there is nothing to prevent thee. I will, as a friend, endeavor to facilitate thy escape from this troublesome world: I will furnish thee with a knife, a rope, or a poisoned chalice: I will accompany thee to the brink of a precipice, or to the banks of a stream. Leap boldly: and terrestrial affairs will disturb thee no longer.

Piomingo. Thou art very obliging: but, at present I feel no inclination to trouble thee with commands of that extraordinary nature. For *death* we may "devoutly wish;" but *dying*, I apprehend, must be rather disagreeable. However, to convince thee of my respect for thy advice, I hasten to extricate myself from the embraces of sloth.

Frank. Thou dost well. Sloth is a most pernicious mistress: she smiles, soothes, seduces, and caresses; but, finally, destroys every one who yields to her blandishments. Though thou wert Samson, thou wilt lose thy strength if thou layest thy head in the lap of this Delilah! Though thou wert Ulysses, thou wilt sink to a

state of brutality if thou yield to the solicitations of this Circe! Though thou wert Hercules, thou wilt become contemptible if thou become the slave of this Omphale!

Piomingo. Thou speakest well: but did I not feel an inclination for breakfast, I fancy I should be able to resist the most potent of thy arguments, and withstand thy most ardent solicitations.

Frank. I have heard that savages smoke and sleep away their time, and cannot be roused from their state of stupefaction, save by the calls of hunger or a desire of revenge.

Piomingo. Thou hast not been correctly informed. Friendship, glory, love of country, afford motives sufficiently powerful to call forth their ardor, and produce the most heroic exertions.

Frank. Wilt thou go to church?

Piomingo. I think not. To what church wouldest thou take me?

Frank. Thou art so old that I have small hopes of being so blessed as to witness thy conversion: were it not that I am discouraged by this consideration, I should insist upon thy attending some of the calvinistic, reformed, doubly refined, and evangelical churches, where thou mightest hear the gospel preached in its purity, and be carefully instructed in the doctrines of grace.

Piomingo. What are the doctrines of grace?

Frank. We are commanded not to "cast pearls before swine." Wert thou only in a *state of grace* and honored with a pair of "newinvented patent" *spiritual eyes*, thou wouldest be able to discover the beauty of these sublime, *man-depressing*, and *God-exalting* doctrines. Ah! it is a very comfortable thing to be in a state of grace! In that case, my dear Piomingo, thou shouldst not need to be under any apprehensions of being eternally damned: thou mightest venture *slyly* to indulge those corruptions of thy nature which might not be purged away by the process of regeneration; but thou wouldest have to be careful not to bring reproach upon the godly by thy irregular proceedings. There was David, for instance, the royal nightingale: he made a few

false steps in his progress through life; but, being one of the *elect*, his soul was as safe as a guinea in the iron chest of a miser: the Lord never fails to pardon the transgressions of his children.

Piomingo. Thou bringest to my recollection a man greater than David—the fighting, praying, canting, hypocritical, enthusiastic, daring, cruel, magnanimous, Cromwell; who murdered his master, and committed a few barbarities in Ireland and Scotland. He inquired, towards the end of his life, if it were certain, that the *saints* could not fall away and be finally lost. Being answered, that nothing was more certain, he exclaimed with exultation, “Then I am safe: for I know that I *was* in a state of grace!”—I am afraid that these doctrines are unfavorable to the practice of virtue.

Frank. Virtue! Evangelical christians never mention virtue, unless in the way of reproach: it is a heathenish kind of a thing—filthy rags—yea, d*** in the sight of the Lord. Any one who hopes to acquire favor with God by promoting the good of his fellow creatures is regarded by them with the utmost contempt and abhorrence, and stigmatized with the odious epithets of *legalist* and *moralist*. They feel abundance of love and veneration for that being who from all eternity *judiciously* selected them as the objects of his beneficence; but they look down with ineffable contempt on a reprobate world—“vessels, of wrath fitted to destruction!” They have a great antipathy against *nature* and every thing *natural*, and are continually striving to have it brought into subjection: indeed they have been so far successful as to have brought themselves to think with pleasure of the eternal damnation of a vast majority of mankind. They have constructed a hell, a dreadful hell, in which they hope to see unbelievers eternally punished: Yea, they flatter themselves with the idea that they, *the saints*, shall be placed on thrones, and will have the sublime happiness of pronouncing the irreversible doom, of never-ending torments, upon impenitent millions: among whom they expect to see reprobate fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and children!

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